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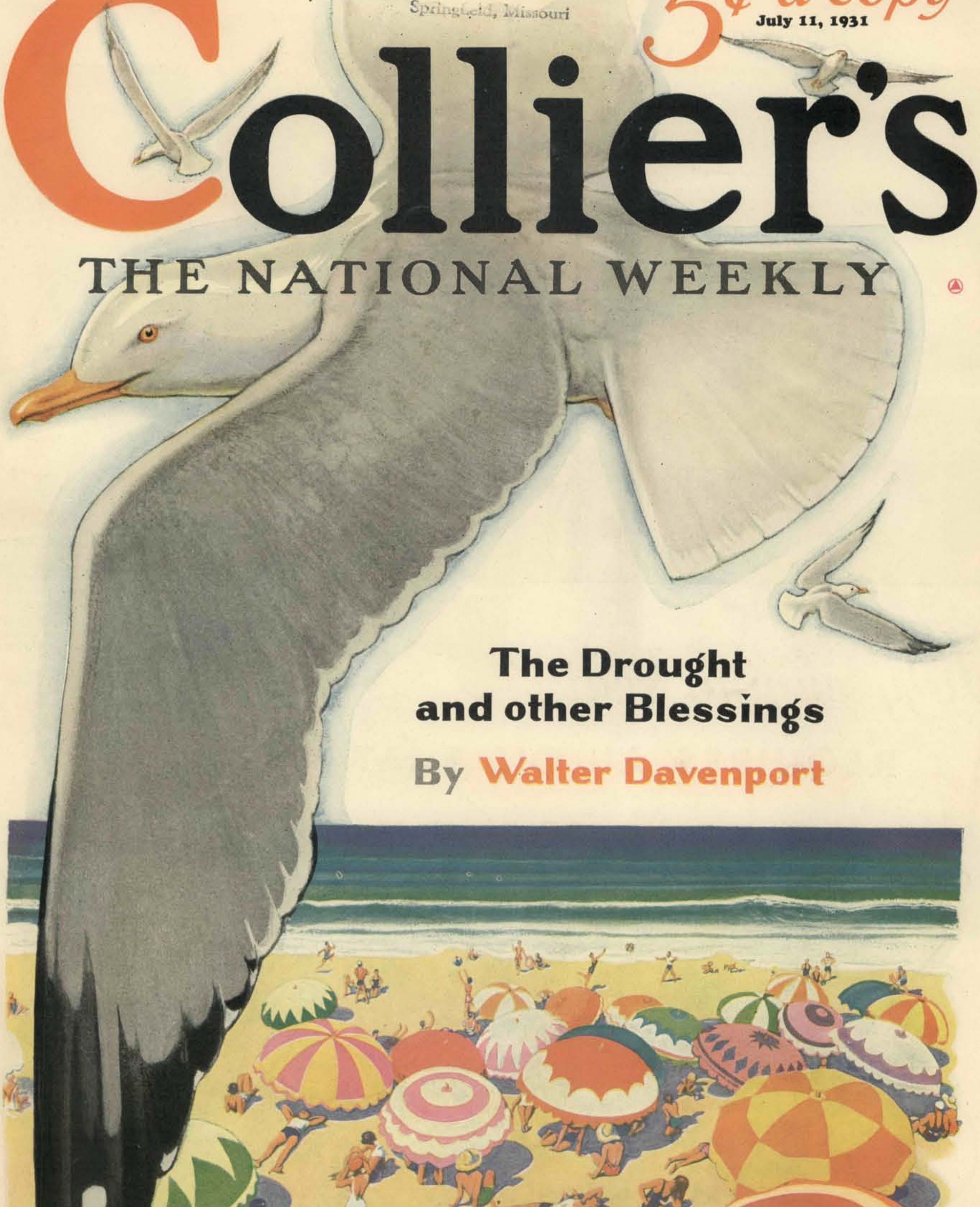
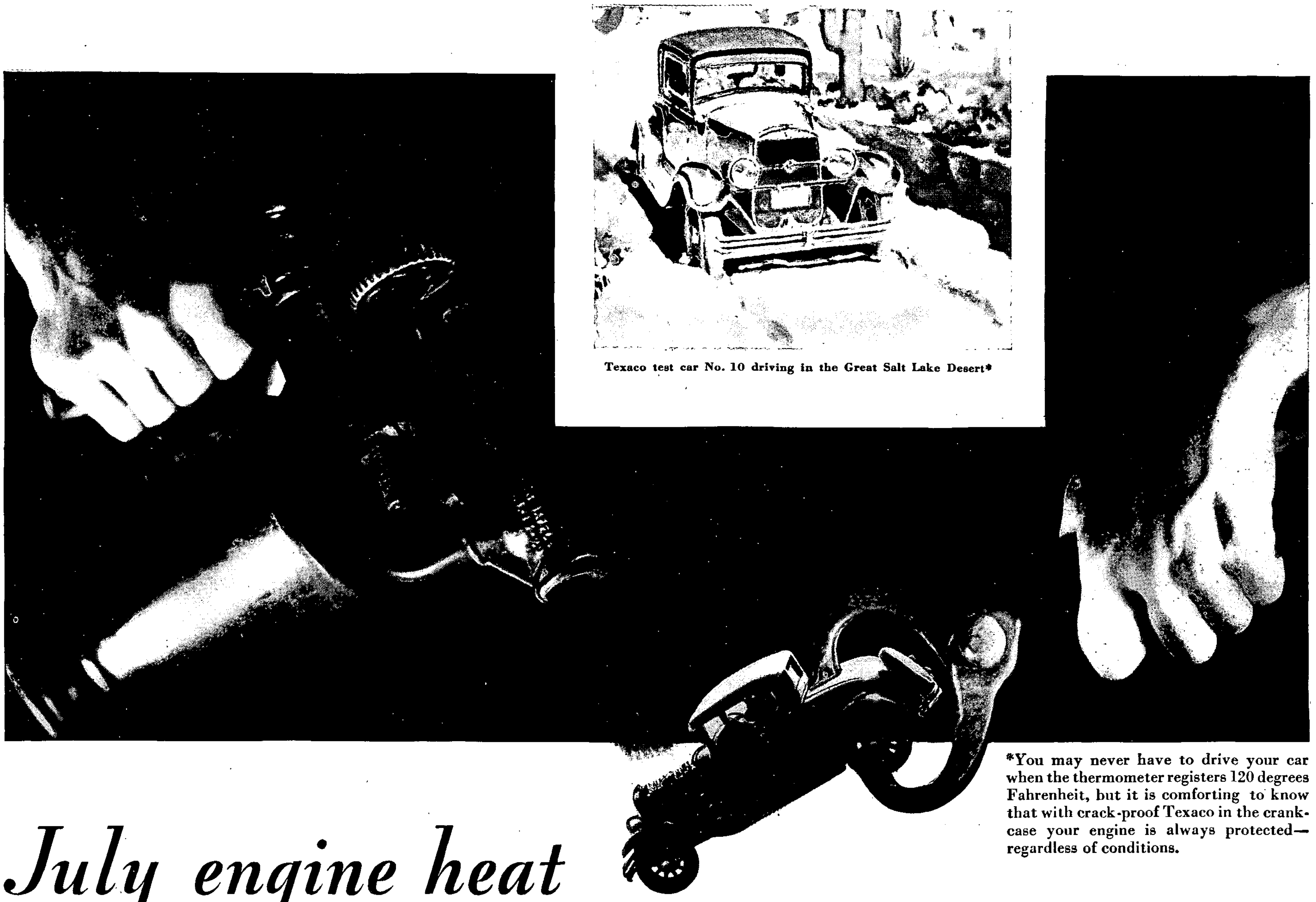
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Drought and other Blessings

By **Walter Davenport**

Dana Burnet - P.G. Wodehouse - John B. Kennedy - Grantland Rice



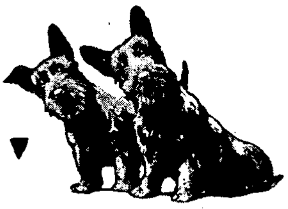
Texaco test car No. 10 driving in the Great Salt Lake Desert*

*You may never have to drive your car when the thermometer registers 120 degrees Fahrenheit, but it is comforting to know that with crack-proof Texaco in the crankcase your engine is always protected—regardless of conditions.

July engine heat

REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS

"CRACK-PROOF"



LISTEN

to a quieter engine

TWENTY times every second, a raging blast of flame sweeps through the combustion chambers of your engine. Piston heads, cylinder walls and wrist-pin bearings get intensely hot—sometimes as high as 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit—temperatures that would melt solder and cause it to flow like water!

Only a crack-proof motor oil can live and work effectively at such temperatures! Texaco Motor Oil does. It cools and protects these critical bearings. It prevents destructive friction. It preserves an unbroken film of rich, full-bodied, heat-resisting lubricant on every moving surface.

Texaco Motor Oil gives you this protection because Texaco is crack-proof. It is proved in the lower oil consumption, the extra trouble-free miles, the quieter engine and perfect piston seal.

Have your crankcase drained. Fill with this new crack-proof Texaco. Then stop always at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for oil or gas.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

• *Texaco Petroleum Products* •

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THE NEW

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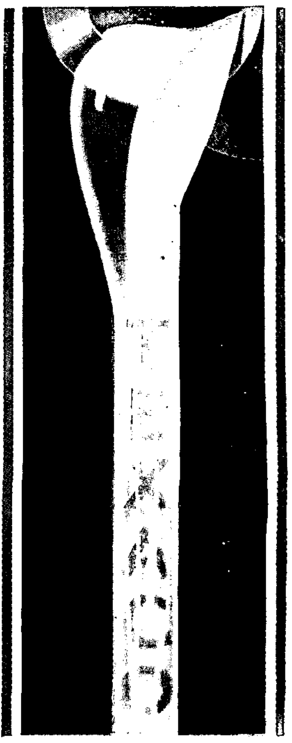
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF"... LASTS LONGER



An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Michigan

MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

GOOD FRIENDS ARE THOUGHTFUL

The farmer boy knows as he takes care of his pets that friendship is won by thoughtfulness—by the little extra things we do to make life pleasanter for others.

We have reason to think that much of the friendliness of those who own and drive our cars is due to the many little 'extras' they hadn't expected.

For instance, it might not seem necessary to study out whether it's easier to read white dial figures on a black background or black figures on white. But we got the facts and found there is a big difference—so you read your dial figures white on black.

Another unexpected thing that has won approval is the three-spoke steering wheel which leaves you an unobstructed view of the instrument panel. Then there is the close placing of the choke and the throttle buttons so that you may operate both of them with one hand at the same time. At night, the slanting windshield and 'smoked' rear vision mirror protect your eyes from glare, and the toe-button switch enables you to deflect the beams of your headlamps without taking either hand from the wheel.

Since we've taken so much care to provide all these little touches, isn't it reasonable to suppose that we've taken equal care with the major things, too?

Won't you drive these cars and find out how much they please you with their power and pick-up and stamina? You'll find in them ample evidence of friendly thoughtfulness for your pleasure and comfort.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

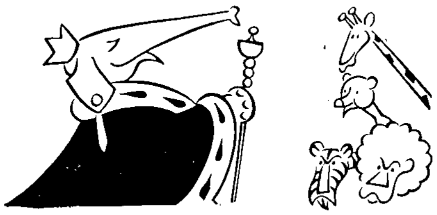
SENATOR BORAH, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, discusses the question of debt cancellation in a characteristically vigorous article. "Where Would the Money Go?" is the title and those five words embody the senator's principal theme.

"The conditions with which Europe is wrestling and which tie her to her program of heavier and heavier armaments," he says, "are conditions which debt cancellation would and could not ameliorate." If we are asked to cancel debts the senator thinks we are entitled to ask, in turn, what is going to be done with the money.

Mr. Borah's article is an important contribution to the discussion of a subject which touches all our lives.

—

MR. COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, who, to hear him tell it, knows more about circuses than anyone except the Messrs. Ringling, thinks there is a great deal of senseless argument about which animal is the king of beasts. The lion, he reports, is a stuffed shirt, handsome but thick, and the tiger has no honor. Despairing of them, Mr. Cooper turns to the queen's job and nominates, with cheers, the elephant. Which, of course, gives him an excuse to tell a few elephant stories you will like. Don't miss "Queen of Beasts."



WHEN Lindbergh landed in Paris, four years ago, the enthusiastic French singled out one quality of his flight for especial praise. They called it *chic.* It had style; there was no fumbling, no false note. Everything had been done according to schedule. Behind this superb performance is a story of infinite pains—taken not only by Lindbergh but also by the little group of older men whom he inspired with confidence and enthusiasm. From these men Lella Warren has collected the facts and put them together in an article called "Before the Flight." Colonel Lindbergh has checked the facts.

—

WE OUGHT to tell you about at least one love story here so that you will approach the issue in the proper frame of mind. We choose Mary Heaton Vorse's because it's something of a novelty.

Their parents engaged Evander and Melissa to one another when he was four and she a bright scarlet infant. When he was nine and she five, Melissa followed him about yelling that he was her husband. It was very embarrassing and he hated her. With cause, too, it seems to us.

With that start you might build yourself a good love story. If you haven't the time, see what a splendid job Mrs. Vorse has done in "Everything but Love."

—

W. R. BURNETT'S "Mr. Litvinoff" is a distinguished, poignant short story; Bernice Brown and George S. Brooks contribute short stories; P. G. Wodehouse, Arthur Somers Roche, Grantland Rice, and other members of the family thrive in this torrid weather.

THIS WEEK

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Now be honest.

Page 58—Editorial

PROMOTION UNDER FIRE

Any Week

MR. F. L. WILLIAMS of Miles City, Montana, wants to know why the public in its consideration of racketeering has overlooked the "greatest rackets in the world." He refers, he explains, to political parties. The word racket no longer entertains us. We have here a letter from Miss Christina Loveland of San Francisco, who claims that she knows "what is wrong with America" because she has "been in the charity racket for six years."

—

"MY EYES ache and my ears throb with reading and hearing writers and orators telling us that we must 'get back' to something or other to recapture our accustomed prosperity," says Mrs. B. H. Crowley of Blair, Pennsylvania. "I am not a writer or an orator, an economist or a politician, but I know that we are not going to 'get back' to anything, but presently will find ourselves in the midst of something new. I don't know what it will be and, I don't think anybody else does, either."

A FRIEND of ours, just returned from France, informs us that the Paris police had a horrible time while that consignment of American mayors were there. The gendarmes didn't dare arrest anybody for acting strangely in public for fear that the victim might be the mayor of New York or something.

—

SEVERAL readers have been pleading with us to find out what became of all those commissions Mr. Hoover appointed and what it was they were supposed to find out and whether they found it out and what of it. We were hopeful that something about this would come out of that congress of governors at French Lick, Indiana, but as far as we can learn, the governors used up all their time telling each other how much better Presidents they would make.

—

"THE chief reason why we don't hear quite so much about Chicago these days," says Mr. John Bertilotti of that winded city, "is that most of the youngsters are too broke to buy ammunition and the veterans are just tired out."

—

"PLEASE name the Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination," writes Mr. Joe Van Horn of Bristol, Tennessee. Inasmuch as we can't publish a roster of the Democratic party we must decline. However, we have the word of Mr. Therold White of Atlanta, Georgia, that he will not run. Mr. White is at present locked up for bootlegging and advises us that when he gets out he will "probably get arrested some more." Mr. White is a Democrat, though.

—

SOMEBODY has told Mr. Thomas B. Gallahan of St. Paul that "Red Russia has been busy recruiting many recent graduates from technical and engineering colleges to help put over the five-year plan." And Mr. Gallahan is very indignant.

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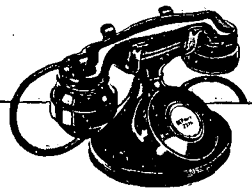
SAVING MONEY

FOR TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS



DURING the past fifty-five years, the constant effort of the Bell System has been to provide efficient telephone service for all the people at the lowest possible price. There are many instances of substantial savings for subscribers.

Since the latter part of 1926 the reductions in long distance rates have been particularly marked. For example, a telephone call across the country from New York to San Francisco now costs $9 instead of $16.50. Reductions have also been made for lesser distances. Each of the new rate schedules brought a saving of $5,000,000 to telephone users the first year it was put into effect.

You, as a telephone subscriber, are constantly receiving extra value from your telephone—because the number of subscribers is increasing, and the more people you can reach by telephone, the more valuable it is to you.

Today, there are few things purchased by the family or by a business that give so much useful service at such low price as the telephone.

Every time you pick up the telephone you become part of a communication system that uses eighty million miles of wire and represents an investment of more than four thousand million dollars. Yet the cost of local service that puts you in direct personal touch with thousands or hundreds of thousands of people in your town or city is only a few cents a day.

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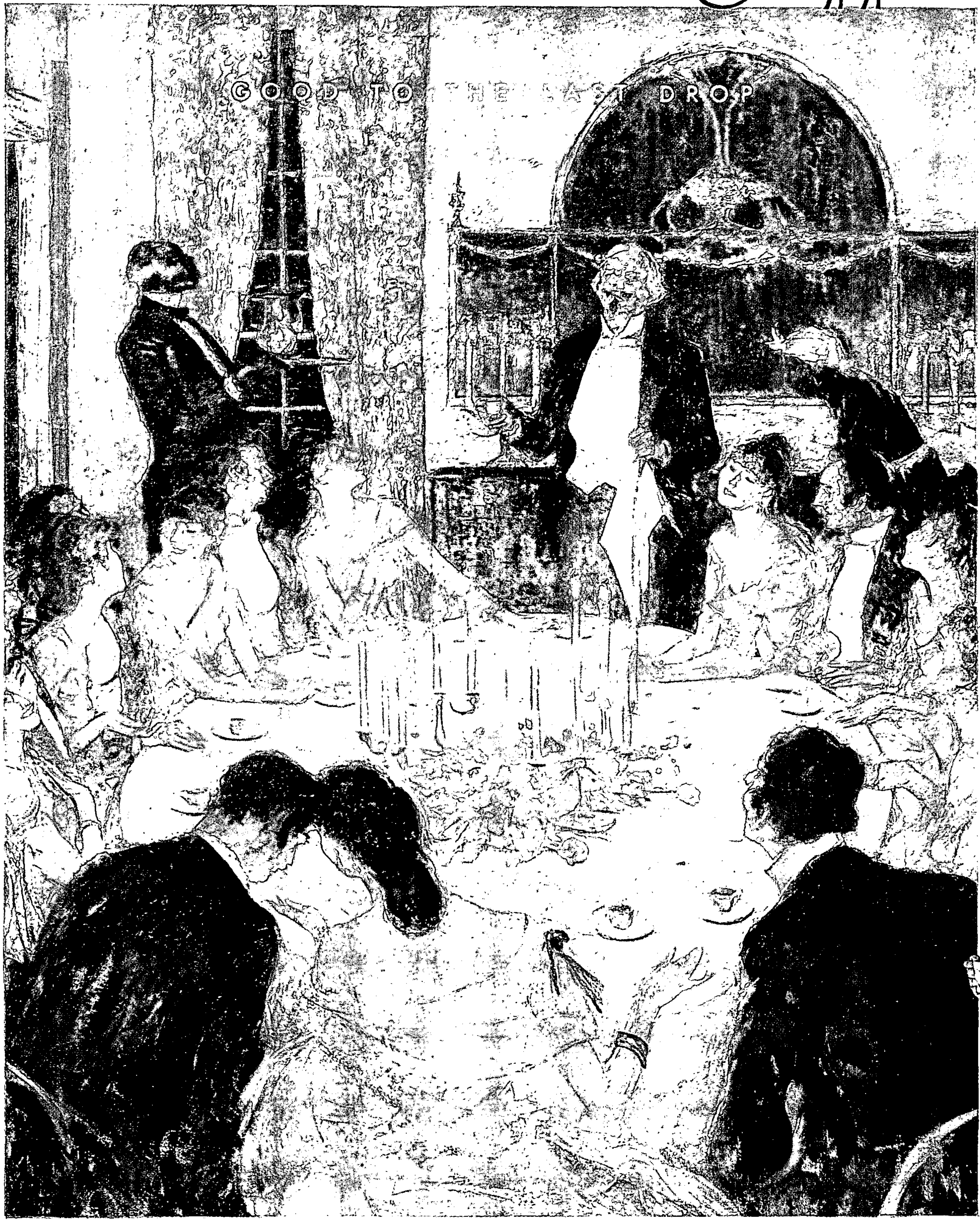
BELL SYSTEM

MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee


GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

THE hospitality of old-school Southerners is a legend now—almost a myth. Their dozens of servants, their vast plantations, their inherited wealth and culture naturally encouraged a rare appreciation of the art of dining. Today you can sample the high scale of living for which Dixie's heyday was celebrated. You can do it by enjoying the same mellow coffee blend that once was the favorite of the Old South, even as it is America's favorite today. Try Maxwell House Coffee. You will find it a fragrant rhapsody in taste, an achievement in flavor deserving its ageless and growing popularity, a mealtime delight so satisfying and inimitable that you too will pronounce it "Good to the last drop."

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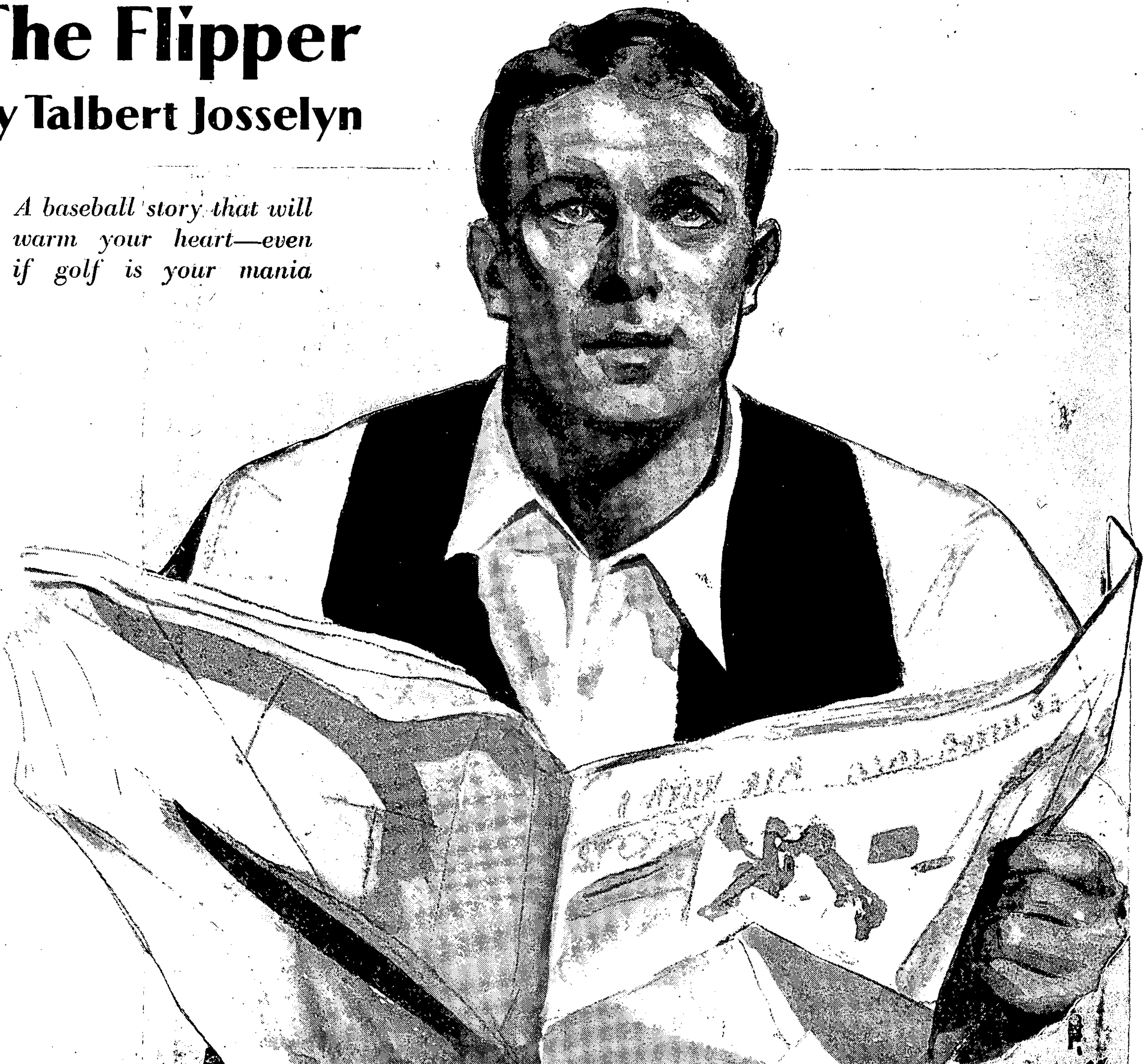
The Flipper

By Talbert Josselyn

A baseball story that will warm your heart—even if golf is your mania



Play by play, inning by inning, he played over that afternoon game

JERRY KILGORE boarded the city-bound train baggaged with youth, a long right arm, and a meat-paper valise.

The valise held his other shirt, a baseball, a baseball glove and shoes, and a bricklayer's trowel.

The trowel was the excess part of the baggage. It had been his father's; it had later been his. Now it was going along solely as a souvenir of the small-town past; as a reminder to Jerry Kilgore that he had once been a bricklayer, and could be again—if need be.

But he wouldn't need to be.

He settled himself, twenty years old by six feet tall, into the worn car seat that had once been red plush, and took out a letter that showed signs of already having been taken out many times. His light blue eyes went slowly along the scrawled lines.

"Dear Kid:

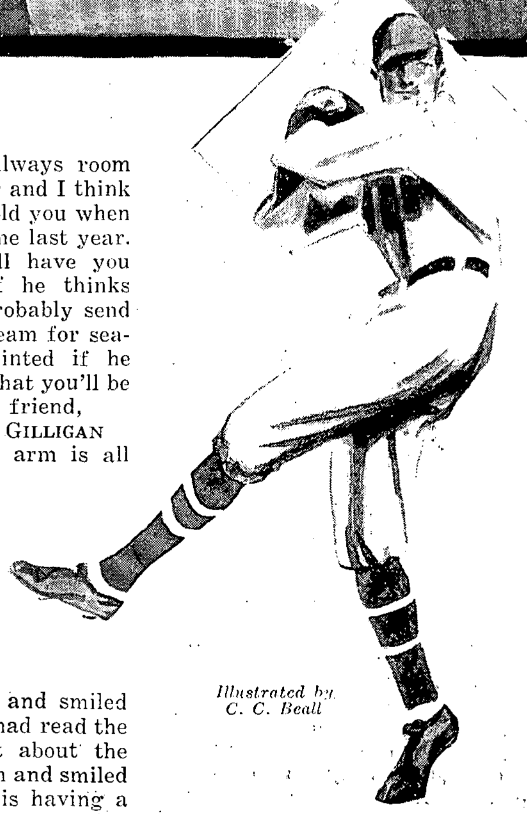
"Yours received and would say come ahead and we'll look you over. Of course the team is full up with number-one pitchers, but there's always room for one more sooner or later and I think you've got the stuff like I told you when I saw you work in that game last year.

"So come ahead and I'll have you meet the manager and if he thinks you've got anything he'll probably send you to some minor-league team for seasoning. Don't be disappointed if he don't, but I've got a hunch that you'll be there with bells. Your friend,

"SPIKE GILLIGAN

"P. S. Be sure the old arm is all O. K. and loose like a slingshot when you show up. The boss is sure death on these lame-arm pitchers."

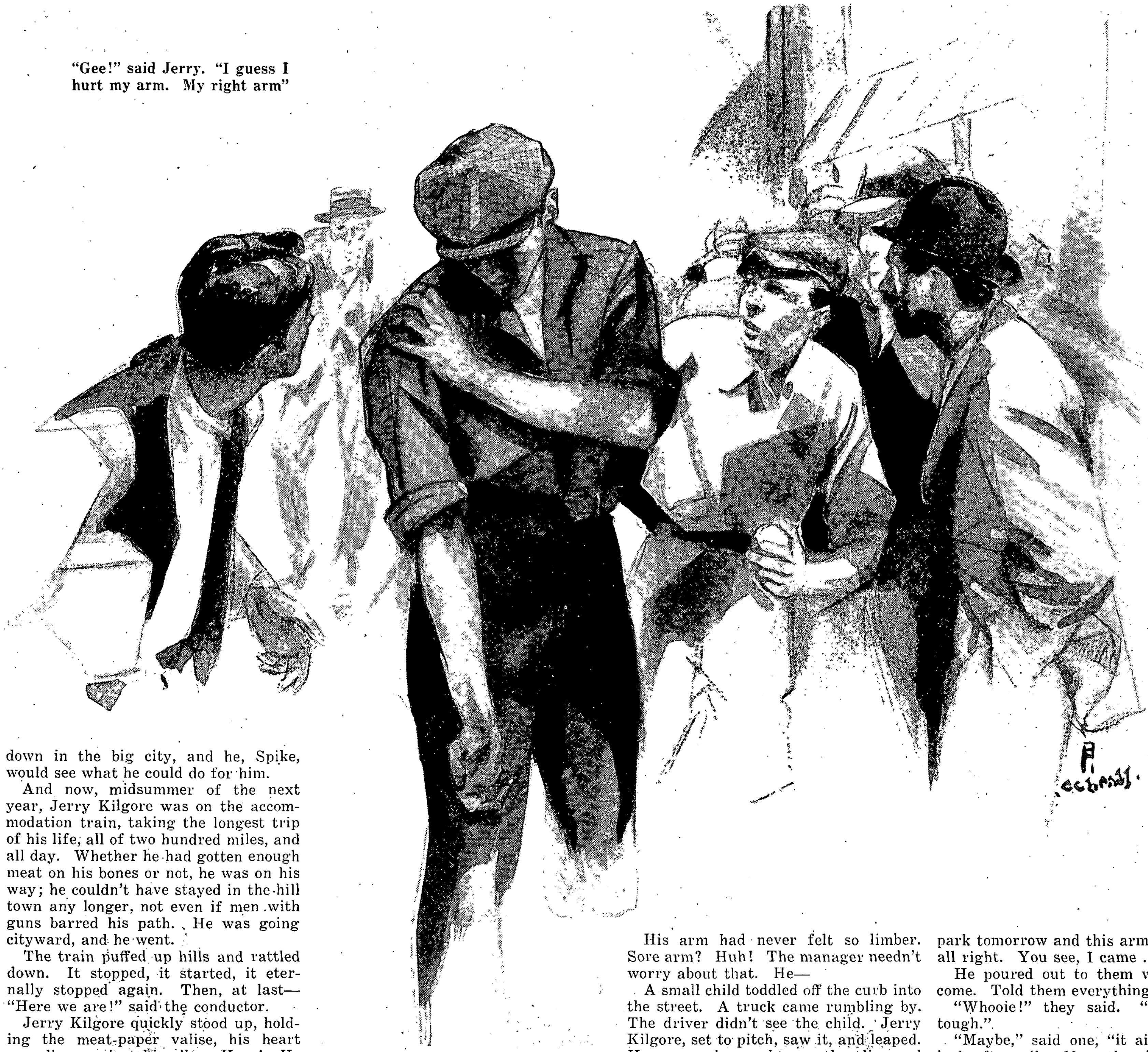
At which Jerry Kilgore, city-bound in the accommodation train, rotated his long right arm and smiled broadly. Each time that he had read the letter—had read that part about the arm—he had rotated the arm and smiled broadly. The thought of his having a lame arm was just funny. Never had had one. Looser than a dozen slingshots!



Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"Your friend, Spike Gilligan," he read again, and beamed. Spike Gilligan, big-league catcher; first-string catcher and only twenty-three. And his friend; friend of the unknown, hill-town Jerry Kilgore.

It was Spike Gilligan, on a hunting trip after the big-league season was over, who had chanced through Jerry's home town the previous year and watched Jerry, playing against another small town in a late-season game, mow the opposition batters down with a rifle-fast overhand ball. Speed and more speed, country style, with now and then a curve ball that, unlike the ordinary rural roundhouse, broke like a dropped dish. Spike, talking with the boy after the game, noting the long arm, the big hand, the powerful fingers, and above all the earnestness of the plain face, had told Jerry to get some meat on his bones, to get his growth and get filled out, and then write him a line



"Gee!" said Jerry. "I guess I hurt my arm. My right arm"

down in the big city, and he, Spike, would see what he could do for him.

And now, midsummer of the next year, Jerry Kilgore was on the accommodation train, taking the longest trip of his life, all of two hundred miles, and all day. Whether he had gotten enough meat on his bones or not, he was on his way; he couldn't have stayed in the hill town any longer, not even if men with guns barred his path. He was going cityward, and he went.

The train puffed up hills and rattled down. It stopped, it started, it eternally stopped again. Then, at last—"Here we are!" said the conductor.

Jerry Kilgore quickly stood up, holding the meat-paper valise, his heart pounding against his ribs. Here! He had arrived. He left the train, walked through the station, and set out on foot. He didn't have the money to take a taxi. He had mighty little money at all.

SO JERRY KILGORE went up the wide city street, voyaging, as youth must always voyage, into new and strange lands, and with a little tightness in his chest.

He came to a cross street, stopped, and looked down it. "That's it," he said, and went along this street, with its row of two- and three-story shabby brick houses, and stopped at the one that had the sign "Rooms." He went up several steps, entered a dark hallway, and looked around. He saw a bell, gingerly touched it, and the bell flatly said "Dink." An ample woman with wispy hair appeared from somewhere in back.

"I'd like to get a room, just for overnight," said Jerry Kilgore.

"Fifty cents," said the woman. "Payment in advance." She preceded him up creaking stairs. At the back of the hallway she opened a door whose hinges cried aloud for oil. "There," she said, and withdrew.

He put his meat-paper valise on the lone chair, and looked out of the lone, dirty window; and the sunlight shone golden through the dirt. Arrived! Jerry Kilgore, pitcher, had arrived.

He went back down the hall, down the protesting stairs, out onto the sidewalk, a little uncertain as to what he'd do next. It was too late to go out to the ball park that afternoon, but he'd go out the next morning, early. Meantime . . . Then his eyes lighted. Boys were playing ball on the sidewalk.

All the taut feeling of strangeness vanished. They were just like the kids at home.

"Hey," said Jerry Kilgore, "can I play with you?"

HALF an hour later, with his own ball and glove taken from the valise, he was pitching to the largest of the boys. Not throwing them too hard; just sort of lobbing them over. Even at that, his onlookers nodded admiring heads and said, "Gee, you must be a pretty good pitcher."

"No, I ain't yet," said Jerry, diffidently. "But I may be." And it came to him, now, that after he had been out at the ball park, and if the team's manager thought anything of him—even of his being farmed to a minor team for seasoning—he'd come back to these admirers and tell them what had happened.

His arm had never felt so limber. Sore arm? Huh! The manager needn't worry about that. He—

A small child toddled off the curb into the street. A truck came rumbling by. The driver didn't see the child. Jerry Kilgore, set to pitch, saw it, and leaped. He swooped, caught up the diapered snub-nose in his left hand, whirled away from under the front wheels, and flung himself back toward the curb. He tripped, and went down; went down free of the truck, but heavily against the curb. For a moment he lay there.

Then the child, unharmed and yelling, had been snatched up by an equally vociferous mother, and a group of men were helping Jerry to his feet.

"You hurt?" was the question.

"Nope," said Jerry. "Nope, I ain't hurt." He started to raise his arms, and a gasp of pain came from him. He couldn't raise his right arm. "Gee," he said. "I . . . I guess I hurt my arm. My right arm."

"You landed on your shoulder," said one of the group. "Landed smack against the curb on your shoulder. I guess that's what it is."

With his left hand Jerry felt the shoulder; touched the fore part of the shoulder, and grimaced.

"Bruised the muscles," suggested somebody.

"Maybe sort of threw the shoulder out," said another.

And now a different look went over Jerry Kilgore's face. A look of panic.

"Say!" he cried. "I . . . I can't have done that! I can't have hurt it that much. I'm due to go out to the ball park tomorrow and this arm's got to be all right. You see, I came . . ."

He poured out to them why he had come. Told them everything.

"Whooie!" they said. "Gee, that's tough."

"Maybe," said one, "it ain't hurt so bad after all. Now there's a doctor down the street—old Doc Atterbury—and maybe if you went down to him, in two shakes he'd fix it."

"I've got to go see him," said Jerry Kilgore, mouth drawn. "My arm's always been all right. It's *got* to be all right. Where'd you say he was?"

"I'll show you," volunteered one.

They went.

OLD Doc Atterbury was home; he lived in rooms behind his dingy office. He was a bearded man, of the old school of doctors, wearing a long black coat. He stripped Jerry to the waist, sat him in a chair, and examined the shoulder, saying, "Hmm," and "Uh," as he did so. Then he straightened and genially smiled.

"Nothing wrong with that," he said, and smacked the shoulder with open palm as he did so.

Jerry winced as he felt something give.

"There," said old Doc Atterbury. "Felt it go back into place, didn't you? That's all it needed."

A wild exultation went through Jerry Kilgore.

"You mean . . . you mean it's all right? That I can pitch ball with it?"

"Sure," said Doc Atterbury. "Just go easy with it for a few days."

"Oh," said Jerry, and things began to sink a little again. "I can't pitch right away?"

"No, siree, bob," pronounced the doc. "Not till the soreness has gone out of it. Get some liniment and rub it on, and it'll be all right in a few days. Then you can throw 'em all over the lot."

The man who had accompanied Jerry now spoke up:

"He saved a kid from being smashed as flat as a tomato by a truck," and he told the story.

"Good boy," said Doc Atterbury. And as Jerry tried to explain that it wasn't anything, and started to put his hand into his pocket, the doc waved a hand and shook his head. "No charge," said the doc. "Get some liniment and rub it on. Good boy."

"I told you he'd fix you up," said the group when they had returned to the rooming house.

It was with commingled feelings that Jerry went to bed that night. He couldn't go out to the ball park the next day; he couldn't go out to the ball park at all until the arm was well, and until he could whip a ball in. The words in Spike Gilligan's letter came back and back to him: "Be sure the old arm is all O. K. . . . The boss is death on these lame-arm pitchers." And now he was a lame-arm pitcher.

"I got to wait," he said.

Three days later the shoulder was itself again. Three interminable days, of liniment, and of walking about the streets. That, and the buying of a morning paper and an evening paper and reading every line in them about the ball club.

The team was in third place, coming up with a rush, said the news writers. If the pitchers could only stand the gaff they might make the grade. Spike Gilligan—and here the reading made Jerry Kilgore's heart swell—Spike Gilligan was a tower of strength, the mainspring of the team. If they only had one more dependable pitcher—even a relief pitcher—nobody could stop them. They were concluding their home stand in a blaze of glory; within a week they would be off for the long swing around the circuit. Here was hoping that they would come back in first place!

"Going in a week," said Jerry. "I got to be out there before then."

THE next morning he began to toss a ball. Something, up in the front part of his shoulder, kept him from throwing overhand as though the shoulder were in a vise.

He tried again and again. He couldn't do it. And sweat came out on his forehead and ran down into his eyes.

In the end he went to see bearded Doc Atterbury. "Hmm," and "Uh," said the old doc and finally made summing up: "I guess it's a strained muscle. You'll just have to go easy with it for a while. And I'll have to charge you for this."

"Sure, sure," said Jerry, taking out a pocketbook that was by now very thin.

"But I'll only charge you a dollar," said Doc Atterbury. "And just go easy with that arm."

"Thanks," said Jerry, and left in a daze.

The next day he tried to pitch, and the next, and always it was the same. He could not throw overhand.

In the morrow's paper he read that the team had gone. "Well," he said finally, "the arm will be all right when they get back."

Then he took out his pocketbook and slowly studied its contents. Then he opened the meat-paper valise and took out the bricklayer's trowel; the trowel that had been his father's, and later his. The trowel that he had brought along only as a souvenir. Long he studied it, gripping it until the knuckles showed white. . . . By evening he had gotten a bricklayer's job.

Of the life that Jerry Kilgore led from then on, little need be written, for there is little to write.

He laid bricks. The right arm—the one-time whip-like right arm—was easily able to handle a trowel, wrist and forearm, up and down, sideways; but when it came to a long reach, overhand, something clamped down in the forepart of the shoulder, and sweat came out on his brow.

He laid bricks.

The ball team came back from its swing around the circle, still only in third place; it fought for the rest of the season with its back to the wall, struggling to hold that place. The season ended. The world turned toward other things.

WINTER passed; spring came; and the air resounded with the crack of bat on ball.

"The arm will be all right in the spring," Jerry Kilgore had said. "A long rest. . . ."

And in this old Doc Atterbury had backed him up. "You must have torn loose a muscle," said the doc. "Time is the only thing that will help that." But time did not help it, nor the visit to a thick-fingered masseur whose sign Jerry had seen in a window.

Spring came, and now the long, whip-like pitching arm was only a memory.

Once, he went to a ball game. Only once, and he left before the game was over. He had been built to play ball, not to watch it; and now that he knew he would not play again, he could not sit and watch; he couldn't watch them, down on the field, doing all that he was meant to do. He stumbled into an aisle, out of the bleachers, down the street. Long he walked, and his heart was lead.

Newsboys, calling the box-score edition of the evening papers, aroused his attention. He bought a paper, went to his room—and a new phase of life began for Jerry Kilgore.

Play by play, inning by inning, he played that game of the afternoon over. In cold type, on a flat page, the game took on all the happy breath and color that had been so bitterly lacking for him in the ball park, in the flesh. Where Jerry Kilgore could not sit and watch the game itself, now, in his room, he hungrily read its counterpart. Read with pulses drumming and with something akin to contentment in his heart. Read the game through, play by play, inning by inning, with but one change in the lineup. He, Jerry Kilgore, was in there pitching. Jerry Kilgore, pitching, and Gilligan—Spike Gilligan—catching. Battery: Kilgore and Gilligan.

So a new phase of life began for Jerry Kilgore. Each afternoon when work was done he bought a paper, went to his room, and as on a magic carpet a pink sheet of printed paper carried him from within four drab walls to the mound of a pitcher's box; whisked him from a trowel and bricklaying to a glove and a ball and a blind-fast right arm. Baseball, everything that he could read about baseball, became the other moving part of his life.

THE months sped. The team locked with the leaders; smashed its way through, beat off a counter-attack, and came down the stretch. Then faltered.

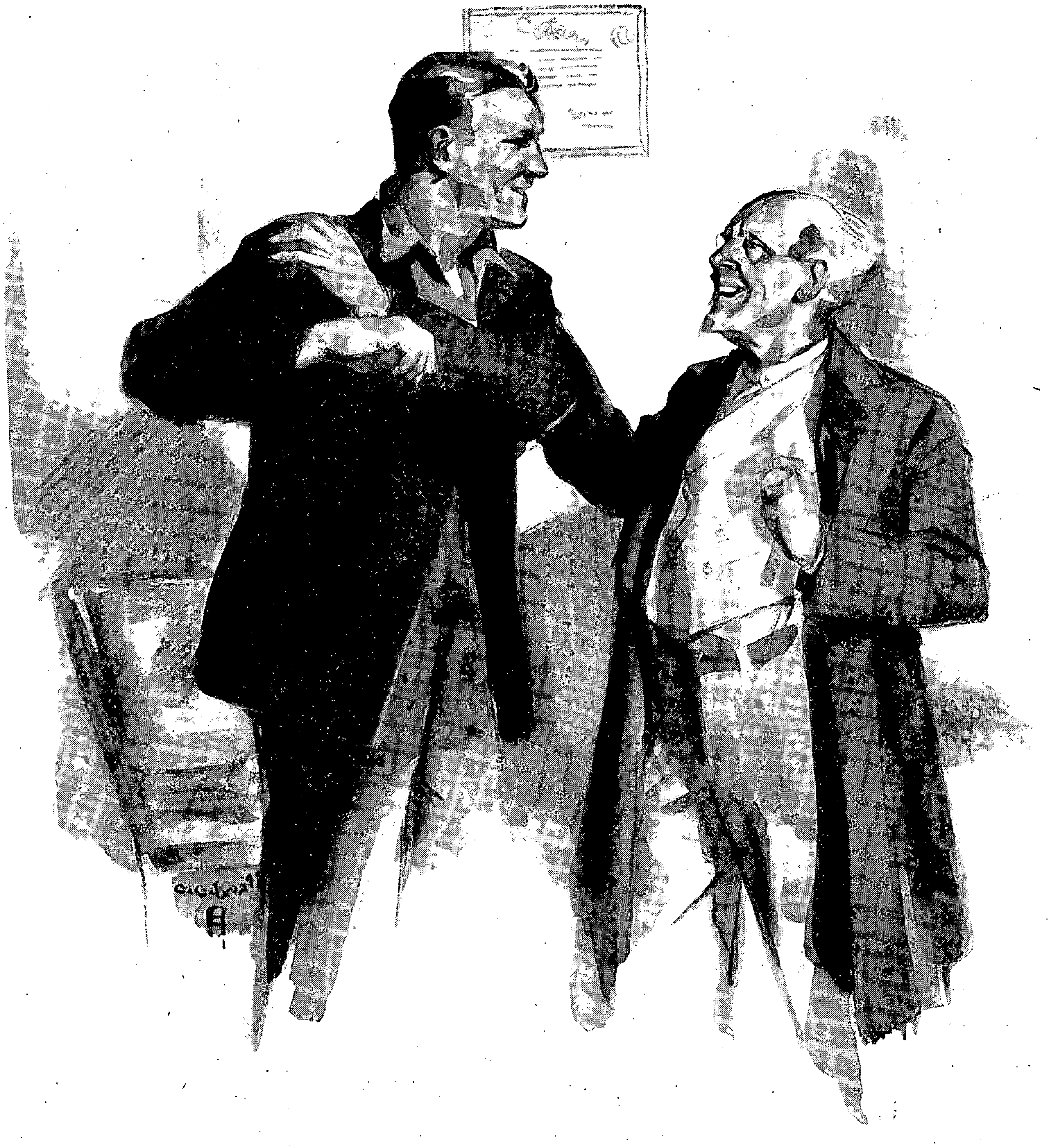
"Ah," cried Jerry Kilgore, as a critical game was lost, "he didn't pitch the right ball to that guy. . . . Tough game to lose."

It was, and so were others. And by losing just such games as these, not three or four all told, did the team lose the pennant.

"Next year!" said Jerry Kilgore. "We'll get 'em next year."

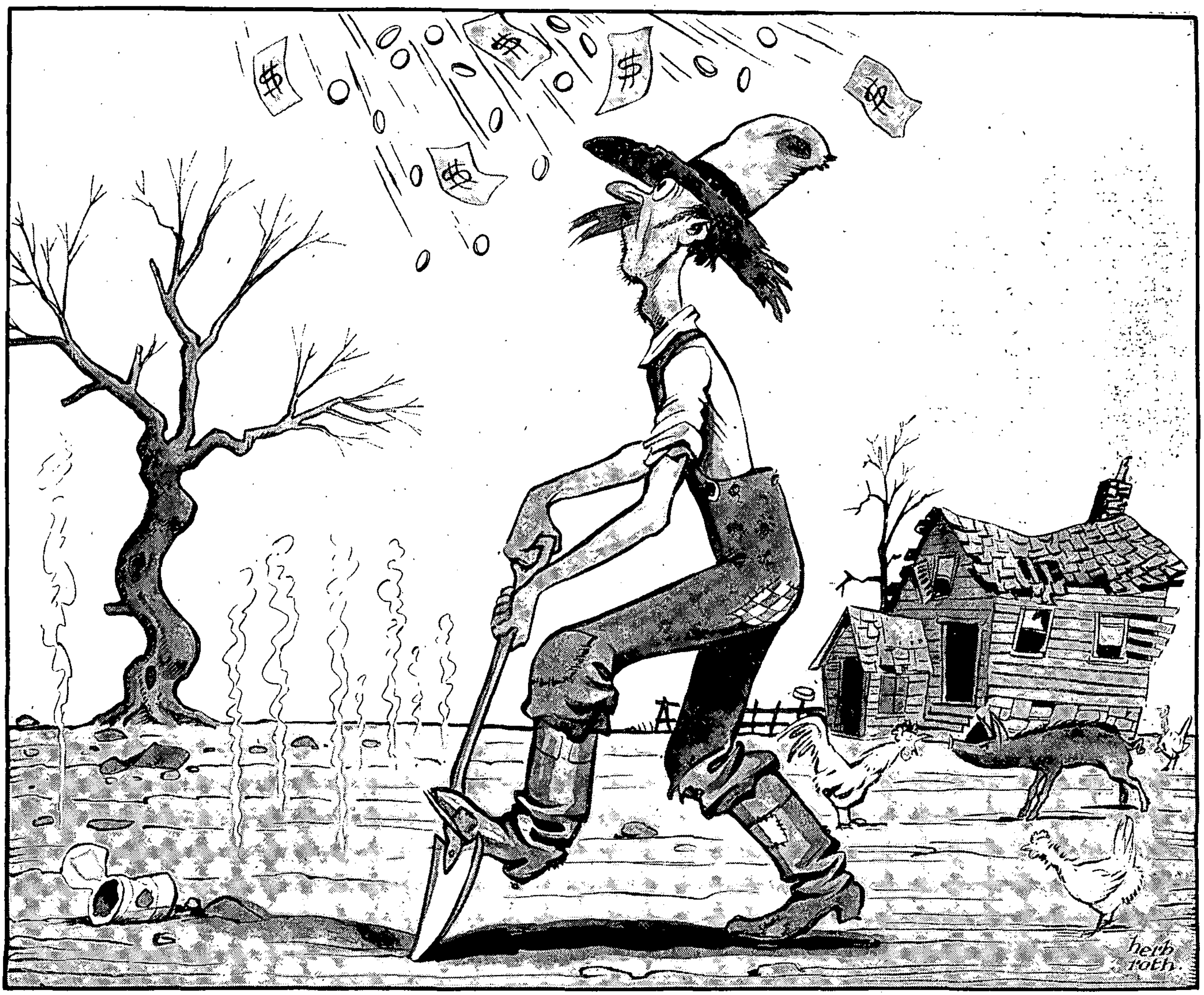
Yet somehow they didn't next year, nor the next. And then, all of a sudden, the following year Spike Gilligan was made manager.

(Continued on page 53)



The old man, watching Jerry's face, said, "Ah, you feel it?"

It's been some time since Senators Robinson and Caraway have wrung tears from the eyes of the nation by picturing the woes of Arkansas. And there's a reason. Arkansas has staged a magnificent comeback. They've met the Federal government more than halfway in the work of rehabilitation as might be expected of a people who don't aim to be beholden. Here's the sort of people they are



Arkansas, beset by adversities, prayed for relief and got it,

The Drought and other

EVERYTHING considered, the morale of Arkansas might easily be worse. Of course, as a political unit, she's broke, but that condition is no longer considered a detriment to happiness. Like most of her sister states, she's used to it.

So many disasters have descended upon Arkansas, many of them contrived by her own legislature, that it becomes a fascinating fact that she is still with us. That she has survived is a tribute to her many natural gifts. As if to serve notice upon her rulers that they are wasting their puny but persistent efforts to ruin her, nature itself contributed to the beating Arkansas has taken during the past five years. And she still smiles.

Among the first persons I met in Arkansas was Mr. Joe Bob Stone. It was my good fortune, too, because Mr. Stone gave me valuable advice. He was sitting on the narrow porch of his two-room residence in Clark County, combing his whiskers with the stem of his corncob pipe and rolling gently in a perambulating rocking-chair. For companions he had four large hound-dogs, all of them far gone in sprawling sleep.

"Don't pay no attention to the politicians or the preachers or the lawyers," he said. "The politicians will tell you everything's all right which it ain't, the preachers will tell you everything's all wrong which ain't so neither, and the lawyers will say we would be all right if they wasn't any politicians and preachers, which is only part true. They oughtn't to be any lawyers. But if you ketch up with Charlie Brough, which you ain't likely to, he will tell you what we got and how much of it. Charlie Brough used to be governor and he knows everything about Arkansas except what to do about it. Anyway I never heard him say."

I tried diligently to follow Mr. Stone's advice, without complete success. Before leaving Arkansas, I had talked to politicians, lawyers, preachers, bankers, farmers and a wide assortment of ladies and gentlemen who were willing to work at any of those trades, were opportunity present. And gamblers, too—cold professionals—in Hot Springs, a lovely and sophisticated town so far removed from the Arkansas picture that it deserves a story all its own. Which it will get.

Perhaps it would not be wholly accurate to say that Arkansas has been the stage of more tragedy in the past three or four years than any other state; but certainly no part of the country has sat through more. Virtually everything that has happened to her was unprecedented—for Arkansas anyway. Cold weather froze her and left her numb for a year. Then, as if by conspiracy, her broad meandering rivers, her treacherous cypress swamps, her Ozark creeks and middle-country lakes drowned her, killing crops again. Just to see how much of a beating the state could stand, nature tried record-breaking heat on her, throwing in a half year of absolute drought just to make sure. And the natives began to suspect there was something wrong—somewhere.

In such circumstances it would seem difficult for man to add anything impressive. But one of history's most amazing financial structures, born of a state banking law which appears to have encouraged every destructive practice known to unsound business, collapsed on top of it all. In the resulting panic, 125 banks (about twice as many as the state with her 1,855,000 population had any real need for) fell flat on their stone faces carrying with them $35,410,000 in deposits to say nothing of seventy or eighty millions in credits and so on. But by the time the last bank blew up, the general populace was thoroughly bored with life anyway, and prepared to accept anything with an airy, "Oh, yeah?"

No Shortage of Corn Liquor

"About the only things that didn't happen," said Mr. Miller Ables of Star City, "was that nobody discovered that our hot springs wouldn't cure rheumatism and the natural gas wells didn't all blow up at once. About the only thing we didn't run out of was corn whisky although the quality of that went off a little on account of the boys not having the money to make necessary repairs on their stills and water being unhandy."

Now had Arkansas been in robust health to start with, it is wholly possible that she could have succored herself. She wanted to. She still laments the advertising her woes fetched her—still deplores being advertised as a Lazarus state although the publicity saved her life in at least two ways: It resulted in a shower of about $18,000,000 into her parched pockets and, at least temporarily, convinced her hungry share-croppers that something besides cotton would grow in their back yards.

But few states had permitted themselves to fall into such vulnerability. It is not easy to understand the politician's mind anywhere, but in Arkansas they have had a succession of legislatures which, one gathers, would not rank out of the forties in literacy tests. Otherwise they couldn't have passed legislation which seems to have been aimed at the state's destruction. Of course there is always the assumption that they were a bit dishonest.

At any rate they had given the state a financial system whereby ninety-four cents out of every dollar derived from taxation went to the highway commission (which steadfastly refused to submit to an audit), an amazingly antiquated public school system (which is now bankrupt and almost inoperative) and, believe it or not, Confederate veteran pensions (which increase in numbers as the years roll by instead of decreasing).

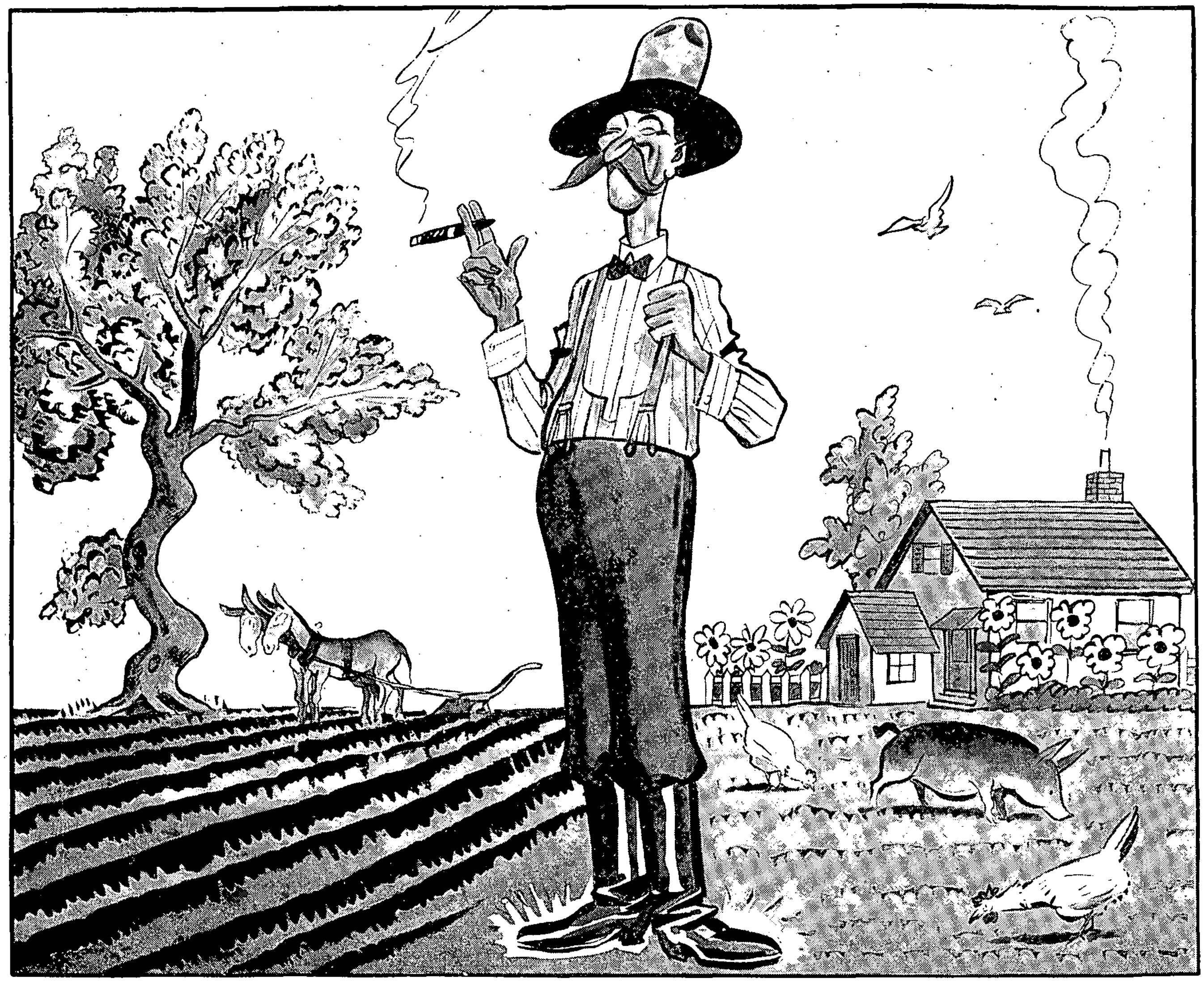
Specifically, the highway commission, which has worked no miracles of road construction and which is dominated by the political boss of the state, Mr. Justin Matthews, although he is not chairman, gets seventy-four and one-half per cent of all taxes coming to the state treasury. The schools, many of which will not open this fall unless money is wrenched from somebody, somewhere, are allotted twelve and one-half per cent and seven per cent goes to Confederate veterans and the surviving dependents thereof. Not necessarily to Arkansas' own veterans, mind you, but to all those who chose to move into the state to partake of her generosity—fifty dollars a month and live where you choose, or a snug bivouac in the Confederate Home in a pretty hamlet known to the post-office authorities as Sweet Home.

The temptation is strong to wander afield and tell of the struggles poor Arkansas has had to conduct government on the six cents remaining out of every tax-derived dollar. But we mustn't.

The Lawmakers Take a Hand

We must proceed to the more general picture after assuring you that while the hard-working farmer and merchant in Arkansas learned much from her parade of adversity, the politicians remained invulnerable.

Instead of revising the state's budget to meet reason at least halfway, the legislature made it practically impossible to investigate the highway commission's expenditures, boosted taxation when it was already impossible to collect at the old rate, and admitted to the Confederate pension rolls any and all daughters of Confederate veterans who have reached the age of seventy-five and are in low circumstance. There are probably no more than six or eight such ladies in the state but already potential applicants for this bounty are moving in from other states—Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, for example—accompanied by relations who are not unwilling to participate in the new beneficence. The possibilities are enormous. The only feature that leaves one mystified is whence the money is to come.



along with a lesson which may be her people's salvation

Blessings

By Walter Davenport

Drawings by Herb Roth

Now when the above-mentioned catastrophes flattened the state of Arkansas, the well-exercised voices of the state's two United States senators—Messrs. Robinson and Caraway—sent honest shudders down the spines of the entire nation, including Arkansas. They asked for Federal help—money straight from Mr. Mellon's treasury. Arkansas needed aid, and lots of it. So did other states. But Arkansas shuddered not so much because of cold and hunger as for a pride rubbed raw. The citizenry of Little Rock, Pine Bluff and the other towns went about in an agony of shame that their beloved state should be held up in all its nakedness for the world to see. Were there not other poverty-stricken states to advertise? Couldn't Messrs. Robinson and Caraway mention Mississippi, for example, or Louisiana, or Missouri once in a while? Arkansas might be cold and hungry, but why make an anthem of the theme?

The governor—Mr. Harvey Parnell—declared with pride that Arkansas would take care of herself and was prepared to repeat that admirable sentiment when somebody whose commands he respected bade him say no more along those lines but to root hard for Messrs. Robinson and Caraway. Besides, with what was Arkansas going to effect this self-rescue? Thinking it rested upon it to contribute to the general brawl between pride and want, the legislature with startling originality increased a few old taxes and created a batch of new ones to which no one seems to have paid any great attention except the small, struggling business men who were swiftly being taxed right into the rapidly growing breadlines.

For example, a six-cent tax was imposed upon gasoline—six cents a gallon. Almost instantly the state began to blink at the remarkable sight of flivvers equipped with huge home-made tanks and tanks grafted from large motor trucks and tractors, hustling for the nearest state line where, in a neighboring commonwealth, fuel could be bought cheaper. Naturally the owners of these hugely bustled conveyances lost lots of time but they also saved lots of money, which was much more important. Scores of filling stations closed.

Likewise a tax of five cents a package was levied upon cigarettes with the result that the state was at once aswarm with energetic salesmen for cigarette-making machines easily carried in the pocket. Several tobacconists, tired of it all, shot themselves. A ten-per-cent tax was levied upon cigars, developing nothing startling because the great majority of the citizenry had long since abandoned cigar-smoking anyway. But no tax was imposed upon chewing tobacco inasmuch as the legislature would not go so far as to tax its own most engrossing pastime.

A Shower of Gold

Then the help for which Messrs. Robinson and Caraway had been waging battle began to arrive. The Red Cross was first on the scene, spending something more than three million dollars in filling stomachs and covering bodies. Next the Federal drought relief funds became available and about ten millions fell to Arkansas' portion. Presently, and deriving from the same reasons that forced Congress to vote $45,000,000 for general drought relief, came the loans on the adjusted compensation certificates of the World War veterans. This added about five millions to the rescue of Arkansas. In all, therefore, eighteen millions in actual cash were applied to her aches and pains and Arkansas began looking up again.

There is no reliable source of information regarding the disposal of the veterans' bonus money. It is just as reasonable and much more charitable to believe Mr. Tom Wheelright of Lonoke County as Mr. Lige Burbaker of Yell. Mr. Wheelright assured me that the boys divided it pretty equally between "plantin' and pleasurin' with most goin' into plantin'" and Mr. Burbaker, who got $312, said he never "seen such still-repairin' in all his born days." However, the important thing is that the money was promptly spent in Arkansas and the merchants and doctors gave thanks.

As for the Red Cross and drought relief funds, a much clearer view is obtainable. In a general way, one may say that the drought relief money was spent largely to pay off debts, finance new crops and erect temporary defenses against a possible return of actual hunger. The bonus loans appear to have gone to meet overdue installments on automobiles, radios, furniture and so on. But either way the money was spent in Arkansas, which is the important thing and even in brighter times it was not often that so much actual cash descended in such a short time upon the general public of Arkansas.

The farmers took it with a calm that was almost unconcern. When the Red Cross arrived with food and clothing they presented themselves with more curiosity than eagerness. The cotton sections, where the combined disasters fell heaviest, were the first to be succored and there one beheld a resignation to fate that was not easily understood by a Yankee.

To get a true perspective on the conditions that existed, it is necessary to separate the state as a political entity from the people—particularly the share-cropper and the small independent farmer. The state itself had been more or less poverty-stricken for years, the legislature tried all sorts of fantastic expedients to rake in enough money from its non-manufacturing people to make politics a paying profession. This seems to have kept Arkansas' rulers much too busy to concern themselves about the individual agriculturist, who, left to his own devices and unannoyed by education, was in no wise concerned about tomorrow. The hand-to-mouth principle of self-preservation had obtained so long and was so generally accepted as the only system worth cultivating, that when starvation arrived in gaunt person, the prevailing emotion was surprise.

It's Just a Mistake

One gathers, upon talking to relief workers, that the farmers regarded personal calamity of such painful characters as something not intended for them at all; as a great mistake. Therefore the curious calm and patient submission of so many of them. For example, it was wholly incomprehensible to the specter of a share-cropper (white) who came driving into Little Rock one afternoon inquiring of the Red Cross whether it was true that food could be had for the asking.

"I expect they're hungry," he said, languidly nodding to the contents of his wagon—five children and a gaunt, apathetic woman who clutched a baby to her dry breast. The woman and three of her children were obviously hospital candidates.

"How long have you been this way?" he was asked.

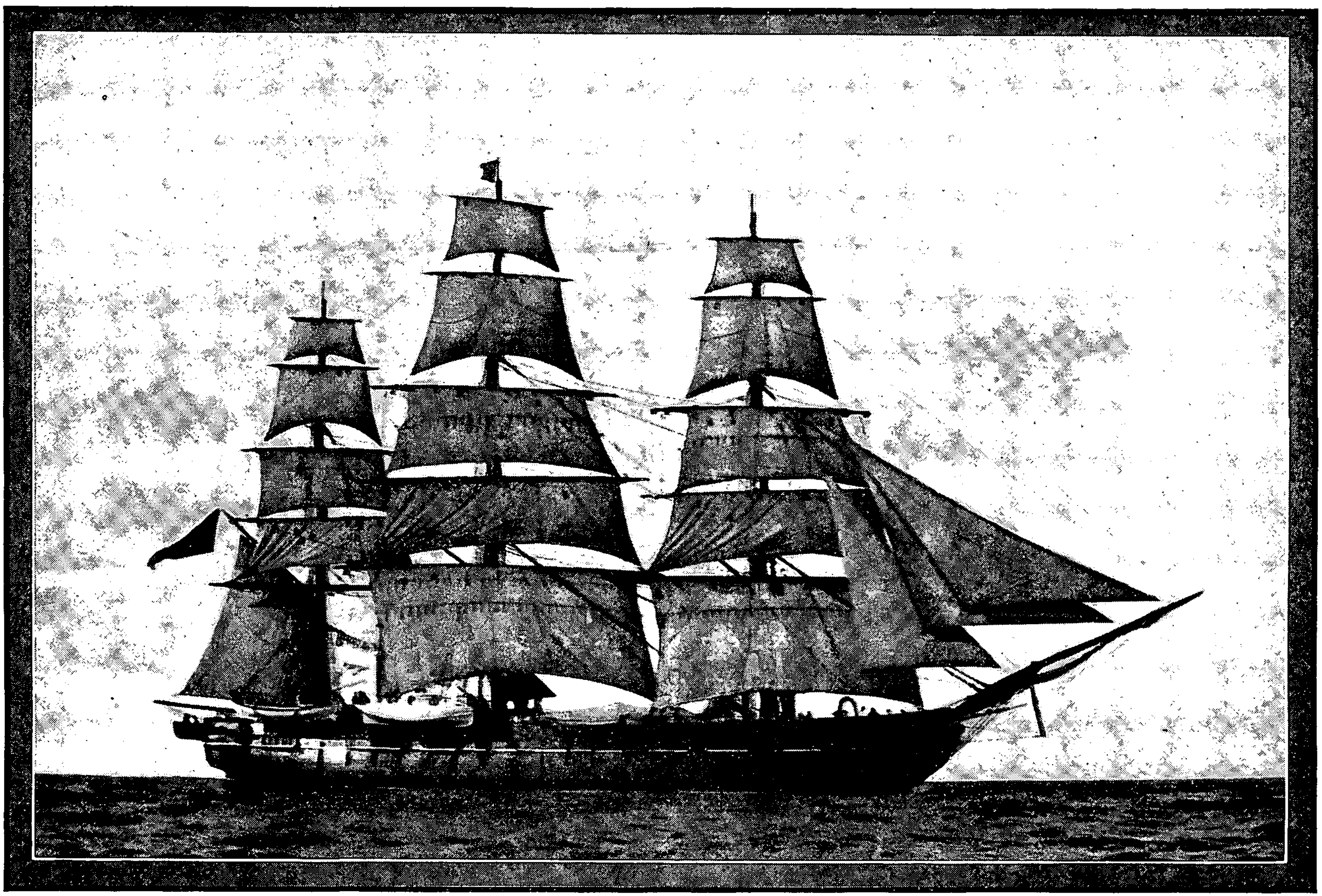
"Seems like it was a week ago we ran out," he said. "I don't aim to beg but nothing come in. I waited three or four days and then the young ones begin to get peevish. I ain't begging but if the mule here could have a little something too he would be right obliged. He was doing right well on grass until dawg if that ain't gone too. I never seen nothing like it."

Starving but Skeptical

When the immediate needs of his family had been satisfied, the relief worker offered him flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, condensed milk and several other foods. He shook his head. No, he reckoned not. Tomorrow would take care of tomorrow. He was right obliged but he wasn't buying anything he couldn't pay for. When he was told that the food was free he became suspicious. Where did the vittles come from? Who paid for them? Yes, but where did the Red Cross git the money? Must have come out of somewhere. It was clear to him that one of these days some man would come along demanding payment of some kind.

But presently his wife revived enough to stop his tongue. Her husband, she told the workers, would argue with God like he would with his mule. Then she set upon him, bidding him to shut up and take what the Lord chose to send. Whereat the relief people loaded his wagon and gave him cards with which he could draw more when that was gone.

(*Continued on page 50*)



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The Pennsylvania schoolship Saratoga when Commodore Hartley was a cadet

Here Comes a Sailor

For thirty-five years Commodore Hartley followed the sea. He shipped in everything from a frigate to the Leviathan. Here he tells you the exciting story of his adventures as captain of the St. Louis in the hazardous days of the war when part of the day's work was fleeing from, or fighting with, German U-boats

By Commodore Herbert Hartley

Former Commander, S. S. Leviathan

and W. B. Courtney

A STRING of a sailor lad stood on the bare deck of a steamship which was about to slide down the ways into her first water. He had big hands, that lad—fingers swollen from hauling on frozen rigging many wintry nights aloft, nails blunt and bashed, knuckles cracked and stained with oakum and paint, palms split open with sores that neither bled nor healed, but widened as the hard months packed them with tar and dried salt spume.

There was a snap in the wind that came off the Delaware River, but the boy shivered more from excitement and awe. "Hold my hand, mate!" he said to another sailor while he leaned gingerly over an open hatch and peered down into the dark and vasty depths of her skeleton hold, trembling with a vertigo that had never bothered him when he swayed on the footrope of his frigate's topgallant yards a hundred feet above the deck as she bucked under green water. Stand on the edge of the Woolworth building's topmost cornice, if you want to know how he felt, and have your wife hold onto your coat tails as you look down into Broadway. I don't have to: I know how he felt.

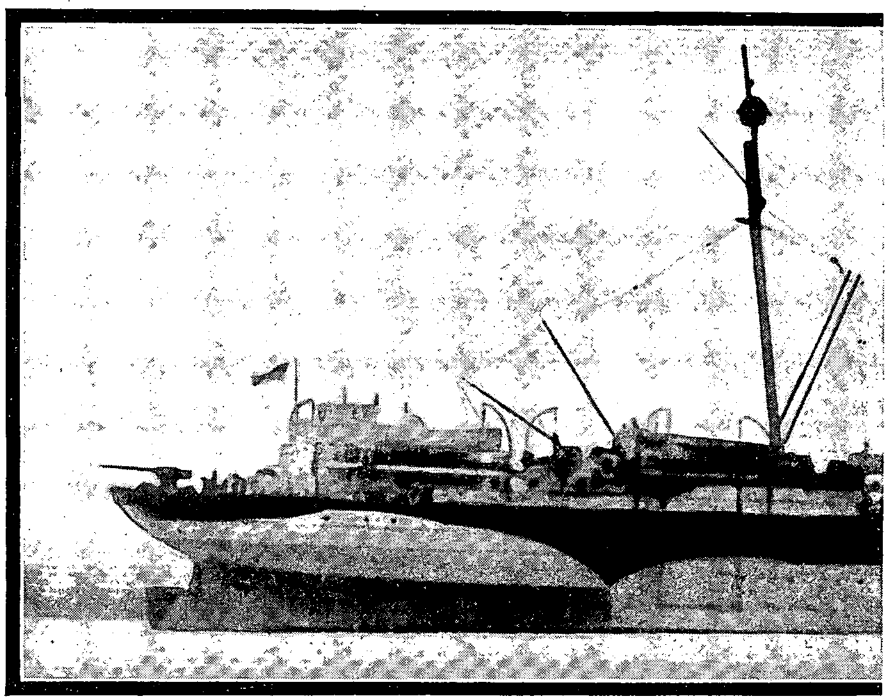
For I was that lad and it warms my heart to look back at his remote figure beyond the many seas that have raced through the years between; but it warms me more to think of the old ship whose launching he witnessed. And he'd have laughed at you for a loon that day if you had told him his life was to be bound up in the fine ship and that one day he would walk her bridge as her "old man."

I stood with beating heart and shining eyes on the St. Louis when she was born. And a quarter of a century later, I stood beside her in Hoboken with breaking heart and tear-wet eyes when she made her last port—in a fire started by the carelessness of a landlubber workman. Don't set me down as a sentimental old sailor if I tell you that more than my belongings burned up with the old St. Louis; if I tell you we talked to each other, the ship and I, and that she answered me as she had always answered me in many a wild seaway and many a high-seas adventure of mutiny and wreck and battle. She had been the half of my life, the most of my soul; and in the last hour we said good-by to each other, amid all the confusion and turmoil, and we were the two quietest things at the dock.

She was the veteran of two wars, and she had been the beginning and the pride of the modern American merchant marine, a far greater wonder in her day of the transition from sail to steam than the Europa is in this day of science and of inventions that to old sailormen are miracles.

Only her memory lives to hold the record she has never surrendered. A record for regularity and precise schedules and the greatest number of annual passages; eighteen complete round trips in 1907.

She had seen me up my ladder. It was on her I got the training and acid testing that won for me the command of the Leviathan, which, when reëngineered by Yankee genius and refitted with American engines, steamed to sea and made a record for a day's run which stood until the past year. But it was not of such things we were talk-



ing, my old ship and I, as she died. We spoke of tenderer things, with less of boasting and more of the lift that is in young sailors and young ships when land is down astern and the seas run free ahead.

It was a stirring yarn we spun together. It went back to that morning in Philadelphia in 1894, and I hung again over the stern rail of the new ship and gazed down upon the bald head of President Grover Cleveland. I heard again the sounds of the workmen's sledges as they knocked away the stays, and waited tensely to feel the start of her slide to water. And I heard once more the high, proud voice of Mrs. Cleveland: "I christen thee St. Louis," and the tinkle of glass as she dashed a bottle of champagne against the stern keelplate; and the shouts and cheers and whistle salutes.

But let's splice our rope ends as we come to them, in seamanlike orderliness, and not go skipping aft and forrard and abeam. For my share of the yarn goes farther back—to 1875, when I was launched in Oswego Falls, in upper York State, as the natives call it, into the midst of a family who had always been decent and landlocked farmer folk and were fair scuttled when I began to talk of going to sea.

My family moved to Pennsylvania, and eventually I got upon the Pennsylvania schoolship, Saratoga. There I was, eighteen years old, with the fifty dollars for which I had worked and scrimped a long time, marching into the shop of old Peter Thompson down on South Street in Philadelphia to get my outfit. Peter Thompson had been the sailmaker aboard the old Saratoga. He started making uniforms for the schoolship boys, and later he brought out a sailor suit for children which was famous through the land as the "Peter Thompson Suit." He had agencies all over the country, and there's scarcely a man or woman in the forties or thereabouts today who wasn't dressed for Sunday-go-to-meetin' in one of Peter's famous suits at some time during childhood. The old sailmaker became a millionaire.

That was in February of 1893 and before we could sail there were four days in port of work so hard that our spines were ready to buckle. The ship had been stripped to her bare sticks when she made port. We had to break out the sails from the lockers, shake them out on deck, and bend them aloft under the direction of the regular crew of twenty able seamen. These were Swedes, Norwegians and Danes—real wind sailors, who would as soon cut off their mothers' ears as sail in steam. Their like are no longer in this world. Most of these sailors were old men, for this was the time of change-over from sail to steam, and their young mates had gone into the latter. Young wind sailors were handy on the steamships, for these were required by law to carry a full suit of sails in their lockers. Engines were not considered reliable. Indeed it was many years before steamers of pre-World War days were permitted to land their canvas.

We cadets had to sign up for two years. There were one hundred of us, of whom no more than a dozen made up the senior, or graduating class. There were always six or seven times as many deserters as graduates, and I can tell you that if I had been able to get my feet back on land in the first week after we sailed the sea would have known me no more. Besides instruction in roping, knotting and splicing from the sailors, and in practical seamanship from the petty officers, we had regular periods of classroom work in navigation, mathematics, history, geography and the like under the officers.

Life on the Schoolship

It was a hard life. The boys were recruited from all walks of life, and some of them were tough—you could win respect and peace aboard only by your fists. The hazing was cruel and many boys were injured. It was not only physical, but mental. Cheese was a delicacy which was issued once a week. Each week the older boys would have a new scheme for stealing it from us. For instance, just as we'd sit down the word would be passed that there was a fight on deck. We'd rush up; it would be two of the older boys shamming. When we returned to our mess tables the cheese would be gone. Worse, the older boys would pounce on any lad who showed signs of homesickness and tell him heart-rending stories of home and mother. Most of the boys—even those hardy enthusiasts who stuck throughout the two years—had their bellies full of the sea. Only two of my graduating class of twelve followed it. Jack Norworth, one of my schoolship mates, became famous on the vaudeville stage and married Nora Bayes. Bill McCoy—a gentle, girl-like lad whom we nicknamed "Maud"—became King of the Bootleggers. When he was ruling Rum Row off Sandy Hook and I was boss of the Leviathan we used to pass.

The Saratoga was a full-rigged frigate which had been built soon after the War of 1812. We dropped her down the Delaware on a gray afternoon in February, 1893. Snow began to fall and the weather thickened, so we anchored in the Bay. In the night the snow turned to sleet, and when morning came the ship was solidly encased in ice. We were chased up the dangerous, slippery rigging and struggled with the ice-bound ropes and sails until our hands were gloved in blood that froze as fast as it oozed out. We got the ship moving after a fashion, but we were three days at sea and nearing the Gulf Stream before it thawed. Meantime we lived and worked in torture. The old sailors grinned and told us their adage: "Anyone who goes to sea for pleasure ought to go to hell for pastime."

I was sick. Everybody I looked at was sick. It seemed to me that the whole world was sick. And being sick didn't save you from work. Some people never get over seasickness. Boys who belonged to that unfortunate class were first-port deserters; it was their only way out. When the sense of feel came back into our hands we learned to tell the nature and duties of ropes and lines by their "feel"—their thickness. You had to learn this so that at night in bad weather when you couldn't see the rope you would select the right one when you had received an order. If you let go the wrong one you might bring a yard down upon your head or even dismast the ship and kill yourself and others. Many's the sailor, not sure of his rope, who has waited for a flash of lightning before letting go. You had hundreds of ropes to learn. I call them ropes for the convenience of laymen, although there is, speaking sailorwise, only one such animal as a rope aboard ship. That is the rope used to lower buckets when sea water is wanted. All others have names, such as clewlines, buntlines and so on.

We made two cruises to Europe and two to the West Indies. Before we made port at places, as at Barcelona, the captain would assemble us on deck around a big table on which he had spread a map of the city. He would point out the parks and the public buildings and tell us something of the history of the town and of the sights we ought to take in. Finally he would gingerly indicate a certain portion of town and warn us to keep away from "there," which some did and some didn't. He was a smart man and in the Azores he pointed out to us the church wherein Christopher Columbus had been married the second time. But as few of us knew he had been married even a first time, we cruised the town for less dusty information.

When I was graduated I found a job with the American Line, which was required by its mail contract to carry one American merchant cadet for each thousand tons of its ships; I was assigned to the Philadelphia, where my first job was painting the pilot house.

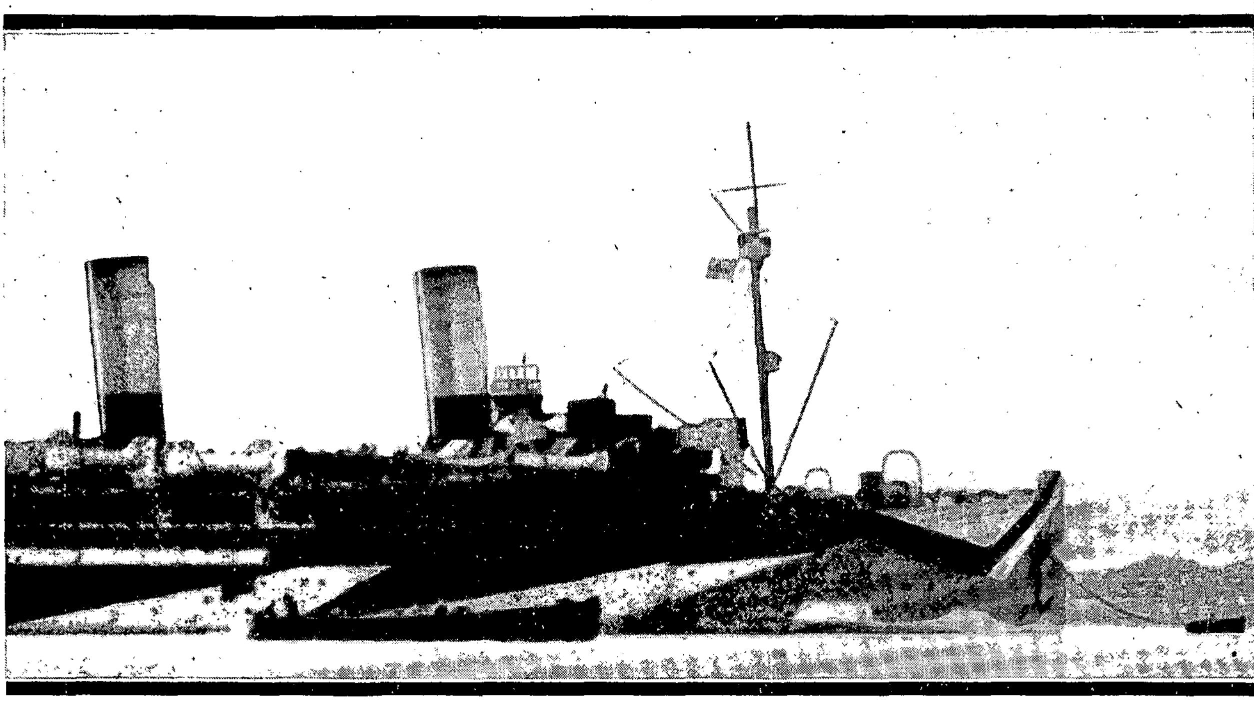
An Old Passenger Custom

I at once learned something about the passenger business. On short-stay ships you had to be careful to use a lot of dryer, so that fresh paint in any place accessible to passengers would be dry before sailing time. There were many passengers ready—even eager—to lean an old overcoat or dress against paint in order to get a new one from the Line. It's an old passenger custom.

I got ten dollars for the first month and fifteen dollars a month thereafter until I won promotion. The Philadelphia was formerly the City of Paris, but had been renamed after she had run on the Manacle Rocks outside Falmouth harbor in England. That's an old sea trick, to change the names of ships that have accidents. Prospective passengers remember names. There is a great deal of bunk in the ocean passenger business, but the passengers are responsible for some of it. You've heard travelers who are trying to impress you with their sophistication and

(Continued on page 44)

The Commodore as a young sailor lad in the days of "real wind sailors, who would as soon cut off their mothers' ears as sail in steam"



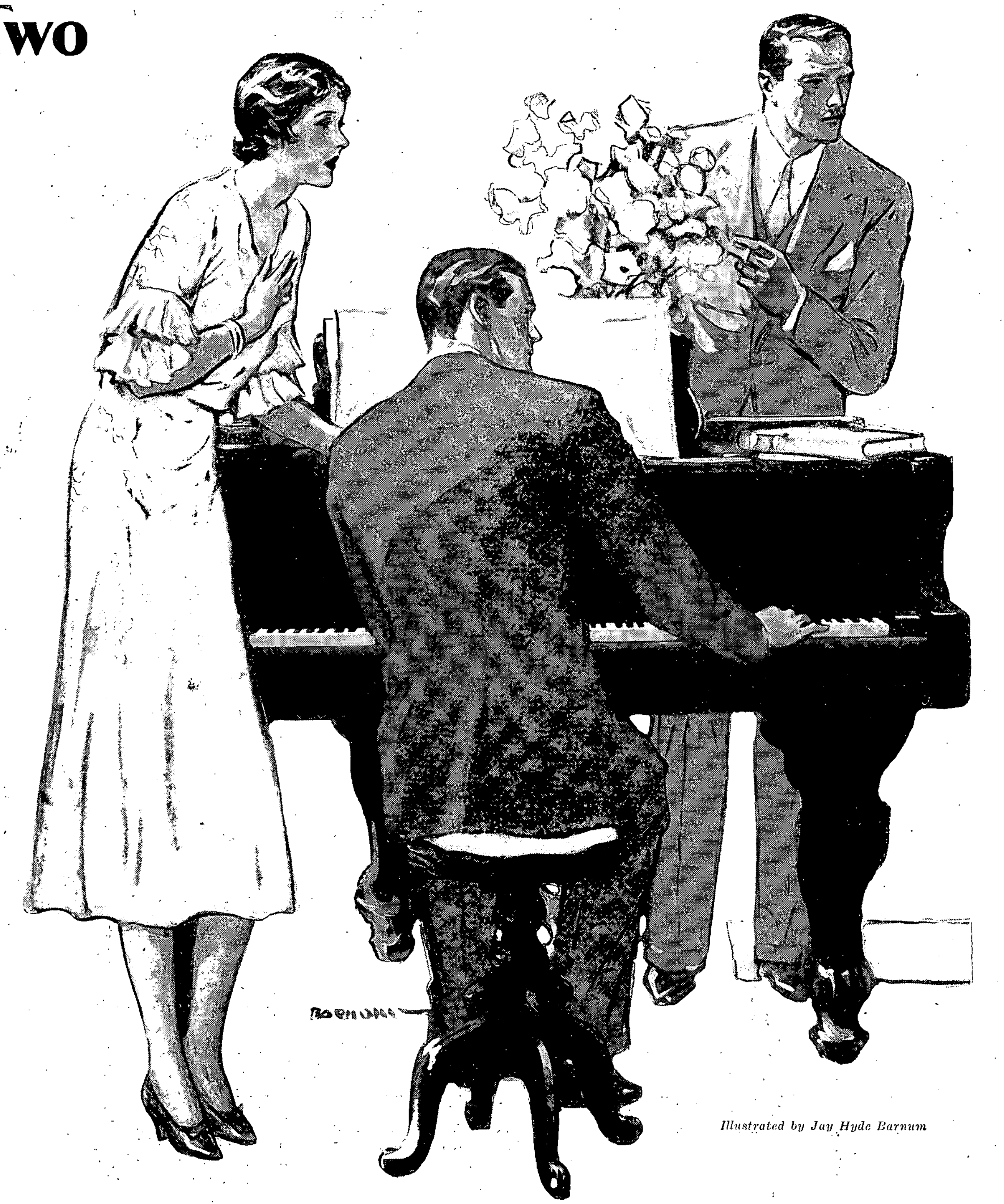
The St. Louis, disguised in wartime camouflage, ready to carry American troops to France

Acme

Room for Two

David Kendall meets the right girl at the right time—a story of love that failed to meet the acid test, and love that met it grandly

By Dana Burnet



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

WITH the clipping from The Press in his hand, David walked slowly along West Fifty-fourth Street, scanning the doors of the houses for the number he wanted. There it was! He stopped abruptly to view the premises, and was bumped into, hard, by someone who apparently had been walking directly behind him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said a voice that sounded, David thought, more exasperated than apologetic.

He turned and saw a girl in a smart brown suit and a brown hat who regarded him coldly and with something like defiance. She also had a clipping from The Press in her hand. Instinctively, David resented her. She, too, unquestionably had been lured by the virtues of this particular room. "Attractive, double, piano, refined" read the advertisement in the paper, and the price was reasonable.

"I didn't see you," she said, in a tone that dismissed as negligible his solid, six-foot bulk.

David said: "That's quite all right!"—and started up the steps. Hostilities were, so to speak, opened. David stretched a long arm to ring the doorbell. His hand encountered the girl's. She glared at him. He snatched away his hand. "I beg your pardon," he mumbled.

"Not at all," she said, and smiled suddenly, sweetly. Too sweetly, David decided, fuming.

The girl rang the bell. They waited. Vaguely, David was conscious that spring had come to New York. The street was swept with sunlight. Spring was all along the street and on the housetops and in the new leaves of the little caged trees. It was in the squeaky voice of a hurdy-gurdy playing somewhere farther down the block. . . . Music, old and creaking, but music as it should be—in April. . . . Oh, but wait! Wait till New York heard his music—! But he must have a piano, and a place of his own in which to live and work. . . .

A middle-aged woman with an enormous bust appeared in the vestibule before David and the girl. She beamed at them.

"GOOD afternoon! You want to see the room? Come right in! I know you'll like it. Just the thing for a fine young couple like you."

The girl was furious.

"We're not—a couple!" she said. "This gentleman"—she accentuated the word—"is a complete stranger to me."

"Oh," said the landlady. "Oh, is he?"

"I certainly am," said David.

The girl's nose was definitely in the air. It was a pretty nose.

"Well, now," said the landlady, chuckling, "if that ain't one on me! I'd have bet you was married, and just married, too. But come right in, the both of you. I can show you the room at the same time."

It was one of those surprising old rooms that New York still offers upon occasion to the weary, discouraged apartment hunter. A huge room, beautifully proportioned, with a high ceiling and paneled walls. It was dark, but its darkness was not depressing. Its two long windows let in a faint drift of sunlight, and between the windows a tall mirror glowed softly in its ancient gilt frame. There was an open fireplace, the furniture wasn't bad—not bad at all—the lampshades were, for a wonder, plain parchment and, against one wall, to David's astonishment and delight, stood an ancient but serviceable-looking grand piano! It was an altogether fabulous room.

The landlady pulled aside a curtain and revealed an alcove containing twin beds.

"It's a pity you ain't a couple," she sighed. "Them beds is brand-new."

"Really!" said the girl.

"Is the piano in tune?" asked David hastily.

"It ought to be. I had it tuned last Christmas. Now here's the bath, and back of that screen's the kitchenette. Neat and homey, ain't it? And it's only a hunnerd and twenty a month."

"I'll take it," announced the girl.

"So will I," said David.

His pretty competitor turned and faced him.

"I spoke first!" she reminded him.

"But I," said David gravely, "was here ahead of you. At least I had my foot on the steps before you did."

"I rang the bell!"

"Yes. But when I was a kid, the one who touched home base first was the winner."

THE girl almost smiled. Then, turning to the landlady, she said: "You must decide this, if you please!"

The landlady fidgeted. She was too fat for such unpleasant decisions.

"Well, now, it don't make no odds to me. I'll just go down to the kitchen and look at a batch of biscuits I got in the oven, and you can talk it over." Beaming, she waddled backward toward the door. "Or you can toss a penny to decide it," she added, and disappeared into the hall.

"Not a bad idea," said David. "Shall we toss?"

The girl looked at him.

"All right," she said.

He took a coin from his pocket.

"Heads or tails?"

"Heads."

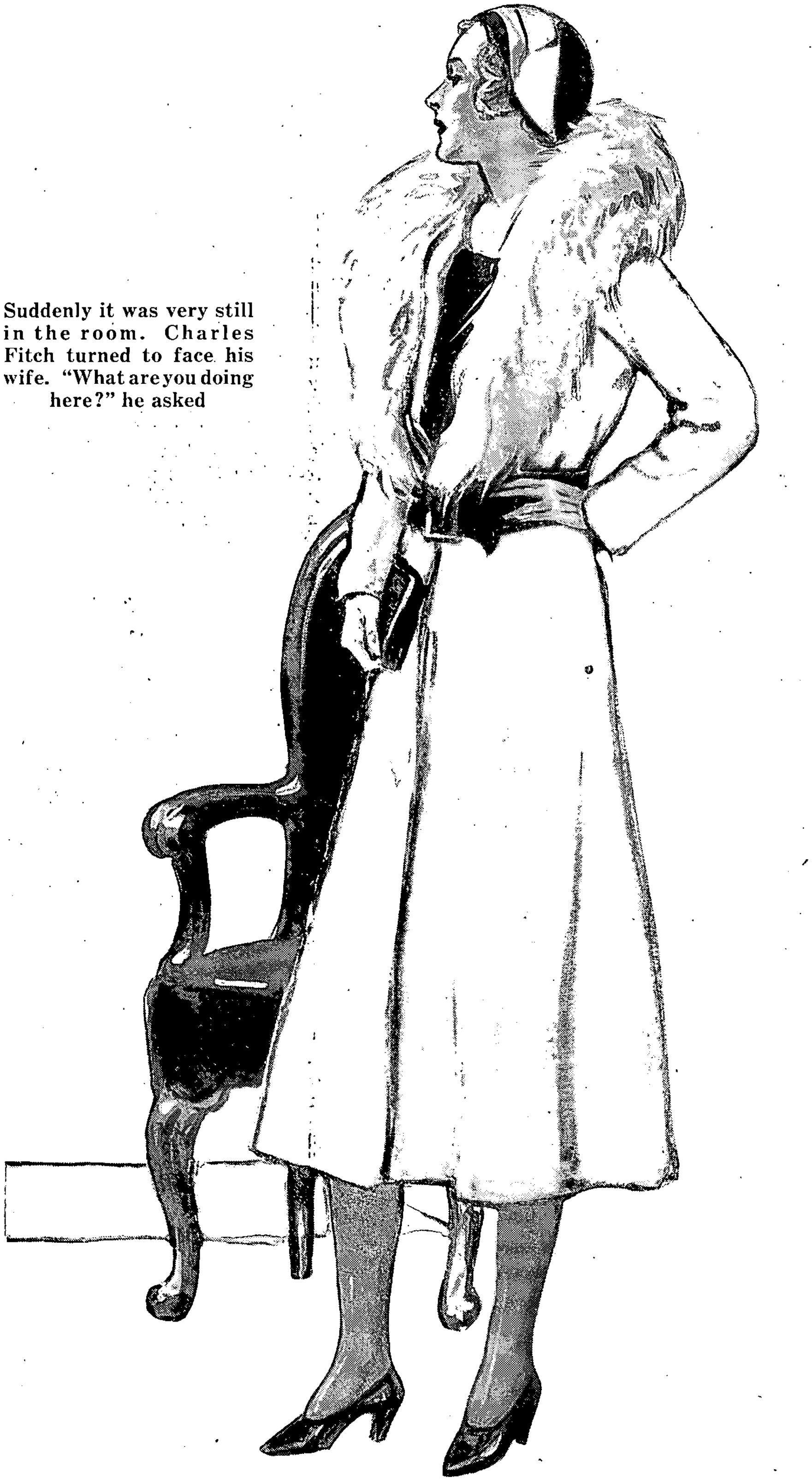
He flipped the coin. She leaned down and looked.

"It's tails," she said, mournfully. Then she straightened up, took a few steps across the room, and stood, small and dejected, in the haze of sunlight from the long windows. She seemed unreasonably, almost absurdly disappointed. David had a quick and violent sense of guilt.

"I'm sorry. Of course you may have the room."

She didn't answer.

Faintly, from the street outside the house, penetrating the walls, came the sound of the hurdy-gurdy, squealing a waltz. And suddenly, as if the music had been a voice to hurt her, the girl sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Her shoulders shook. She was crying.



Suddenly it was very still in the room. Charles Fitch turned to face his wife. "What are you doing here?" he asked

David stood awkwardly, wondering what to do. Intuition told him that she would be terribly ashamed of her weakness, and somehow he didn't want her to be ashamed. His hostility toward her had vanished. Impulsively he strode to the piano, sat down and, finding the proper key, began to improvise an accompaniment to the hurdy-gurdy's tinny theme. He became interested in it, forgot the room, himself and the girl; so that he was a bit startled when she appeared at the end of the keyboard. Abruptly, he stopped playing.

"Thank you," said the girl. "You play beautifully."

"It's my job," he said.

"You're a musician?"

"Yes. I've just got home after five years in Paris. Been here a month, living in a hotel and renting a piano. Don't like it. That's why I wanted this room."

"I see."

"Why do you want it so particularly?" he asked, glancing up at her. His smile was frank and friendly. She smiled involuntarily in return; then her eyes shifted; and he saw the quick color come into her face.

"Don't tell me if you don't want to. It's none of my business," he added.

"Well, you see, I wanted a place of my own, and I hate modern apartments. They're so smug and—"

"And sanitary," said David.

SHE laughed, and he was pleased. But her laugh ended in a sigh.

David got up from the piano bench. "It's your room," he said. "And that's that."

"Oh, no, I couldn't! I really couldn't!"

"I insist," said David, and started for the door. But before he reached it the landlady surged in from the hallway.

"Well, now," she wheezed, puffing, "have you settled it?"

"Yes," David said. "The room belongs to Miss—to the lady."

"My name is Manning," said the girl. "And I won't take the room."

"My name," said David, "is Kendall. And neither will I."

"You won't?" queried the landlady. "My sakes alive! A minute ago you both wanted it, and now you both don't! But say, wait! I got another smaller room, second floor front, that would be just elegant for the gentleman here."

David hesitated. He did not, at the moment, seek to analyze the cause of his hesitation, but dimly he realized that it had something to do with a pair of brown eyes, a silly old waltz and a haze of sunlight that was April at the windows. . . .

"Has the other room got a piano?" he asked.

"Well, no," admitted the landlady. "No, I can't say it has."

Miss Manning spoke promptly, and with decision.

"You're welcome to this piano, Mr. Kendall, so far as I'm concerned. I don't play."

"I don't believe it'd go into that room upstairs," reluctantly stated the landlady. "Not and leave no place for the gentleman's bed and bureau."

"Then," said the girl, looking at David, "you can come here and practice daytimes, if you want to. I'll be out from nine till five, six days a week."

"Oh—why—thanks! But I'm afraid that would be an imposition."

"I won't take the room otherwise."

David gazed at Miss Manning, who gazed at a spot on the wall several feet above his head.

"In that case," he said, "I'll take the room upstairs."

MISS MANNING had a beau.

David, leaving the house late one afternoon, saw a smart-looking man handing Miss Manning out of a smart-looking car. The man, David judged, was about thirty-five years old.

Mrs. Bloomer, the landlady, confirmed David's diagnosis.

"He's her steady," said Mrs. Bloomer, "and a real swell. When he comes to take her out in the evenin' he wears an opry hat. She's always ready, herself, and meets him in the hall. Not that it wouldn't be proper for her to have him into her room, but I'll take my oath he ain't never set foot inside her door."

"Admirable!" said David.

"Women beats me," continued the landlady, shaking her frizzled head. "Here this Miss Manning don't think nothin' of lettin' you practice all day in her room, and havin' you to tea afterward—"

"Only twice," said David, "since I've been here. And that's over a month, now."

"Yes," said the landlady and added, profoundly: "I guess she don't think of you 'cept as a piano player. No offense to you, Mr. Kendall."

"None at all," replied David, stiffly. "None at all."

At first he had made it a point to be out of Katharine Manning's room when she returned at five. (She worked for Fitch and Company, Wall Street brokers.) But then it had seemed natural to linger for a word, or several words, with her, so that shortly they had become friends, and she had fallen into the habit of giving him tea. (More than twice, he reflected, enjoying the fact that he had lied successfully to Mrs. Bloomer.)

He intended, at the first opportunity, to question her—cleverly, of course—about her beau. That opportunity seemed not to be forthcoming, so he created it. One afternoon, toward the end of April, Katharine entered her room to find the tea ready and cakes on the table.

"What's this?" she asked, smiling at David.

"It's a delicate hint," he said, "that I'd like to be invited to tea. I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"About yourself."

"Oh, no," she said. She put off her hat and sat down at the tea-table. "We'll talk about you. How are you getting on? Or rather, how do you expect to get on, in a city like New York?"

"I expect to give a piano recital," said David.

She handed him his cup.

"ISN'T that difficult to arrange, for an unknown musician?"

"It's all arranged, and I'm not an unknown musician."

"Oh, aren't you? I'm sorry, David."

He laughed.

"That's all right. I'm no one you should have heard of. But I have some reputation in Europe, my family is rather influential—my home's in New York—and so my début is possible. It won't mean much, but it'll please my mother, who wants me to be a great pianist."

"Is that your own ambition?"

"No," said David. "I want to write music. American music. What we should do, Miss Manning—"

"Katharine," she said.

"What we should do, Katharine, is to create an American art, which is difficult—"

"I should think it might be."

"Yes," said David. "It involves biological problems that so far as I know are insolvable."

"Do you know anything about biology?"

"Only as much as the average product of it, which is practically nothing."

"I asked," she said, slowly, "because I— Oh, no, we weren't going to talk about me."

"Please!"

"Well . . . I've been wondering, I'd like to know, when you fall in love, whether you're obeying a natural impulse toward selection, or whether it's chiefly a matter of pinning your illusions to the most convenient coat-lapel."

"Are you in love?" David asked in an offhand tone.

"I think I'm going to be. I left home—I lived with an aunt in Greenwich—because I wanted my freedom, which of course means the freedom to fall in love."

"You're honest with yourself, at any rate."

"My aunt," said Katharine, "is frightfully Greenwich. But I've money of my own, so I—"

"Then why do you work?"

"I prefer it to loafing. I took a secretarial course in a business college rather than go to boarding-school, and when Charlie—I mean when I was offered a job with Fitch and Company—I packed up and left home, for good."

"Who is Charlie?"

"He's Mr. Fitch."

"Oh," said David. So the beau was her employer! A nice situation! A pretty situation indeed!

"I'VE known him for ages," murmured Katharine.

"I assume it's Char—Mr. Fitch—that you're going to fall in love with?"

She looked at him and nodded.

"I think so," she said.

"Oh!" said David.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Only I'd sort of planned to have you fall in love with me."

Her eyes widened. They were big and brown and luminous, softly alight in their depths, and genuinely wondering.

"No!" she said.

"Yes," said David. "Ever since that first day, when you cried here in this room, I've been having thoughts about you. The chief thought is that you're lovely—and that I want you."

"You *do?*" said Katharine. "How funny!"

"It isn't funny at all."

(Continued on page 28)

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

"HOW'D you like to be mayor of New York?"

Seated in his country home at Lake Warumkeg, Maine, former United States Senator Carmichael calmly asks the question, and Richard Cordova, an assistant district attorney of New York, to whom it is addressed, can hardly believe his ears.

"But, Senator," he gasps, "I'm not a *politician*—I'd never have a *chance*!" Two other men—Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell—are present. Carmichael waves at them. "We three can make you mayor, Cordova," he says, "*provided* you win that Drovers and Builders case!"

"I'll win it!" says Cordova. But, when he returns to New York, Cordova's thoughts turn, not to that amazing conversation, but to Del Carmichael, one of the senator's two charming nieces. In two short days—during which he has seen much of her and her dashing young cousin, Deborah—he has fallen in love with her . . . and he writes her, to tell her so.

The letter, somewhat illegibly addressed to "Miss Del Carmichael," is handed to "Deb." The girl reads it. "It's for Del," she muses, "but *I'm going to have him,* come what may!" . . . Cordova, back at work, dines with Mr. Grenfell—tells him how Charles Ganley, who, with Marbury and Heatherly, has (he believes) wrecked Drovers and Builders, is making frenzied efforts to see him privately. Then, having discussed the mayoralty problem, he takes his leave.

On the street, a girl—young and exceedingly pretty—tries to "pick him up." But Grady, an audacious newspaper reporter who knows Cordova, steps forward. "Crude work, Clara!" he exclaims. "Beat it!" Then, to Cordova: "Let's go home—and let's walk in the middle of the sidewalk." And Richard Cordova, listening, realizes at last that strange and most mysterious perils confront him.

V

THEY walked half a block in silence. Then Cordova spoke gently.

"If I smoked a cigarette, nursie, would papa spank?"

Grady's snub nose wrinkled, and the corners of his mouth drew upward. He released his grip on Cordova's arm.

"Well, Mr. Cordova, you got plenty of that stuff called self-possession, haven't you?"

"Why, Fred," said Cordova reproachfully, "aren't we formal? My name's Dick."

"Go on, kid me," said the newspaper man. "It makes you seem bright and I'm used to being dumb. Any more wisecracks?"

"I trust," said Cordova, "that Miss Searles enjoyed her trip to the shore. The Ocean Beach Club is delightful, isn't it?"

"The idea," said Grady, "is just a trifle over my head."

"It's way over mine," said Cordova. "So I'm trying to make polite conversation."

"Oh, that's it, eh? You mean you're surprised at my butting in just now?"

Cordova stopped short and stared at his companion.

"Well, what would you think?" he retorted. "You called on me a couple of days ago, talked as mysteriously as the detective in a thriller, and now you dash out and protect my innocence from a lady of the evening."

"Oh, be nice," said Grady. "Be *nice*. You mustn't call little Clara names like that. She's a lady of the morning and the afternoon, too. Her feelings would be hurt if you thought she wasn't busy every minute."

"I apologize to her," said Cordova. "And thank you *so* much, Mr. Grady, for making everything so clear to me."

"Not at all," said Grady airily. "You've seen the Banner's motto: 'Let the light pour in,' haven't you?"

"It's pouring all over me," said Cordova. "But I guess I'm wearing dark glasses. I suppose you'd *think* me just too dumb for words if I asked how you happened around?"

"Not at all," said Grady. "You see, it's like this. The man looking after you telephoned me at the Ocean Beach Club, and told me where you were, and so, after I took Miss Searles home, I just dropped over to chat with him, and he has a sick wife, so I said I'd take over the rest of the evening, and that's that."

"And as lucid as anything could possibly be," commented Cordova. "I understand it all, except minor details, such as why anyone is 'looking after me,' and things like that. It would be an impertinence if I asked questions, wouldn't it?"

"Between old pals, Dick? Don't be silly," grinned Grady. "What questions?"

"WELL, for example, Fred," replied Cordova, "just why is the Banner detailing people to look after me?"

"Oh, I thought that was obvious," said Grady innocently. "So that little girls like Clara Raynor won't kidnap you."

"And why should Clara take such an interest in me? Don't tell me that she saw me at the theater and fell so hard that—"

"Maybe she read your father's will," suggested Grady dryly.

Cordova shook his arm free from the newspaper man's clutch.

"I'm getting worn out, Grady," he said impatiently. "Quit playing riddles. Either come clean or get clear."

"You didn't want to talk to me the other day about the Drovers and Builders case, did you?" asked Grady. "Do you want to now?"

"I don't want to now, and don't intend to," said Cordova.

They started walking again.

"But you will admit that you expect to win the case, won't you?" persisted Grady.

"Naturally," assented Cordova.

"And privately—not for the Banner or the Banner's million readers—you'll admit that it's going to turn out to be a whale of a case, won't you?"

Cordova shot a sharp glance at his companion. Something about Grady inspired confidence.

"W-ell, for your private ear—yes," he conceded.

"And of course the district attorney, old Melville Dodge, doesn't suspect that, does he?" asked Grady.

Cordova felt a tiny chill run down his spine.

"Now what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I'm just asking you," said Grady. "Don't want to answer, eh? Hadn't occurred to you before, that question, had it? For little Frederick's private ear, still."

"W-ell, maybe," said Cordova, honestly.

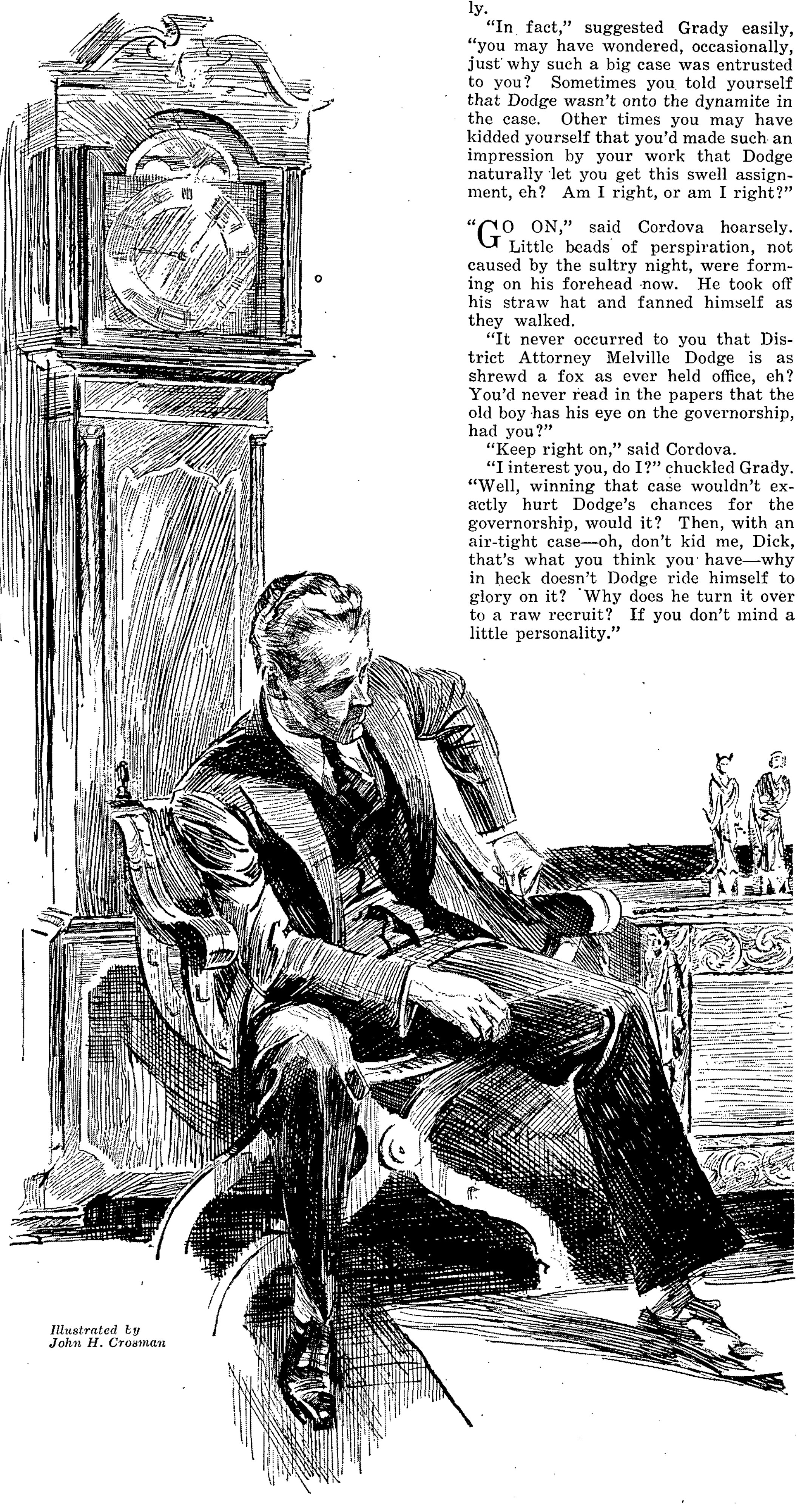
"In fact," suggested Grady easily, "you may have wondered, occasionally, just why such a big case was entrusted to you? Sometimes you told yourself *that* Dodge wasn't onto the dynamite in the case. Other times you may have kidded yourself that you'd made such an impression by your work that Dodge naturally let you get this swell assignment, eh? Am I right, or am I right?"

"GO ON," said Cordova hoarsely. Little beads of perspiration, not caused by the sultry night, were forming on his forehead now. He took off his straw hat and fanned himself as they walked.

"It never occurred to you that District Attorney Melville Dodge is as shrewd a fox as ever held office, eh? You'd never read in the papers that the old boy has his eye on the governorship, had you?"

"Keep right on," said Cordova.

"I interest you, do I?" chuckled Grady. "Well, winning that case wouldn't exactly hurt Dodge's chances for the governorship, would it? Then, with an air-tight case—oh, don't kid me, Dick, that's what you think you have—why in heck doesn't Dodge ride himself to glory on it? Why does he turn it over to a raw recruit? If you don't mind a little personality."



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Because he didn't think the case was air-tight. Is that it?" suggested Dick.

"But you know it is, don't you? And Dodge is a fairly smart lawyer, isn't he? He'd be on as quickly as you, wouldn't he? Want me to answer it?"

"I wish you would," said Cordova quietly.

"Because it's fixed for you to lose," stated Grady.

"Ganley doesn't think so," said Cordova.

"Maybe not. The fixing hasn't got as far, just yet, as it will get. You see, maybe the big boy—and a few others—figured that by handing you the case it was as good as lost for the government. Then, with another 'maybe,' the word passed around that you weren't as dumb as they figured, that it looked as though you'd put a few babies in jail. Follow me?"

"Well, I'm in the neighborhood," said Cordova. "But how could your mysterious 'they' know that I was building up a strong case?"

"Now you aren't that dumb, Dick," protested Grady. "You've been interviewing witnesses, examining records—mighty little goes on in any city department that a lot of bozos aren't aboard. So—they're fixing it for you to lose."

"You've mentioned the big boy twice; once to your girl friend, Miss Raynor, and once to me. Could you put a better label on him?"

"I could," said Grady, "but big boy will do as well as anything else."

"And the charming Miss Raynor herself—exactly where does she come in?"

"Clara?" Grady laughed amusedly. "Clara comes in any way she can. By a fire-escape, on a dumb-waiter—"

Cordova held up an impatient hand. "I want to know," he said.

"Well, are you getting the picture clear? There's an interesting case the district attorney's office—to please itself or somebody else—doesn't want won. So it's slipped to a novice in the hope he'll blow it. The word gets out that he's likely to win it. If it's won, a lot of people are going to be looking up the extradition laws. Now, it would be fairly raw to call you off the case. Some public-spirited newspaper like the Banner, for example, might ask embarrassing questions."

"So it's public spirit on your part, eh?" asked Cordova.

"CIRCULATION has a little to do with it," smiled Grady. "But it does happen that the Banner is pretty sick of the graft that's going on. Well, what's to be done? You can't be reached with dough, can you? That's clear right at the start. You're no high-flyer, for all the coin you have. You aren't paying the rent on any flat except the one you live in, and there's no lady charging stuff at the swell stores in your name. Well, how are they going to get you?"

"With somebody like Clara, I suppose?" scoffed Cordova.

"Why not?" countered Grady. "Clara is very easy on the eye. Clara seems like a good egg. Just a little unconventional, but what's that these days? Some pretty hard lads have been soft for Clara."

Cordova made a grimace of disgust.

"But, Grady, that's a trifle—well, crude, isn't it?"

"It's the crude things that get the headlines," said the reporter. "Suppose Clara parks her car, and screams like mad. A cop—*two* cops—are handy. By the time they reach the car, Clara's clothes are torn half off her. She's got her story down pat. You asked her for a ride—"

"In *her* car?" jeered Cordova.

"In *your* car," corrected Grady. "A dollar to a dime that car is registered in your name, planted in a garage in your name, and the same odds that at least three men in the garage are ready to testify that *you* called for the car and took it out tonight."

Cordova whistled and studied Grady. "You don't write the Sunday scandal sections, do you?"

Grady shook his head.

"And they aren't so far off the track as you think," he said. "Framing is the best thing that's done in this town. And the easiest. And don't kid yourself that because this frame-up fell down another one won't be worked. Involve you in a scandal and hear old Melville Dodge orate. You'll be booted out of your office so fast—"

"And someone else will try the Drovers and Builders—and lose, eh?" said Cordova.

"At last," cried Grady. "I knew that behind that high, calm forehead *something* must be going on."

"Thank you," said Cordova. "You wouldn't call it thinking, would you?"

"At the risk of seeming a flatterer, I would," laughed Grady.

"Much obliged. I was thinking of other things, too. Suppose a newspaper wanted to make me talk—about a big case, for instance. How easy it would be for that newspaper to plant little Clara, and have one of its bright young men rescue me from her clutches, so that in gratitude I'd chatter my head off."

Grady stared at him. He stopped short, and Cordova paused, too. Grady slowly shook his head.

"There is nothing in this world," he said, as though speaking to himself, "quite as hard to handle as a half-smart guy. Good-*night*, Mr. Cordova."

He was halfway across the street before Cordova, dodging in and out among the vehicles that crowded the thoroughfare, reached him.

"I'm sorry, Grady," he said.

Grady pulled him from before a wavering taxi. He made no response until they had reached the safety of the opposite sidewalk.

"That's okay, Cordova," he said, "only—let's forget it."

Cordova linked his arm through Grady's.

"Let's forget that you're a newspaper man, Fred," said Cordova.

"I can, if you can. I've been telling you that," said Grady, stiffly.

"HERE'S my place. Will you come in?" asked Cordova.

Grady shrugged.

"All right."

They ascended to Cordova's apartment and were admitted by Webbing. Grady eyed the modest apartment with mild surprise.

"Sorry I can't offer you anything to drink," said Cordova.

Grady lighted a cigarette.

"I can live without it," he stated.

Cordova sat down in a huge armchair.

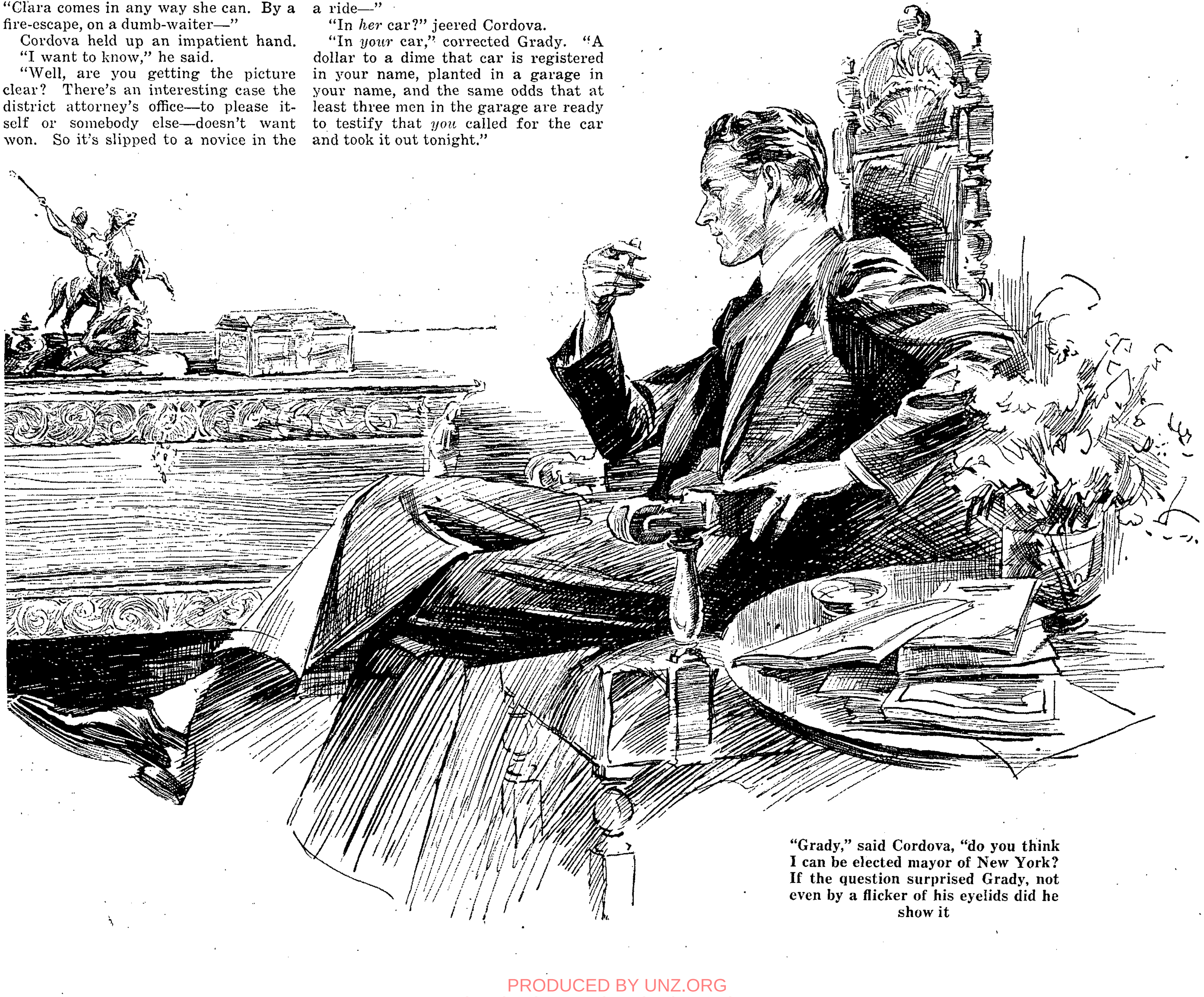
"Fred," he said, "I belong to a lot of clubs and know a lot of people, here, abroad—oh, all around."

"You're a likable lad," said Grady.

Cordova flushed.

"I didn't mean that I was popular. I was merely saying something by way of prelude. Grady, I haven't a soul on

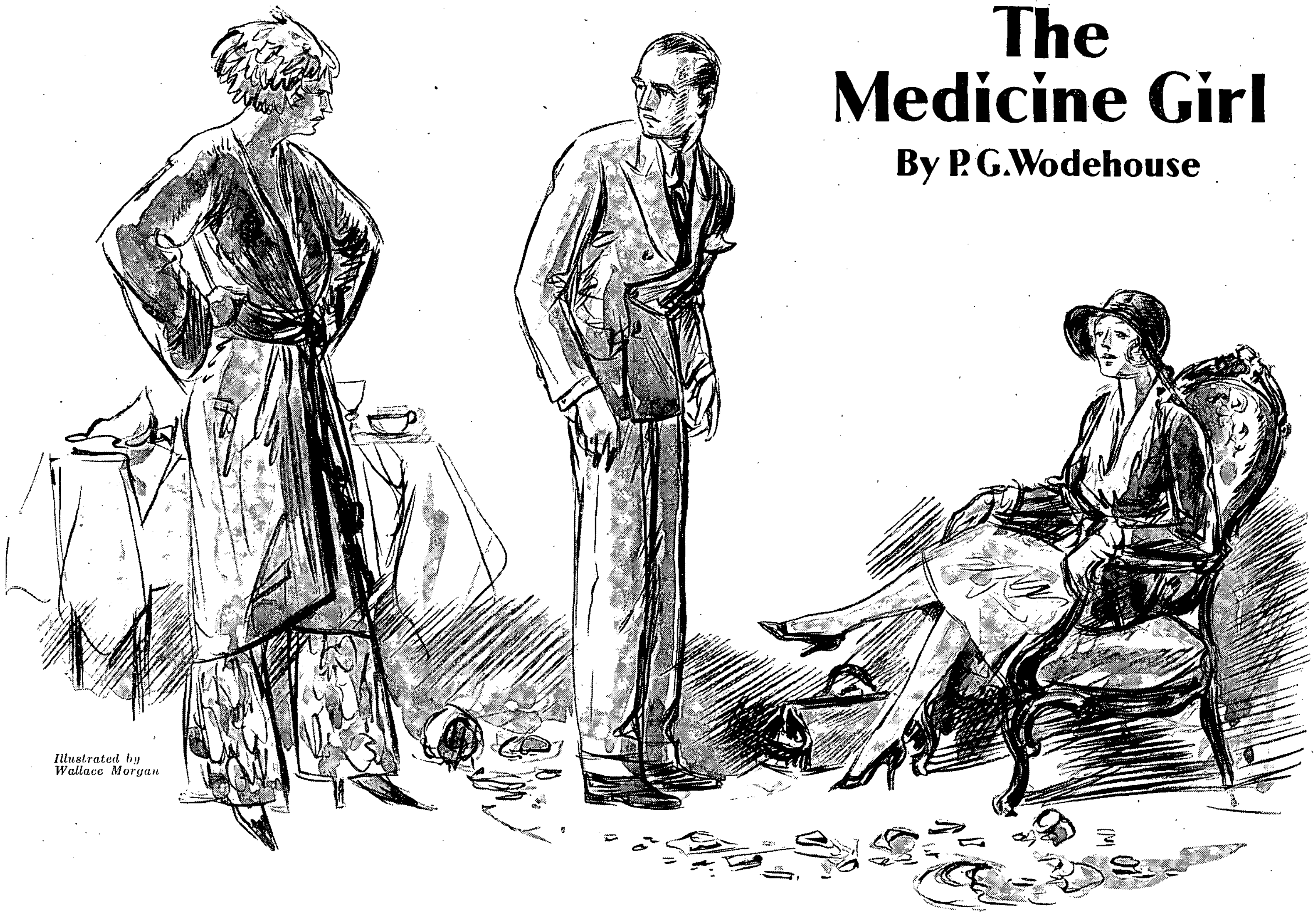
(*Continued on page 36*)



"Grady," said Cordova, "do you think I can be elected mayor of New York? If the question surprised Grady, not even by a flicker of his eyelids did he show it

The Medicine Girl

By P. G. Wodehouse



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

She glared. Bill, watching, was disturbed to see her hands go to her hips in a well-remembered gesture

The Story Thus Far:

BILL BANNISTER, dedicated to the delightful pastime of rearing pigs in Hampshire, goes to London—and promptly disappears. Whereupon his uncle, Sir Hugo Drake, nerve specialist, learns that the missing pig-rancher has gone to beautiful Bingley-on-Sea accompanied by a female "of flashy appearance." . . . What to do, to save William? The answer is easy: *go to beautiful Bingley-on-Sea.*

Arrived, he does *not* find William. Whereupon, a watchful waiter, he turns to golf—and meets a girl. Sally Smith. American. Young. Pretty. And a doctor! To Doctor Smith he confides his troubles.

Meanwhile, at one of beautiful Bingley-on-Sea's most expensive hotels, the siren for whom Mr. Bannister has deserted his pigs—Mrs. Lottie Higginbotham—receives a *surprise. One of her former husbands,* Lord Tidmouth (known to his intimates as "Squiffy"), calls unexpectedly. A charming fellow, Lord Tidmouth. And extremely romantic. He kisses the fair Lottie, and—

In walks William Bannister! . . . Is William perturbed? He is *not.* Instead, he is delighted to meet his old friend, Lord Tidmouth; and, when the lady leaves the room, he confides in his lordship. "Squiffy, *my* friend," he whispers, "take her—*you're* welcome. I love another! I don't know her name. But I've seen her playing golf—and I'm gone!" Lord Tidmouth, no diplomat, gives Lottie the latest news. Lottie swoons. "Squiffy," orders William, "run for a doctor!" His lordship obeys. Presently the girl William had seen, and loved on sight, enters. "Who," gasps William, "are you?" "I," says the girl, "am the *doctor.*"

II

"I REALLY can't waste time like this," said Sally coldly. "If you don't want me to attend the patient, I'll go."

"But . . . *she* can't see a doctor now."

"Why not?"

"She isn't well."

Sally's momentary pique faded. This extraordinary young man amused her.

"My dear good man," she said, "are you always like this, or have I just struck one of your bad days?"

Bill writhed.

"I know I'm an idiot . . ."

"Ah! A lucid moment."

"It's the shock of seeing you walk in like this."

"Why shouldn't I walk in? You sent for me."

"Yes, but you don't understand. I mean, I've seen you out on the golf links."

"So you said before."

"You see—Mrs. . . ."

"Miss."

"Thank God!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing, nothing. I—er—that is to say—or, putting it rather differently . . . Oh, my goodness!"

"What's the matter?"

"You take my breath away."

"For shortness of breath try a jujube. And now, please, my patient."

"Oh, yes . . ."

Bill went to the door of the bedroom and called softly:

"Marie!"

Marie appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, sir?"

"How is she?"

"Asleep, sir."

"Fine!" said Bill, brightening. "See that she doesn't wake up." He came back to Sally. "The maid says the patient has fallen asleep."

Sally nodded.

"*Quite natural.* Sleep often follows violent hysteria."

"But, I say, how do you know it was hysteria?"

"By the broken china. Long-distance diagnosis. Well, let her have her sleep out."

"I will."

There was a pause.

"Tea," said Bill at length, desperately. "Won't you have some tea?"

"Where is it?"

Bill looked about him.

"Well, on the floor, mostly," he admitted. "But I could ring for some more."

"Don't bother. I don't like tea much, anyway."

"You're American, aren't you?"

"I am."

"It's a rummy thing, Americans never seem very keen on tea."

"No."

There was another pause.

"I SAY," said Bill, "I didn't get your name."

"Doctor Sally Smith. What's yours?"

"Bannister. William Bannister."

"You live here?"

"Certainly not," said Bill, shocked. "I'm staying at the Majestic. I live down in Hampshire."

"One of these big country houses, I suppose?"

"Pretty big."

"I thought so. You look opulent," said Sally, pleased that her original opinion had been confirmed. A rich idler, this man, she felt. Not unpleasant, it was true—she liked his face and was amused by him—but nevertheless idle and rich.

Bill, by this time, had gradually become something more nearly resembling a sentient being. Indeed, he was now quite at his ease again and feeling extraordinarily happy. That this girl and he should be sitting chatting together like this was so wonderful that it put him right on top of his form. He straightened his tie, and threw his whole soul into one devoted gaze.

Sally got the gaze and did not like it. For some moments now she had been wishing that this perfect stranger would either make his eyes rather less soulful or else refrain from directing them at her. She was a liberal-minded girl and did not disapprove of admiration from the other sex—indeed, she had grown accustomed to exciting it—but something seemed to whisper to her that this William Bannister could do with a little womanly quelling.

"Would you mind not looking at me like that?" she said coolly.

The soulful look faded out of Bill's eyes as if he had been hit between them with a brick. He felt disconcerted and annoyed. He disliked being snubbed, even by a girl for whom his whole being yearned.

"I'm *not* looking at you like that," he replied with spirit. "At least, I'm not trying to."

Sally nodded tolerantly.

"I see," she said. "Automatic, eh? Very interesting, from a medical point of view. Unconscious reaction of the facial and labial muscles at sight of a pretty woman."

Bill's pique increased. He resented this calm treating of himself as something odd on a microscope slide.

"I am sorry," he said haughtily, "if I embarrassed you."

Sally laughed.

"You didn't embarrass me," she said. "Did I seem to you to show embarrassment? I thought I had my vascular motors under much better control."

"Your—what did you say?"

"Vascular motors. They regulate the paling and flushing of the skin. In other words, I didn't blush."

"Oh, ah! I see."

The conversation flagged again.

"Do you know," said Bill, hoisting it to its legs again, "I was most awfully surprised when you said you were a doctor."

"Most men seem to be."

"I MEAN, you don't look like a doctor."

"How ought a doctor to look?"

Bill reflected.

"Well, most of them seem sort of fagged and overworked. Haggard chaps. I mean, it must be an awful strain."

Sally laughed.

"Oh, it's not so bad. You needn't waste your pity on me, Mr. Bannister. I'm as fit as a fiddle, thank heaven, and enjoy every minute of my life. I have a good practice and quite enough money. I go to theaters and concerts. I play games. I spend my vacations traveling. I love my work. I love my recreations. I love life."

"You're wonderful!"

"And why shouldn't I? I earn every bit of pleasure that I get. I like nice clothes, nice shoes, nice stockings—because I buy them myself. I'm like the Village Blacksmith—I owe not any man. I wonder if you've the remotest idea how happy it can make a woman feel just to be a worker and *alive*—with good nerves, good circulation and good muscles. Feel my arm. Like iron."

"Wonderful!"

"And my legs. Hard as a rock. Prod 'em."

"No, really!"

"Go on."

She looked at him with amusement.

"You're blushing!"

Bill was unable to deny the charge.

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid my vascular motors aren't as well controlled as yours."

"Can't you admire a well-rounded, highly perfected leg in a purely detached spirit as a noble work of nature?"

"Sorry—no. I'm afraid I've never quite managed to do that."

"Why, in some countries the women go swimming with nothing on."

"And the men buy telescopes."

"Don't snigger."

"Forgive me," said Bill. "I laugh, like Figaro, that I may not weep."

She regarded him curiously.

"What do you want to weep about?"

Bill sighed.

"I'm feeling a little depressed," he said. "In the life you have outlined—this hard, tense, independent, self-sufficing life with its good nerves and good circulations and muscles of the brawny arm as strong as iron bands—don't you think—it's just a suggestion—don't you think there's something a little *bleak?*"

"Bleak?"

Bill nodded.

"Well, frankly . . . ."

"Always be frank."

"FRANKLY, then," said Bill, "it reminds me of the sort of nightmare H. G. Wells would have after cold pork. It seems to leave out the one thing that makes life worth living."

"You mean love?"

"Exactly. I grant you one hundred per cent on nerves and circulation and general fitness—I admire your biceps—I'm sure your leg muscle is all it should be—and I take off my hat to your vascular motors . . . but doesn't it strike you that you're just the merest trifle lacking in *sentiment?*"

She frowned.

"Nothing of the kind. All I'm lacking in is sentimentality. I don't droop and blush and giggle . . ."

"No, I noticed that," Bill remarked.

". . . But naturally I don't intend to exclude love from my life. I'm not such a fool."

"Ah!"

"Why do you say 'Ah'?"

A touch of dignity came into Bill's manner.

"Listen!" he said. "You're the loveliest girl I ever met, but you've got to stop bullying me. I shall say 'Ah' just as often as I please."

"I merely asked because most people, when they stand in front of me and say 'Ah,' expect me to examine their throats."

She paused.

"Why are you so interested in my views on love, Mr. Bannister?" she asked casually.

Even Bill, quick worker though he had been from boyhood, would have shrunk—had the conditions been other than they were—from laying bare his soul at this extremely early point in his association with this girl. Emotion might have urged him to do so, but Prudence would have plucked at his sleeve. So intense, however, was his desire to shatter his companion's maddening aloofness . . . still, was aloofness exactly the word? . . . dispassionate friendliness described it better . . . no, *detached* . . . that was the word he wanted . . . she was so cool and detached and seemed so utterly oblivious of the importance of a Bannister's yearnings that he let Emotion have its way. And if Prudence did any plucking, he failed to notice it.

"I'll tell you why," he said explosively. "Because, the moment I saw you out there on the links, I knew you were the one girl . . ."

"You mean you've fallen in love with me?"

"I have . . . The news doesn't seem to surprise you," said Bill resentfully.

Sally laughed.

"Oh, it's not such a terrible shock."

"You've heard the same sort of thing before, from other men, I suppose?"

"Dozens of times."

"I might have known it," said Bill gloomily. "Just my luck. And I suppose—?"

"No. You're wrong."

Bill became animated again.

"You mean there's nobody else?"

"Nobody."

BILL'S animation approached fever point.

"Then do you think . . . do you suppose . . . might it happen . . . would it be . . . or, putting it another way, is it possible . . .?"

"Crisper, crisper. And simpler. What you're trying to suggest now is that perhaps I might one day love you? Am I right?"

"You take the words out of my mouth."

"I had to, or they would never have emerged at all. Well, if I ever love a man, I shall inform him of the fact, simply and naturally, as if I were saying 'Good morning.'"

Bill hesitated.

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever—er—wished a man good morning?"

"No. That experience has yet to come."

"Wonderful!"

"Not so very wonderful. It simply means I haven't met the right man."

Bill could not allow a totally false statement like this to pass uncorrected.

"Yes, you have," he assured her. "You don't know it yet, but you have." He advanced towards her, full of his theme. "You have, really."

"Oh?"

"Yes," said Bill. He drew a deep breath. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I feel as if a great weight had rolled off me. I had always hoped in my heart that women like you existed, and now it's all come true. Don't laugh at me. It's come upon me like a whirlwind. I never expected it. I never guessed. I never . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," said Marie, appearing at the bedroom door.

Bill regarded her with marked displeasure. In the past, Marie had always seemed to him rather a nice girl, but now he felt he had seldom encountered a more pronounced pest.

"Well," he said irritably, "what is it?"

"If you please, sir, she's awake now."

Bill could make nothing of this. The girl appeared to him to be babbling. Sheer jibbering from the padded cell.

"Awake?" he said. "What on earth are you talking about? Who's awake?"

"Why, Moddom, sir."

Bill blinked like an awakened somnambulist.

"Moddom?"

Sally laughed.

"I think you had forgotten our patient, hadn't you?"

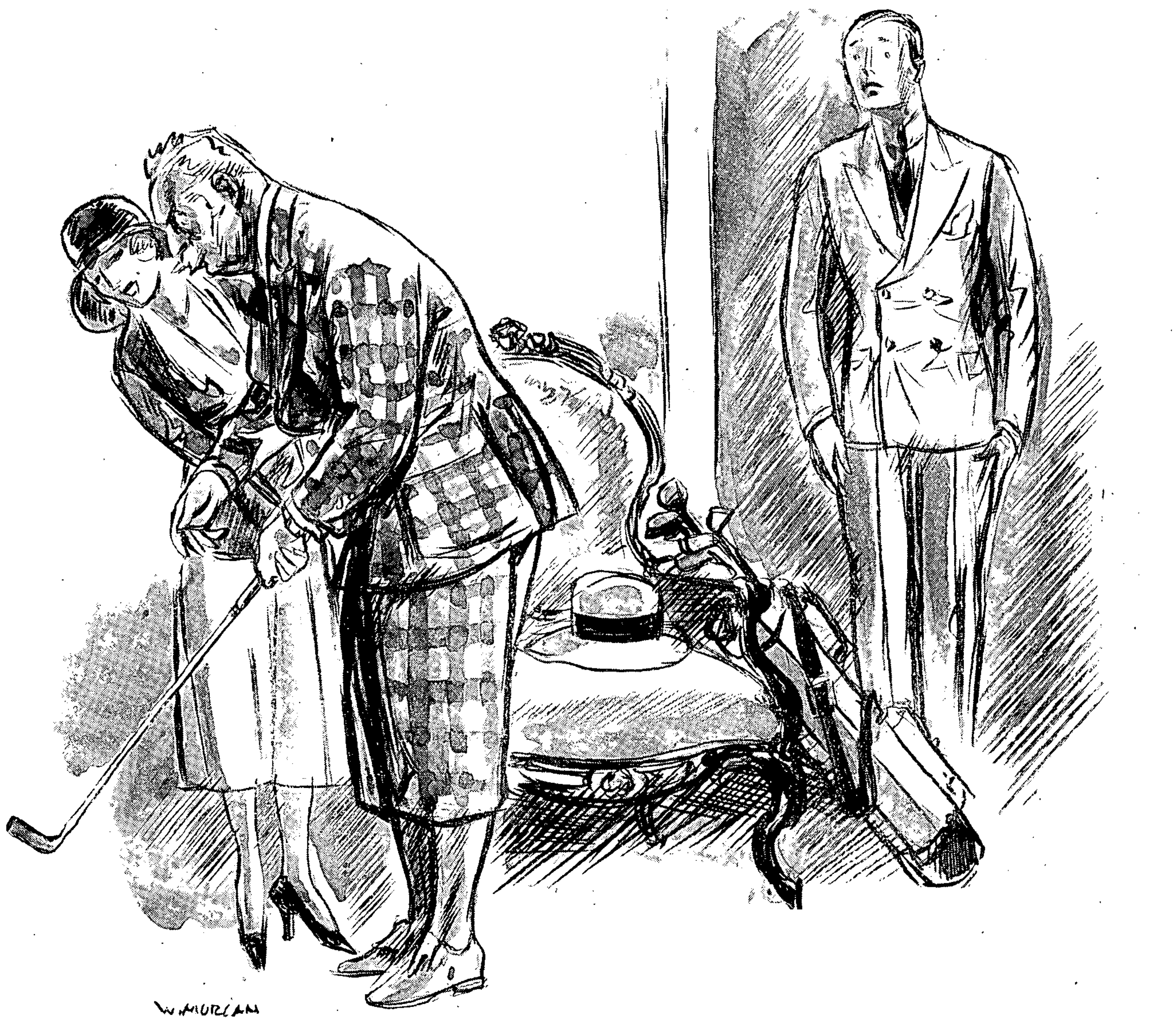
She turned briskly to Marie.

"Ask her to come in, please. I will examine her at once."

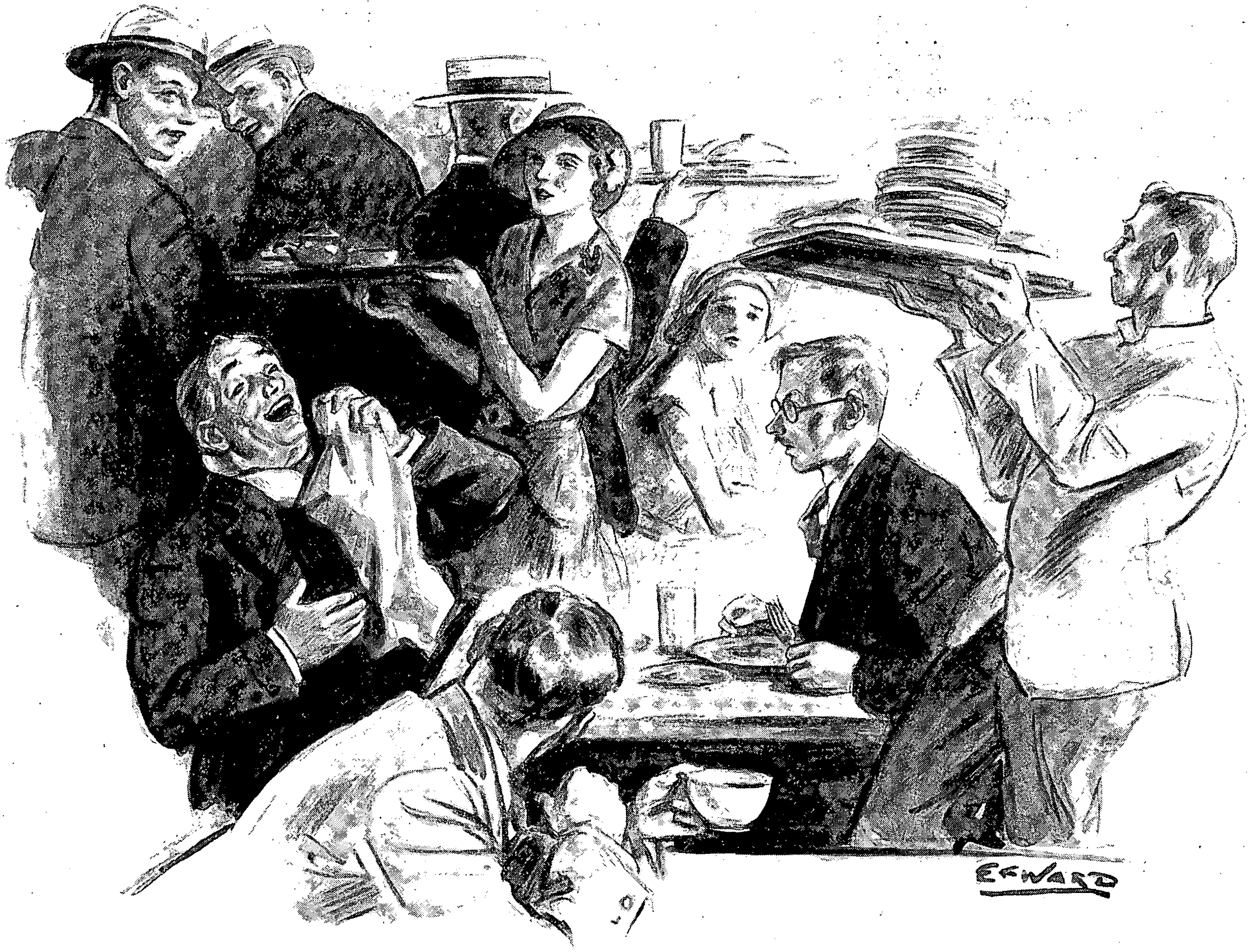
It was a calmer and more subdued Lottie who emerged from the bedroom. But it was plain that the volcano was not altogether extinct. In her manner, as she suddenly beheld a charming and attractive girl in Bill's society in her sitting-room, there were obvious indications that something of the old fire still lingered. She stiffened. She glared in hostile fashion. Bill, watching, was disturbed to see her hands go to her hips in a well-remembered gesture.

"Oh?" said Lottie. "Who may this be?"

(*Continued on page 40*)



Bill's first emotion was one of excusable wrath at the spectacle



"That's the funniest thing I ever heard," roared DeMar. "Wait till I tell the gang"

In a Hole

Willis Perkins, amateur sleuth, seeks a problem worthy of his genius, and finds one

By Philip Wylie

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

THE newspaper-reading public never learned the details of the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company robbery. The story was made a secret for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was the humiliating part played in it by the police.

In missing the inside story of this robbery, the public also missed a glimpse of one of the strangest persons living in Manhattan. The brilliant sleuth and silent avenger of the bank disaster was himself a former bank clerk. His name was Willis Perkins. There are a great many people like Willis Perkins, but few of them, because of their very nature and disposition, attain to a parallel success.

Perkins, a thin, frail, prematurely aged and almost childlike man of forty-odd years, lived alone on the top floor of a brownstone apartment house in the Chelsea district. He was familiar to most of the people in the environs of his lodgings because he had dwelt there for more than twenty years. However, he was so shy that few of them had acquired even a casual acquaintance with him. Early in his childhood his consuming passion had been born, and two decades spent over the ledgers of a downtown bank in no way served to dim his purpose. Willis Perkins had decided at the age of twelve that he was created to be a detective.

If he had applied for a position on the New York police force, his application would certainly have been greeted with laughter. The departmental concept of a detective is far removed from vague gray eyes, stooped shoulders and thin trembling hands, so Perkins' course was necessarily different. He joined six libraries. He had read almost every mystery story produced by publishing houses since 1905. He had devoured textbooks on criminology and he had devoted many of his evenings to a study of psychology and to chemistry in the Extension Courses of Columbia University.

Perkins had also saved his money, so that after twenty years of arduous labor and careful investment his accumulated pittance had become a sum sufficient to afford him an income for the rest of his life. He had then resigned from the bank and embarked upon the serious business of being a detective.

NEEDLESS to say, his career thereafter was partly fantastic, partly absurd and almost wholly pathetic. The front room in his apartment in Chelsea was crammed to the ceiling with his books. In the back room was his chemical laboratory and there he lived, waiting, watching and hoping for the occurrence of a crime. It is a matter of record that in the vicinity a crime did occur and that, although Perkins devoted to it the full benefit of his self-training, his clues were unreadable and his conclusions worthless. The solution of that particular crime was arrived at by accident, and the part Perkins played in it gave him an introduction if not an entrée to the local branch of the police department, but after the few stirring days surrounding that single sordid misdeed, Perkins relapsed to his old manner of living.

Perkins kept a private file of all crimes recorded in the newspapers. He might occasionally be seen on the fringe of a crowd that gaped at the comings and goings of the police and reporters near a scene of violence. At other times, in dead hours of night, Perkins might have been observed slinking through mid-downtown streets, his eyes prying suspiciously into every dark corner and his nose almost sniffing the air in the hope of detecting sinister maneuvers. . . .

On a hot evening in August Perkins was on his way home from an investigation of some suspicious-looking boxes he had noticed in the subway station at Times Square, when he joined with several other loungers to observe an excavation which was being conducted on a twenty-four-hour-a-day schedule. The excavation was deep—driving toward bed rock to make a foundation for a future skyscraper, and it furnished a rather handsome spectacle. Some of the steel work had already been put in place, and the last blasting and drilling was being done under floodlights. The lurid glare of the floods, the pools of yellow water, the diminutive men, the giant arms of the cranes as they carried their colossal burdens back and forth, and the occasional roar of an explosion, made a scene which might have been in the infernal regions.

FOR a long time Perkins watched these pygmies who worked in the gloom, but of all the bystanders he was the only one who noticed that the excavation was being made next door to the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company. It was natural that he should do so; Perkins was a safeguarder of the public. His first observation was that the actual physical stability of the bank might be in some measure endangered by the propinquity and depth of the excavation. His next observation was that in the intricate tiers of rock and machinery a nice chance would be afforded to pierce the wall of the bank and enter it from a subterranean point.

That thought captivated Perkins' mind to such an extent that he allowed himself to elaborate it. The tools were at hand—it would be necessary only to organize the men. Sufficient cover was furnished by the steel work and the skeleton floors laid across it. Perkins became so enamored of the idea that he converted it into one of his myriad suspicions and determined to report it to the police.

HENCE, on the following morning he appeared rather smugly before the local precinct captain and produced his card, which read simply and neatly, "Willis Perkins—Private Investigations."

The captain said, "Well, what do you want?"

"Did you ever notice," Perkins half whispered, "how close the excavation for the Seward Building is to the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company?"

"Yeah. What about it?"

"That's all," Perkins said mysteriously.

"Huh?" The captain looked at him blankly.

Perkins vouchsafed a little more information. "Of course I have no proof, but if I were a police officer I would give the greatest attention to such items as excavations that are made in juxtaposition to banks."

Perkins was rather rudely informed that the captain's time was valuable; and the request that he depart immediately was in no way polite.

Undaunted, Perkins supervised the excavation for the foundations of the Seward Building. He watched the drills go deeper, he listened to the blasts, he saw the growth of the steel work, and in all that he saw nothing amiss. The walls of the bank had been shored up. The excavation went vertically downward beside the bank. Perkins also inspected the bank and again found nothing to appeal to his imagination.

If he had carried his investigations further, he might have discovered that the bank's vaults were on the same side of the building as the excavation; he might have discovered that, owing to the continual bombardment of steel-bitted tools and dynamiting in the large hole next door, the burglar-alarm devices had been disconnected so that they would not register false alarms. On a particular day he might also have discovered that a rumor of mysterious origin had led the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company to anticipate the possibility of a run, so that into the bank's vault was hastily placed an additional three million dollars. But Perkins missed all those facts.

He was quietly preparing his breakfast of dry cereal and boiled eggs when the police came for him. He was ushered into the presence of the captain of the local precinct and was greeted with a mysterious sentence:

"Well, Mr. Perkins, we got the goods on you all right, so you might as well come clean."

"Goods on me—come clean—what about?"

"Come on," the captain said, "what about this bank business?"

Perkins was a little bit relieved. "Oh, you have turned up something on it?"

THE captain was more explicit. "Listen, Mr. Perkins. You knew something about that. Now what was it?"

Perkins was now very much frightened and he could not understand why his willingness to assist the police had involved him in such a vigorous questioning, especially since he had acted on no more than a whim.

"Put him in the cooler," the captain said, "and maybe it'll improve his memory."

Perkins spent twenty-four perplexed and almost tearful hours in a cell which was supposed to improve his memory, but since his memory was as free from guilt as a child's, it merely acted as a source of further alarm. Twice he was taken out and twice he was questioned. His entire life was investigated by the authorities. Finally the captain was compelled to conclude that Willis Perkins' warning had been what Perkins would consider a brilliant deduction, and what the police department knew was but mere outlandish chance.

The truth was self-evident. On the night of August 26th a great many things had happened in the vicinity of the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company. The protective devices in the vaults had been disconnected because of the noise of excavation. A large sum of cash had been stored in those vaults in anticipation of a run. The excavation beside the vaults had reached its maximum depth and was screened from public gaze by the flooring on the steel work. The policeman on that beat, shortly after midnight, was attracted to a vociferous street fight. The night watchman and the protection agency operative had been slugged. There had been several heavy explosions beside the bank. Laborers had bored under the vaults. With dynamite and oxyacetylene torches they made their way through the wall. Thereafter they removed the small inner vault of the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company and withdrew through the hole.

From that moment on, the inner vault and its contents disappeared. The explosions had wrecked part of the side of the bank. They had also extinguished the floodlights and turned the excavation into a pit of intense darkness.

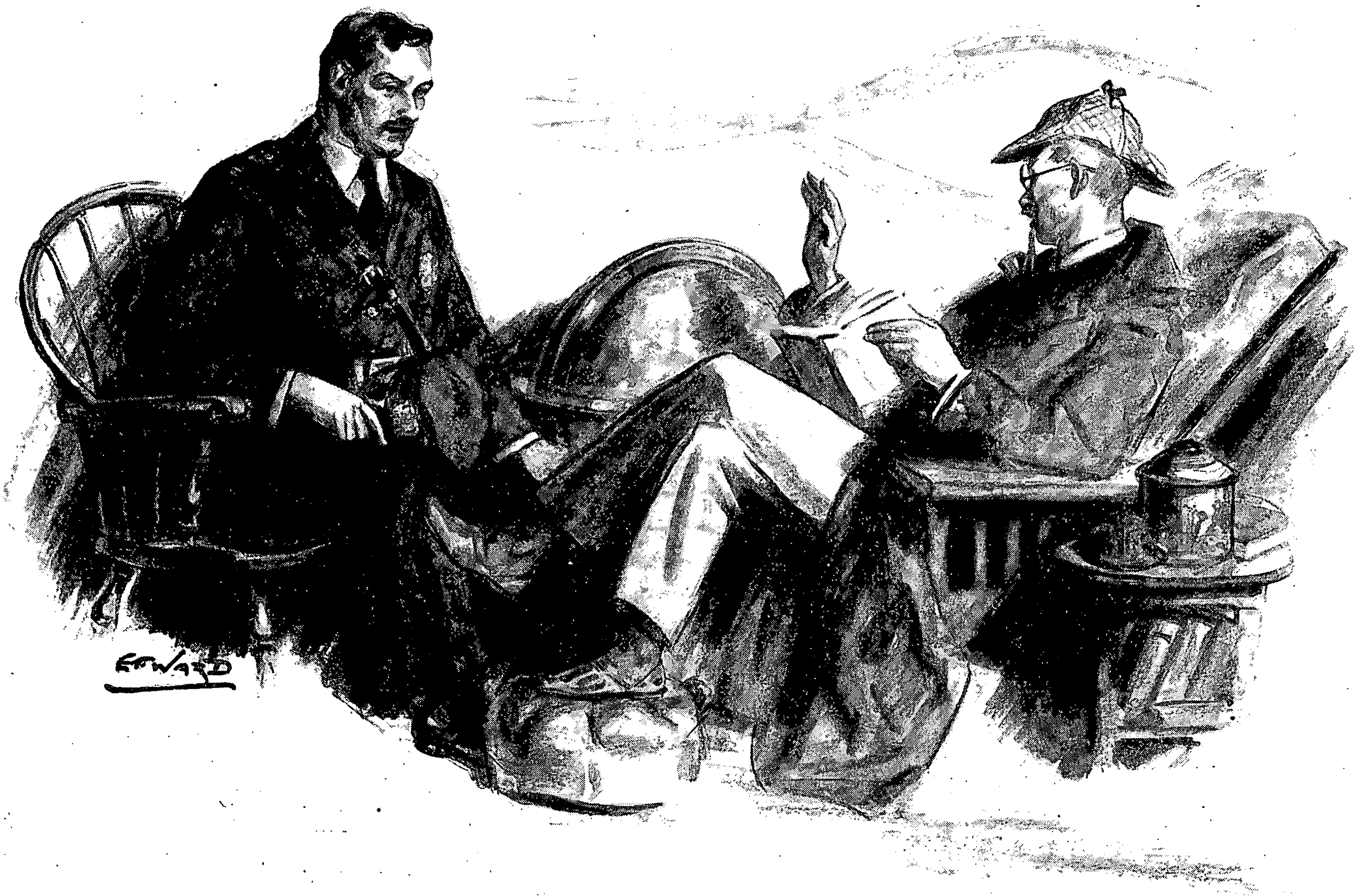
Actual entrance to the vaults, together with the heavy explosions, had set off the few alarms that remained connected, and in a few minutes, from all sides, both police and private detectives rushed toward the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company. The thieves apparently made their get-away in four vehicles. The police arrived in time to follow two of them, but, while one—a truck—was overtaken, nothing of any value was retrieved.

THE truck was driven by a youth who insisted that he had been hired to sit outside of the bank until a certain instant and then to drive as rapidly as possible toward Albany. A protracted grueling produced no further information. The young man had no knowledge of his employers' names; the description he gave of them was worthless; and he was the sole individual whom the police could capture who was directly connected with the disappearance of a little less than three and a half million dollars.

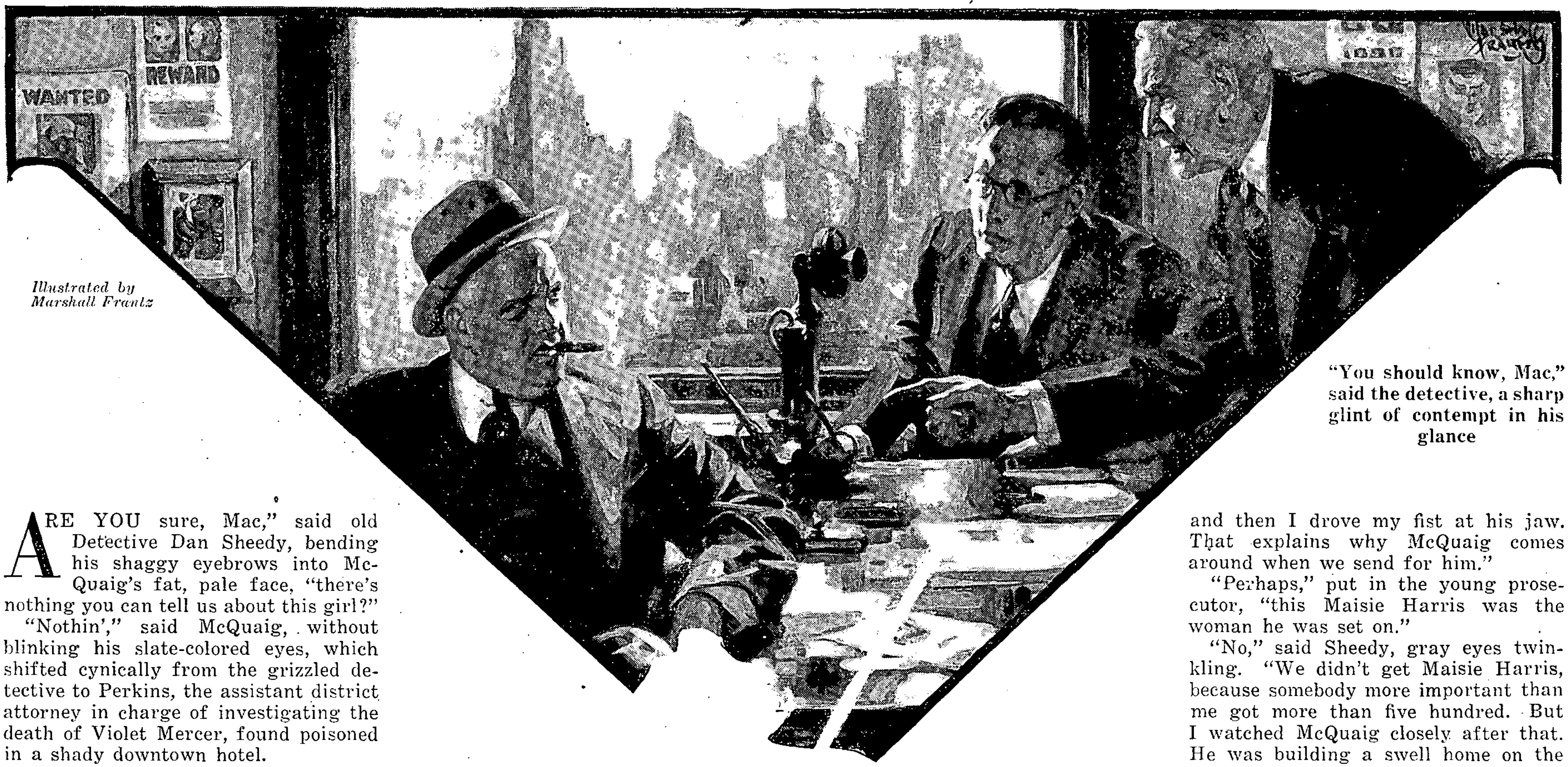
Naturally the police had remembered Perkins and his warning. In their feverish desire to present the public with a victim they had hastily arrested him. He was released only when they realized that the presentation of him as their victim would be more ridiculous than having no victim at all.

The entire city was frantic. The steady ground-fire of police criticism increased in volume to a public uproar. If millions of dollars could be bodily exhumed from strong bank vaults, then nothing was safe. All private property was at the mercy of diabolic fiends. The press alternately sneered and bellowed. Little by little the ingenuity of the scheme became apparent. In the first few minutes it was thought that an accidental explosion had merely damaged the bank wall, and pursuit of the fleeing automobiles was a matter of routine, but when the crumbling and riddled vaults were discovered, and when it was found that the entire night shift of the excavating crew had vanished, it became all too clear that the explosion was part of a robbery.

(Continued on page 48)



Perkins shook his head. "Thanks," he said, "but you'll excuse me, Captain"



Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

"You should know, Mac," said the detective, a sharp glint of contempt in his glance

Always a Woman

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

"ARE YOU sure, Mac," said old Detective Dan Sheedy, bending his shaggy eyebrows into McQuaig's fat, pale face, "there's nothing you can tell us about this girl?"

"Nothin'," said McQuaig, without blinking his slate-colored eyes, which shifted cynically from the grizzled detective to Perkins, the assistant district attorney in charge of investigating the death of Violet Mercer, found poisoned in a shady downtown hotel.

"It might be suicide," mused Sheedy. "But the girl was ill and somebody *could* have slipped her the poison in medicine."

"If I could help you," said McQuaig in his thick, muttony voice, "I'd do it. But I never saw the girl. There are tons of girls like her wandering in and out of town."

"You should know, Mac," said the detective, a sharp glint of something very like contempt in his glance.

McQuaig winced.

"Well, I can't help you," he growled, and left the room.

"I thought he might know something of the poor kid," Sheedy apologized to the young prosecutor.

"It seemed hopeless to me from the start," said Perkins. "I didn't see how you could connect McQuaig with the girl. She's one of the pitiful pieces of flotsam the big city stream throws up every day. Unrequited love: McQuaig doesn't look like a heartbreaker."

"No?" said Sheedy, rising and moving to a window overlooking the courthouse square. "There's McQuaig getting into his car. Take a look."

Perkins unwound long legs and stood beside Sheedy. Together they saw McQuaig stride to a huge limousine as a chauffeur stood at attention. A strikingly handsome girl greeted him unsmilingly.

"He picks young women, doesn't he?" said Perkins.

"He didn't pick that one," said Sheedy. "She's his daughter."

"Oh," mused Perkins.

Sheedy grinned. "You were saying, Mr. Perkins, that McQuaig doesn't look much like a heartbreaker," he remarked. "Does he look much like a man with a broken heart? No? Well, whatever McQuaig's got for a heart is broken."

"A woman?" said Perkins.

"A woman," said Sheedy. "What else ever breaks any man's heart, unless it can be a son gone wrong?"

Perkins lit a cigar and indicated that he'd like more about McQuaig: just as any man would be interested in anything concerned with the father of a beautiful girl he had just admired.

"I went to school with McQuaig," said Sheedy. "Neither of us was very smart, although he's a millionaire now and I'm just a cop.

"My father was a cop, too. McQuaig's was a saloonkeeper. The thing that stands out in my memory of McQuaig as a kid is catching him one Saturday afternoon going to his dad's saloon with a pile of cigar boxes under his arms. He was loaded and I helped him carry the load. He'd taken those cigar boxes to a shoddy cigar factory where they were refilled to duck the revenue tax. That was cheating, and his old man probably taught him the trick. McQuaig was nine years old then.

"SHORTLY after that I saw him in his first fight. It was against a redheaded kid named Thorgen—a Swede. McQuaig licked him—and kicked him in the face when he was down."

"Nice youngster, he was," said Perkins.

"Yes," said Sheedy. "The next thing I knew, his father was killed in a brawl. McQuaig was twelve years old then. His mother had to go to work for her three children—McQuaig and two sisters. She got a job—as a scrubwoman. McQuaig might have helped her selling papers. He didn't. He always told us that he was going to make money for his mother. He made the money."

"That's evident," said Perkins. "But what about this woman in his life—the woman who broke his heart?"

Sheedy's broad face seemed to narrow.

"It took a woman harder than McQuaig to do that," he said. "The fight to live decently must have been a tough one in that McQuaig family. But the sisters helped, although McQuaig got into some money-making games. He hung around a big pool-room downtown and, they say, made book. One of his sisters died, and the other married. So he was alone with his mother, then. He moved her into a pretty decent home, and then he got married—he married a gal I used to know something about that I needn't repeat.

"Anyhow, when we had a reform administration about fourteen years ago, I was in the clean-up squad. McQuaig came to me.

"'You're out to take Maisie Harris tonight,' he said, and passed me an envelope. I looked in it. There were five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"'Forget about Maisie,' he said. 'She's all right.'

"I gave him the envelope back—full, and then I drove my fist at his jaw. That explains why McQuaig comes around when we send for him."

"Perhaps," put in the young prosecutor, "this Maisie Harris was the woman he was set on."

"No," said Sheedy, gray eyes twinkling. "We didn't get Maisie Harris, because somebody more important than me got more than five hundred. But I watched McQuaig closely after that. He was building a swell home on the North Side, near his own home, and he lives in that big apartment he owns. Everybody figured he was building this home for himself and his wife and daughter. But some of us knew it was for somebody else.

"He watched that home, stone by stone, and furnished it for an enormous sum. He must have spent tens of thousands of dollars on the inside, because he bought on good terms—he's equipped several churches since he grew very rich.

"McQUAIG finished that house outside and in and was satisfied with it. Yet nobody ever occupied it. It's for sale now if anybody wants it. That is, unless the woman he built it for changes her mind about it. And my bet is that she never will. Because somebody told that woman something just before she was to get this magnificent home from McQuaig."

"Callous bird he must be," put in Perkins. "Building a palace for another woman right in the same block almost as his own home."

"Well, I forgot to tell you, his wife had passed on. But this somebody who spoiled his gift was a girl. She had a grudge against McQuaig and went around telling everybody that his 'real estate' business was a front, and that he really dealt in vice."

"True, I suppose?" said Perkins.

"Of course," said Sheedy.

"What surprises me," said the young assistant district attorney, "is that a woman not his wife, for whom he built such a lavish home, should be so virtuous."

Sheedy got up. "I'll even show you the woman," he said.

Perkins reached for his hat. "Not that far," said Sheedy.

They took an elevator, got out, and walked down a corridor. Then Sheedy halted.

"There's the woman," he said, softly.

His thumb indicated a woman on her knees beside a pail and mop—a woman of strong, blunt profile fretted by straggling silver hair. She glanced up. Her eyes were deep-set and burning, almost fierce in expression. But her strong arms worked steadily, with energy.

"That the woman?" said Perkins.

"Yes," said Sheedy, as they moved away. "She's McQuaig's mother."

Strive and Succeed

Bill Tilden played good tennis for eleven years before he won a national title; broke and hungry, Jack Dempsey often fought for his bed and board; "Buzz" Arlett waited fourteen years for a call to the big leagues—in fact, practically all our current champions were honor students of the Horatio Alger school

By Grantland Rice

THERE are no set rules for success in this zigzag game of existence. But if someone had to rise and name the most important essential of all in climbing the ladder it would be the capacity for fighting off discouragement and plodding along against heavy odds.

Brilliant minds have often quit cold when fate threw too many left hooks to the chin. Men brave enough to risk their lives without fear have given up hope when hostile tides began to beat steadily against their advance. But consistent plugging against the breaks has given many a human being the chance that others, too easily discouraged, could never know.

This list of failures has included brains and courage, skill and ability—but unequipped with shock absorbers to soften discouraging jolts. Ball players, fighters, golfers, tennis players and others have shown every quality of class and potential greatness, only to fade and be forgotten as the rough spots in the road drove them back. They had everything but the fiber that can stand hard and continuous pounding.

When Gene Tunney came back as light heavyweight champion of the A. E. F. he had his eye set on the heavyweight crown. Some years later he thought he was about ready for his first real test. He was sent against Harry Greb, then light heavyweight champion.

It was not so much the fact that Tunney lost the decision, but the way he lost it. Tunney took one of the most terrific beatings in ring history for fifteen rounds, practically unable to defend himself after the fourth. It was enough to discourage a rhinoceros or ten normal human beings. Yet when Tunney was finally able to speak next day, his first words were—"I want Greb again. Get him for me."

Beyond the Barrier

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would have considered retiring after that fight, or at least have wanted no more of Greb. But the undiscouraged Tunney went straight for Greb and won his next start.

I sat one day with Dempsey when he told some of the story of his early career, of having to get up off the floor time and again, to get his three dollars or his five dollars for food and shelter for the night. And when he came east for his first big bout John Lester Johnson broke some of his ribs and sent him west again, badly battered, but still looking for his next chance.

How many realize that Bill Tilden was a pretty good tennis player when he was sixteen years old? And that he had to battle for eleven years before he finally crashed the gate of fame?

Tilden won his first national title in 1920 from Bill Johnston at the age of twenty-seven and few can know the discouragements he met along the route. It would have been easy enough to let constant failure break down his march to the front, for he had a nervous temperament to battle against as well as a human opponent.

Bobby Jones was a fine golfer in 1916, good enough to be one of the last eight in a championship. Then came consistent losses for seven years before he won his first national title, while eight years passed before he could win his first amateur crown.

But if Bobby Jones ever felt the slightest discouragement he failed to show it. His determination to get there seemed to grow with each successive defeat.

Walter Hagen, trying for his first British Open title in 1920, finished fifty-fifth. That was enough to crack the heart of an iron ox. "I'll be back," Hagen remarked as he turned in his score. He came back to win four British crowns.

Where would "Buzz" Arlett of the Phillies be if he were easily discouraged by the hard smashes of baseball luck? Buzz was pitching for Oakland in 1917, with his ears open for a major-league call. He pitched fine ball for five years, winning twenty-nine games one season, but no major-league call came through. Then his arm went lame and he decided to work his way into an outfield job. He had to reverse his batting from right to left to become a hitter from either side. He began to hit right away and he improved steadily. But year after year went by and still no big-league call.

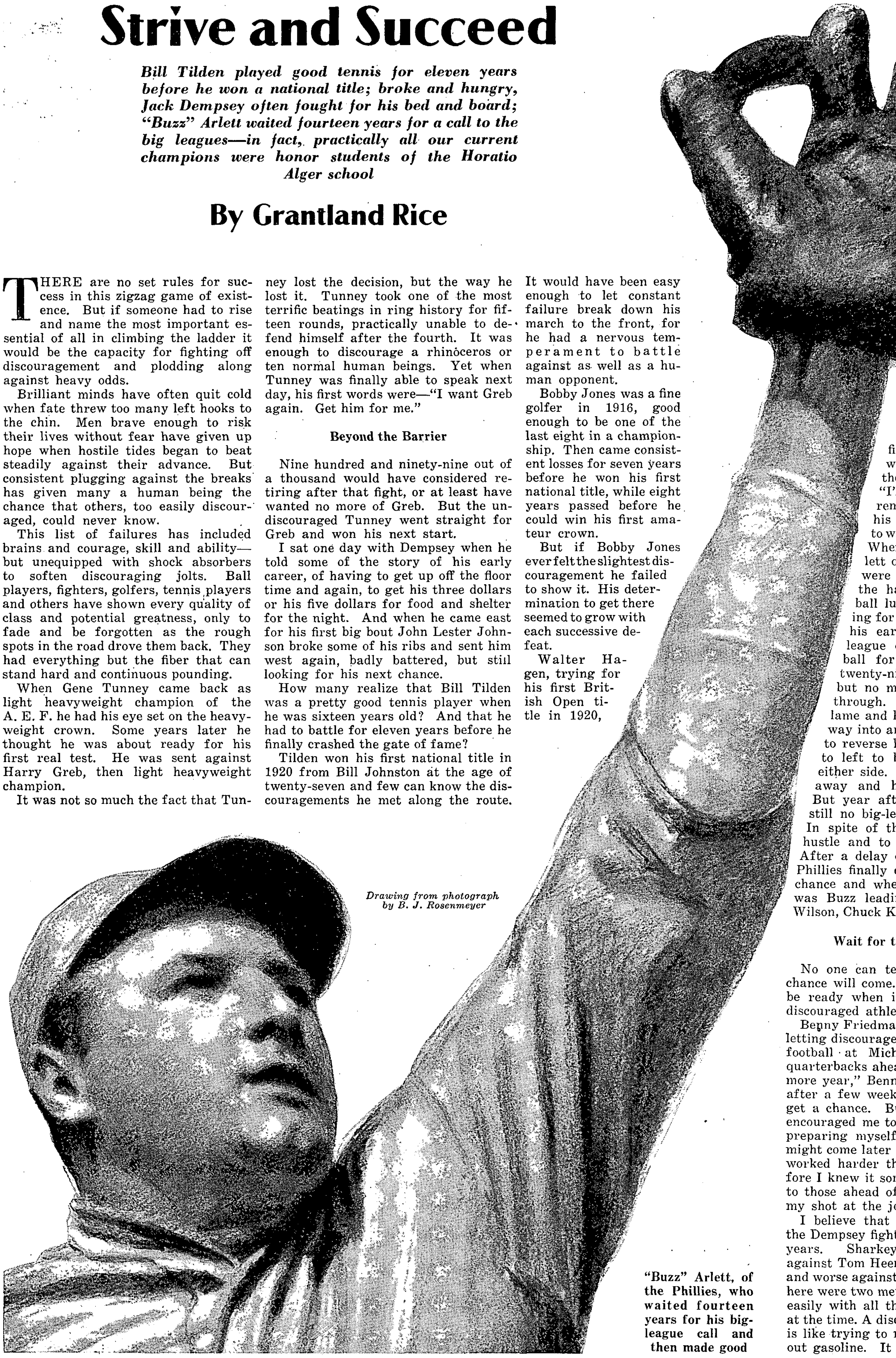
In spite of this Buzz continued to hustle and to work all the harder. After a delay of fourteen years the Phillies finally decided to give him a chance and when June arrived there was Buzz leading Babe Ruth, Hack Wilson, Chuck Klein and all the others.

Wait for the Big Chance

No one can tell just when the big chance will come. The main idea is to be ready when it does arrive and no discouraged athlete ever will be ready.

Benny Friedman admits he came near letting discouragement drive him out of football at Michigan. "I saw three quarterbacks ahead of me in my sophomore year," Bennie said one day, "and after a few weeks I thought I'd never get a chance. But one of the coaches encouraged me to keep on working and preparing myself for the chance that might come later on. I took his tip and worked harder than ever. Almost before I knew it something had happened to those ahead of me and I was given my shot at the job."

I believe that discouragement after the Dempsey fight set Sharkey back for years. Sharkey looked indifferent against Tom Heeney in a draw decision and worse against Risko in a defeat, and here were two men he should have beaten easily with all the ammunition he had at the time. A discouraged state of mind is like trying to run a motor car without gasoline. It can only go downhill.



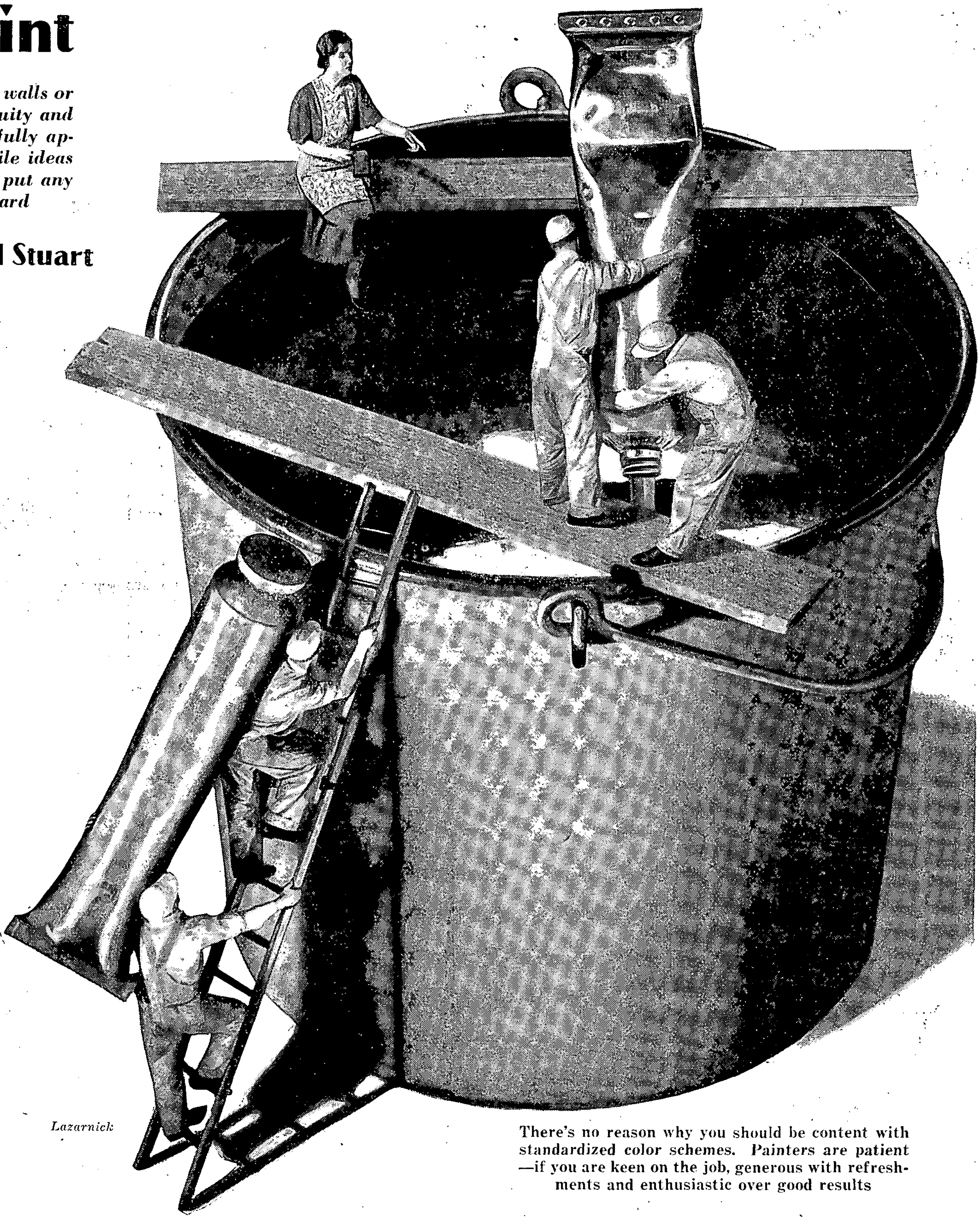
Drawing from photograph by B. J. Rosenmeyer

"Buzz" Arlett, of the Phillies, who waited fourteen years for his big-league call and then made good

Fresh Paint

For that tired feeling about walls or furniture, try a little ingenuity and paint, well mixed and carefully applied. Here are some fertile ideas on color schemes that will put any room's best foot forward

By Betty and Edward Stuart



Lazarnick

There's no reason why you should be content with standardized color schemes. Painters are patient—if you are keen on the job, generous with refreshments and enthusiastic over good results

PEOPLE have often talked of the marvelous cave man who discovered how to make fire, and certainly material progress couldn't have begun without him. But what about his brother—the man who invented paint? He made summer when the snow covered the hills. He was the first grand master of illusion.

Today we take paint for granted. We give the matter so little thought that most of us are content to do over again, year by year, just what our friends and neighbors are doing as automatically as ourselves.

Did you ever count the people you know who live between cream or biscuit walls—or French gray—or Adam green? But there's no reason why we should be content with this standardized trinity. When we've opened the gate into the world of color, what do we find?

Discoveries in Color

At the present moment there are three vogues, each of which has its adherents and its detractors, its assets and its liabilities: The vogue of the room with a dead-white background. The vogue of the room done in very dark color. The vogue of walls in subtle, medium shades.

Our ancestors, especially those in the South, knew all about the white room, and they did it so beautifully that those cool walls recall a whole epoch. White rooms have a fresh, crisp, clean-cut quality. They seem bigger, airier, less cluttered. They're at their best in the summer, of course, and more attractive by day than by night, unless the lighting is very carefully done. As with a white dress, so with a white room—success depends on the color notes introduced. We can make our effect young, gay, challengingly modern. Or we can try for the direct opposite—the restfulness and charm of yesterday.

What we shouldn't try to do is to use furniture for which apologies have to be made. If ours falls in this class, it is better to pass the white room by and choose something else, for white silhouettes as nothing else can.

In most modern white rooms, the baseboards are wisely painted dark—dark brown to match the floor, dark green if the color scheme suggests it, any dark shade that forms the background of the rug.

But perhaps you're the sort of person who finds white too cold. No matter how the sophisticates rave, it suggests nothing but a hospital to you, or an old-fashioned bathroom.

All right, let's get your reaction to the still newer vogue for dark walls—deep green, chocolate-brown, navy blue. The green must be blackish rather than bluish or yellowish. The brown mustn't contain a hot red undertone. The blue must be dark enough to be worn on the high seas. Attempts to compromise and throw any of these colors into the medium class results in a loss of smartness. While they may be done in flat paint, they shine in gloss or lacquer.

The housekeeper sees one advantage immediately—dark walls are tremendously practical, for they don't show dirt. The decorator tells her another—they're unexpectedly kind to furniture, for even mediocre pieces look surprisingly well against this type of background. A third advantage has to be seen to be believed—dark walls appear to move back and make the room bigger. Colors, too, take on new values—white and gold are marvelous in a dark green room; light terra cotta fairly sings; yellows, if not too insistent, are keen as spring; maple furniture has fresh charm. So, too, in the navy blue room—pale shell pink is exotically lovely, acid green is a joy, cream white is as smooth as its name. The chocolate-brown room attracts coral, dirty mustard-yellow, cold blue, emerald-green, dusty rose—but, because there are so many and such varying shades of brown in furniture wood, this is the most difficult of the dark-walled rooms to bring out successfully, if we already have an assortment of furniture that must be used.

When to Match Woodwork

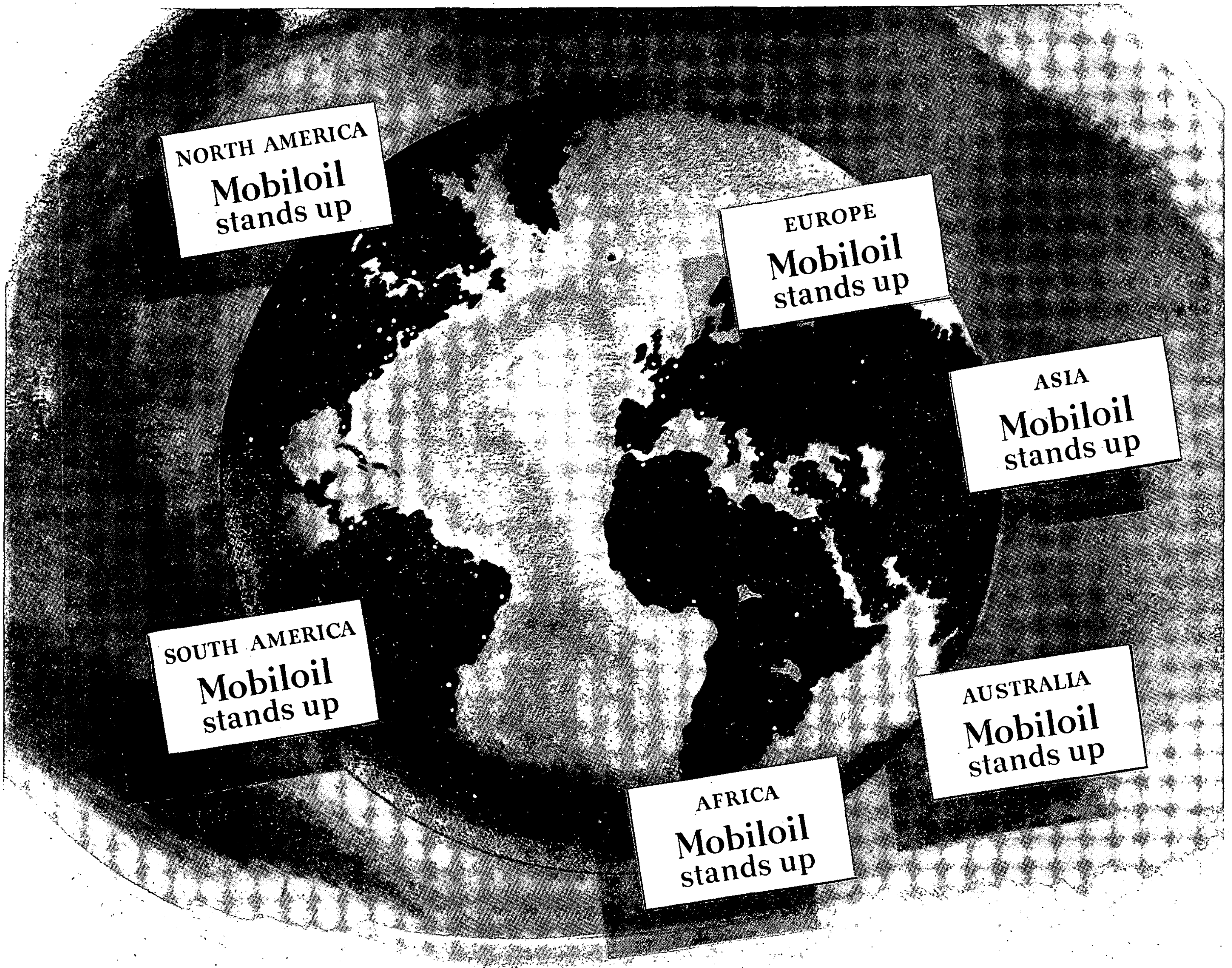
The third division of smart backgrounds includes those subtle, medium shades like water-blue, blue-green, yellow-gray, light terra cotta, hydrangea and geranium pink.

Paint colors have to be tested where they are to be used, just as clothes have to be worn on the body instead of held in the hand. Always try them by artificial as well as natural light. Some shades of yellow, lovely in themselves, are ghastly dinner-backgrounds, because they turn all faces gray. Some blue-greens lose every trace of blue at night, some blues turn green. Other colors, calm enough by day, light into positive glamour.

Suppose we've chosen our wall color—shall the woodwork match, harmonize or contrast? This should depend on the size of the room, the placing of doors and windows and the character of the trim. If the room is small or the placing bad, it is usually better not to call attention to the openings—paint to match. If the room is low, contrasting horizontal lines, such as door and window tops, pull it down still farther. If the trim is commonplace, it's generally wiser not to emphasize it. On the other hand, symmetrically placed doors of good design may often be made an interesting feature of an adequately sized room by using two or even three colors. In the same way, a well-designed cornice in a high room may be brought out with contrasting paint, though a mere picture molding should always be done to match the walls.

There is a rule-of-thumb guide to the amateur that does much to kill initiative and produce a deadly standardization. The floor should be the darkest

(Continued on page 52)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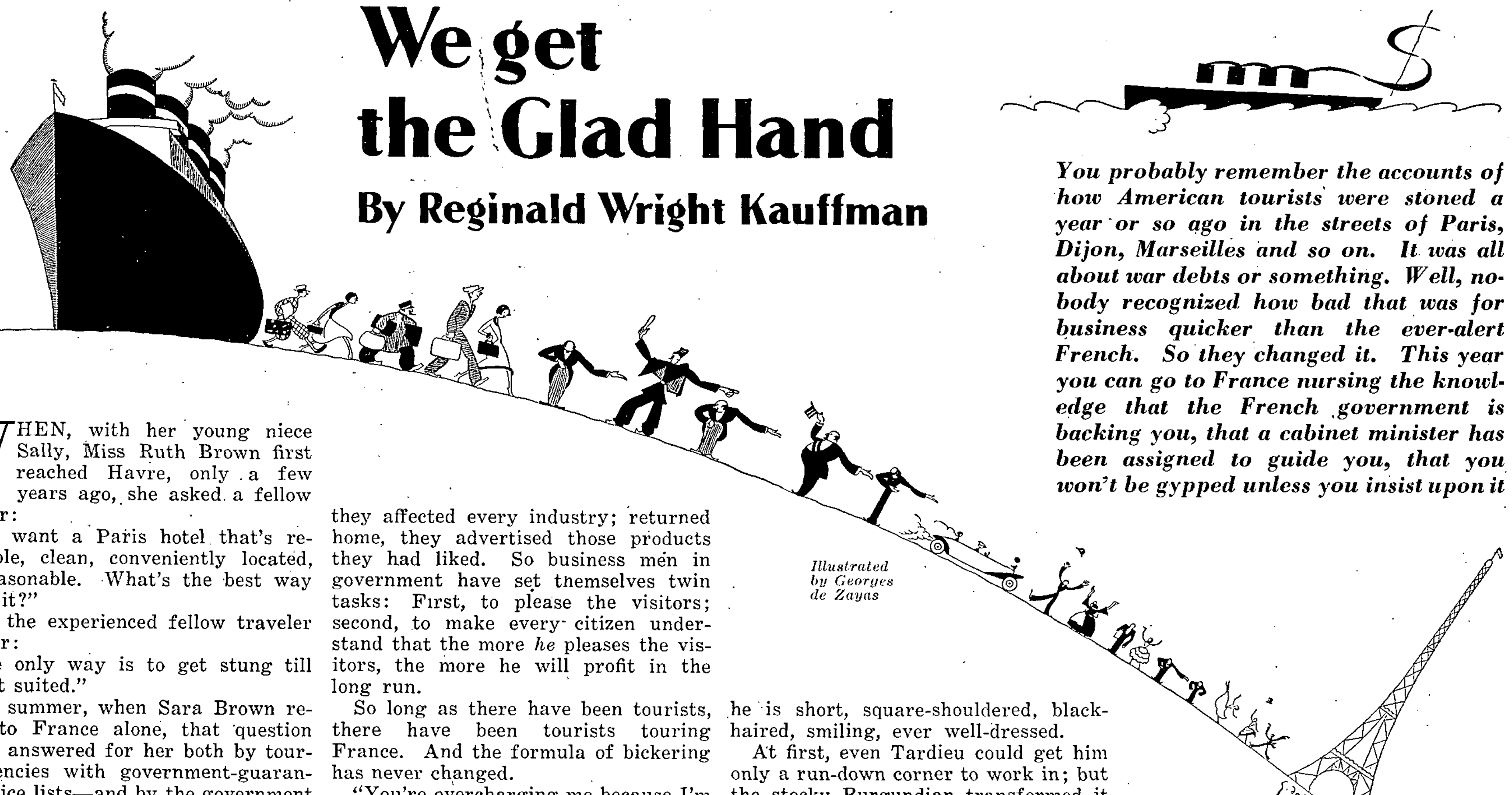
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

We get the Glad Hand

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

You probably remember the accounts of how American tourists were stoned a year or so ago in the streets of Paris, Dijon, Marseilles and so on. It was all about war debts or something. Well, nobody recognized how bad that was for business quicker than the ever-alert French. So they changed it. This year you can go to France nursing the knowledge that the French government is backing you, that a cabinet minister has been assigned to guide you, that you won't be gypped unless you insist upon it



Illustrated by Georges de Zayas

WHEN, with her young niece Sally, Miss Ruth Brown first reached Havre, only a few years ago, she asked a fellow traveler:

"We want a Paris hotel that's respectable, clean, conveniently located, but reasonable. What's the best way to find it?"

And the experienced fellow traveler told her:

"The only way is to get stung till you get suited."

This summer, when Sara Brown returns to France alone, that question will be answered for her both by tourist agencies with government-guaranteed price lists—and by the government itself.

For, while private agencies have perfected a service for persons of modest means, governments have begun, not competition against those agencies, but coöperation with them. The governments of Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia have entered the tourist-agency field officially. France has even a cabinet minister assigned to it.

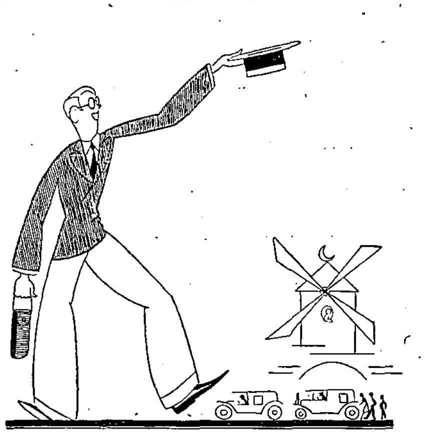
Most European states had dabbled in business, by means of this or that commodity monopoly; not, however, directly. But none realized that the tourist was a national commodity. Birds of passage returned each year: you shot and ate them, yet there were always more. Tourists, for example.

Fair Game for Everyone

"An American," as one famous foreigner observed, "can fight anybody else; he capitulates to a brusque head waiter."

Fair game for hotel-folk, shopkeepers, taxi drivers! No genius among agencies could quite change that—not even a diminution of the tourist-birds, although it for some seasons occurred. Nothing could, short of legislators.

Now the legislation miracle has occurred. European business men going farther into government, government went farther into business—and discovered the tourist. Tourists brought and spent money, would pay for conversion. If well treated, they would spend more money, bring more tourists; they affected every industry; returned home, they advertised those products they had liked. So business men in government have set themselves twin tasks: First, to please the visitors; second, to make every citizen understand that the more *he* pleases the visitors, the more he will profit in the long run.



France sets herself the task of making tourists glad to arrive,

So long as there have been tourists, there have been tourists touring France. And the formula of bickering has never changed.

"You're overcharging me because I'm an American!"

"But all Americans are so rich."

"Or because I am a woman traveling alone."

"But solitary travel is a luxury."

"Why doesn't anybody in this hotel speak English?"

"Because the language of France is French."

"Why haven't you ice water?"

"Because we never have had."

"This gown is stunning—but look at the sewing!"

"It's the war."

Now France is ending all that; and her neighbors follow suit—thanks to André Tardieu.

This pupil of Tiger Clemenceau assumed his second premiership with the ambition to perform new deeds, and at once detected the undeveloped industry. He would organize it. He chose a name for it: *Tourisme.* He created a Ministry of Tourism in the cabinet and persuaded the Federal parliament, the municipal councils of the historic cities, the councils of the most visited departments, to contribute to the necessary budget. Next, he must pick a minister—must find somebody who knew France thoroughly and knew America, where most of the tourists come from. Somebody inventive, enterprising, a little impatient, very influential politically.

OUGE
ODEO
ROY
TRE
NAN
THEA
OPERA

delighted during their visit,

"That," said Tardieu, "describes Gérard."

Whereat Gaston Gérard, of Dijon and the Burgundy vineyards, was selected. Lyrical when talking of tourist France, practical when he talks of touring, he is short, square-shouldered, black-haired, smiling, ever well-dressed.

At first, even Tardieu could get him only a run-down corner to work in; but the stocky Burgundian transformed it into an efficient, up-to-date office. A skeptical friend inquired:

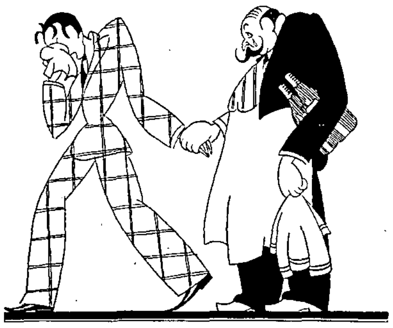
"Just what do you propose to do for the tourists in France?"

On a Business Basis

Said Gérard: "I'm going to make them glad to arrive, pleased to stay, loath to leave, anxious to return."

"And how do you propose to get our travel-exploiters' coöperation?"

"I'll give spectacles to the myopic, show that pinching a sou breaks a franc, destroy the present cent-wise dollar-foolish chaos and create a sane system."



and loath to take their leave,

He set to work. Tardieu's cabinet fell. Gérard had already done so much that he was retained for the Tourism portfolio by the Laval administration, where he is also Under-secretary of State for Public Works, supervising the improvement of railroads, highways, waterways and ports.

A survey was made, fixing room and food prices at each hotel, however small, from Havre to Marseilles, Bordeaux to Bellegarde. The accommodations were divided into three classes, like European railway-coaches, and the whole published for the public, domestic and foreign. The hotel proprietors have sworn to stick to the rates therein quoted. Inspectors check up these proprietors' veracity at least once a year. Complainants may appeal straight to *Tourisme.*

And there are special lists for the woman traveling alone:

"These," says Gérard, "insure her security."

"What about tips?" I asked.

so they'll be eager to come back

"We have established the ten-per-cent principle. The custom is widespread—will soon be national—of including in the bill the ten-per-cent tips, under the head of 'Service.' "

Disembarkment taxes have been suppressed completely. During this summer's International Colonial Exposition at Vincennes, all passport-visa formalities will be waived; only the merest proofs of identity are required for passing the frontiers, and the hope is that this indulgence will prove habit-forming.

It's Easy to Travel

France, like Germany, Italy and Switzerland, has signed the Inter-European Road Convention, whereby, when it is ratified, tourists traveling in their own automobiles will get a ninety-day exemption from car taxes.

Tucked away amid more impressive offices in the Avenue de l'Opéra, there is a little bureau labeled:

OFFICIAL OFFICE
OF
FRENCH GASTRONOMY

Here a group of good-eating experts, toiling in official conjunction with the Department of Tourism, keep alight French cooking's high torch. They, for love of it, tell you where it burns purest and brightest, even among their country's most remote wayside inns. Under the expert direction of Count Austin de Croze himself—author of Table Psychology and greatest living

(Continued on page 52)

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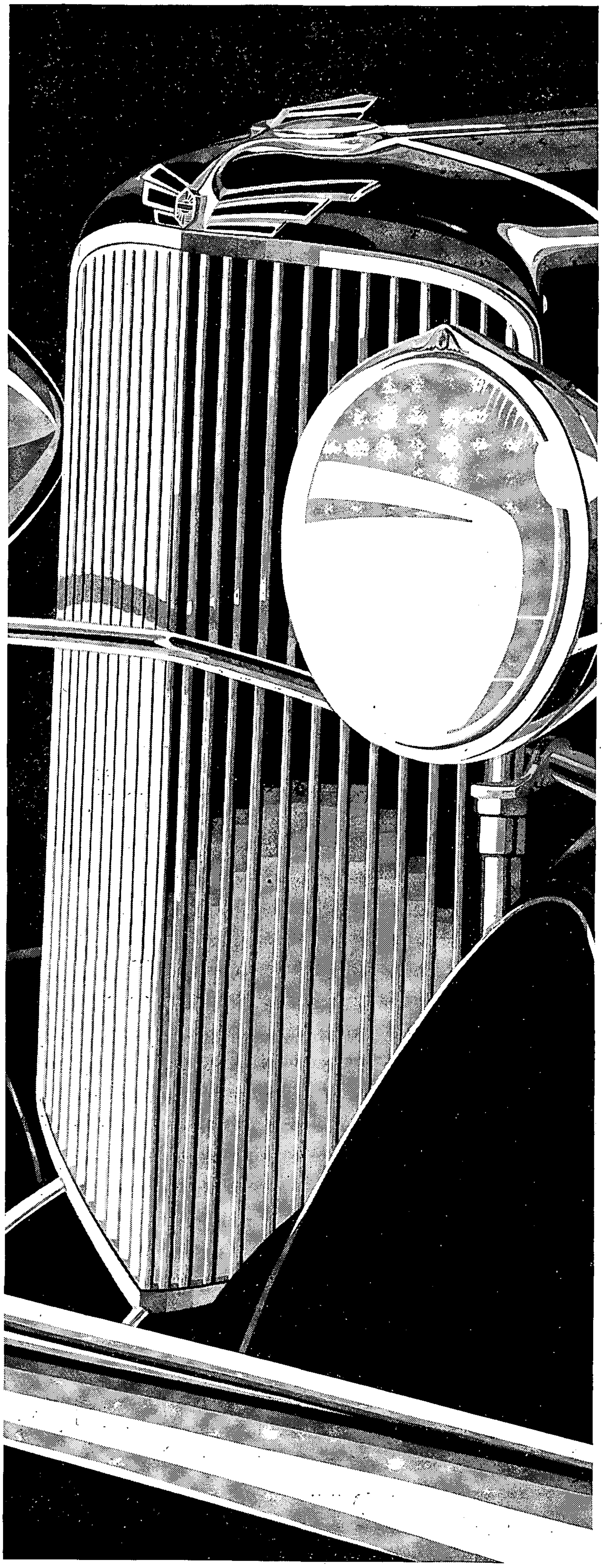

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Karl Godwin

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—HERMAN MELVILLE

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2 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
3 Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4 Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret

Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

A cooler smoke, a drier pipe, a longer-lasting smoke per bowlful, a richer flavor and more of it... and on top of all, the *smoothest* smoke that ever floated out of a bowl!

A large order? Maybe... but Granger fills the bill. Rich and fragrant, those shaggy, slow-burning flakes; our secret Wellman Method smoothes out and "seals in" *all* the natural taste.

So load up with Granger and you're all set—for the smoke that *IS* a smoke!

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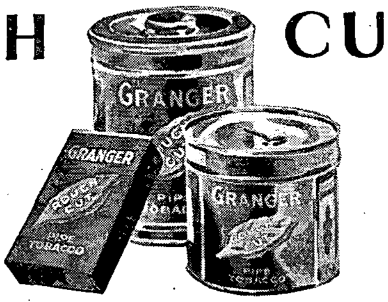
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT



MADE AND CUT FOR PIPES

Room for Two

Continued from page 15

He went over to the piano. "Maybe," he said, "I can put a charm on you. 'Music hath charms,' hathn't it?"

"Silly!"

"Yes, I'll put a charm on you. I'll play that waltz—our waltz! And afterward you'll never be able to forget it. You'll hear it waking and sleeping—at the office and in your dreams—and you'll not think I'm silly."

He sat down at the piano and played the waltz they had heard ground out by an unseen hurdy-gurdy that first day, in this room. But it was no longer the hurdy-gurdy's waltz. It was David's, it was hers. It was theirs in a way that puzzled Katharine, and confused her and made her feel slightly bewitched.

The music stopped, and suddenly he came over to her, and caught her hands and kissed them. Then, before she could move or speak, he turned and rushed out of the room.

ONE Saturday morning a week later David found a note on the music rack of the piano. It read: "David: Will you please be gone by one o'clock today?" It was signed "Katharine."

Would he please be gone by one o'clock? Why, yes. Certainly. It was her room. She could do as she liked with it.

Katharine had avoided him for a week. He'd had scarcely a glimpse of her. She was all wrapped up in Charlie. All right! Let Charlie have her!

He started to play, improvising wildly. Out of this improvisation emerged, finally, a theme that excited him to pursue it. . . .

It was not till he heard her key in the lock that he realized his transgression. He had overstayed the limit!

It was a warm day, and one of the long windows was open. Impulsively he made for it. Thank heaven, the window ledge was wide! A glance showed him that he could work his way along it to the fence that enclosed the back yard, lower himself to the top rail of the fence, and so drop easily to the ground. As he put his leg over the sill the irrelevant thought occurred to him that this would be an excellent means of entry for a burglar. . . . He felt rather like a burglar himself.

"David! What are you doing?"

He groaned, remained frozen in his ridiculous attitude for a moment, and then drew his leg back across the sill.

"I was trying to make an exit," he said. "I'm terribly sorry, Katharine! I got to playing and I forgot."

"It's all right," she said. "I thought I had an engagement this afternoon, but I haven't."

He walked toward her, stopped and looked at her, his hands in his pockets.

"Charlie?" he asked.

She gave a little nod. Carefully she took off her hat and placed it on a table. Then she went to the couch, flung herself face down on it and buried her head in her arms.

"Katharine!" he said. "Darling!"

"It's all right, David. You needn't feel sorry for me. I'm just a fool."

He came over and sat down beside her.

"Is he worth it?"

"Yes . . . No . . . I don't know. That isn't the point."

"What is the point?"

She raised herself on one elbow, her hand supporting her glossy brown head.

"You're a sweet person, David. I think I'll tell you."

"I wish you would."

"Well, as I've already told you, I've known Charlie a long time. And for the past year or so I've imagined that I was in love with him. Maybe I am. But I'm not sure. I took this room to find out."

"Did Charlie know that?"

"Oh, yes. He—he encouraged me to do it. But he's been fine about it. As a matter of fact, he's never come into my room, not once! He said he preferred not to, until I'd made up my mind I wanted him."

"A gentleman!" said David.

"He is!"

"All right. I said he was. So what about this afternoon?"

"This afternoon was to have been—important."

"I see. You'd decided to have him over the threshold?"

"Yes!"

She sat up, straight, and faced him. There was a high color in her face, her eyes were bright and brave. "Yes—I had. But Charlie couldn't keep our engagement."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said simply, "he had to take his wife to the opera."

David stared at her.

"Charlie isn't in love with his wife nor she with him," said Katharine. "Their marriage is only a fiction!"

"It always is," murmured David.

"Well, it is! I know Alice, his wife. I know all about her, and—oh! You can't be so old-fashioned and narrow-minded as to think that a false marriage can be sacred!"

He left the piano and stood in front of her.

"Will he get a divorce?"

"Alice won't give him one."

"And of course, being a gentleman, he'll never divorce her?"

"No."

"Well," said David, quietly, "it seems to me that the test of any action is whether you're willing to come out into the open with it. If you're not, then there's something wrong, somewhere. Lord knows I'm not judging Charlie, but I happen to love you, and I don't want you to be hurt."

THERE came a knock on the door of the room. Katharine got up and opened the door.

"Charlie!" she said, with a little gasp.

A man's voice answered.

"Sweetheart! I made it after all. Alice decided to spend the afternoon at the hairdresser's. So I'm free."

"Oh. . . . Well! Come in, Charlie."

"At last!" said the man, and stepped into the room.

"Mr. Fitch—Mr. Kendall," said Katharine.

Mr. Fitch stared, for a moment, at David. Then he smiled pleasantly and held out his hand.

"How do you do? You're the musician, aren't you? Katharine has told me about you."

Instantly, to his own dismay, David liked this man. Charles Fitch was an engaging person.

"Yes, I'm a musician."

"David wants to write for Broadway," said Katharine.

"Really?" said the older man. "Then perhaps I can be of assistance to him. I have a weakness for backing Broadway shows."

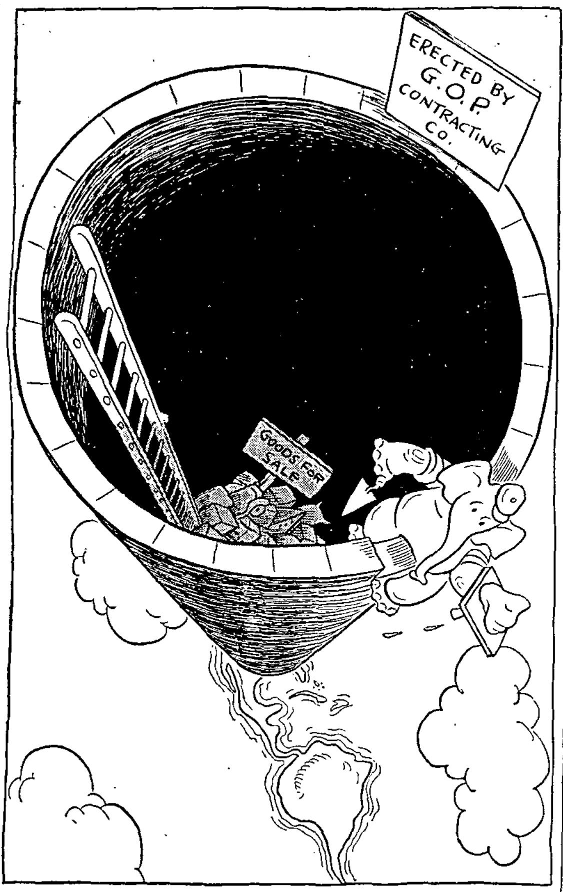
"Some day," said David, "we might talk it over. But now I've got to go. Got some work to do. See you again sometime, Mr. Fitch."

"Right," said Mr. Fitch, with a friendly nod.

(Continued on page 33)

Duty Bound

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole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GOODS FOR SALE

REPUBLICAN attacks upon the tariff are an amazing recent development. No Democrat has ever said anything half so devastating about the tariff as has Representative Snell, the leading Republican candidate for Speaker of the House, or Mr. W. W. Atterbury, only just resigned as Republican National Committeeman from the high-protectionist state of Pennsylvania, or, latest at this writing—there may be others by the time this is published—Mr. Julius H. Barnes, almost a member of the Hoover administration.

By 1932 the tariff may be the big issue of the campaign, the whole discontent over the business depression being directed against the high rates in the Hawley-Smoot law which President Hoover approved.

Opposition to the present tariff was very great while it was pending in Congress. It died out when the bill was finally passed and received the President's signature.

The tariff was only a minor issue in last November's Congressional election. It changed very few votes in a contest which nearly swept the Republicans out of control of both Senate and House.

Now opposition to the tariff has grown up as it began to be realized that this depression was not to be one of short duration. When this spring passed without any real recovery people began to look around for some cause, and they hit upon the tariff, imitated as it has been in other countries, as the cause of the disastrous condition of foreign trade and as a world-wide obstacle to recovery.

Even if removal of the tariff barriers would not cure these economic ills from which the world is suffering it would, people were reassured, furnish some stimulus to the circulation of goods. And what the public is looking for is something that may at least start business activity. That seems to be the explanation of the recent flaring up of the tariff issue.

Seeking a Goat

People may accept the theory that business depressions are inevitable but they naturally look for any human agency that has made the trouble worse or that has made a return to better days more difficult. So the tariff has come to be chosen as the factor which the party in power has contributed to the general distress.

Now this is awkward for the Republicans, or will be if the present mood continues until the 1932 election. And actually the resentment against the tariff seems to be piling up like the resentment against prohibition.

President Hoover's appointees might say that the depression was inevitable, that no party in power and no one in the Presidency could have averted it. But there is no answer to the tariff. That wasn't inevitable. That was not the result of any economic law. This high tariff was produced by a Republican Congress, at the call of a Republican President and with his approval.

The issue is simple and easily understood. We used to import Europeans, a million or so a year, to eat up our surplus production. We stopped importing these human beings and at the same time we put up effectual bars to prevent our shipping our surplus over to those human beings to eat in their own homes.

A Job for a Master Mind

That was very bad arithmetic. The more the depression issue becomes the tariff issue, the more dangerous it is to those responsible for this tariff.

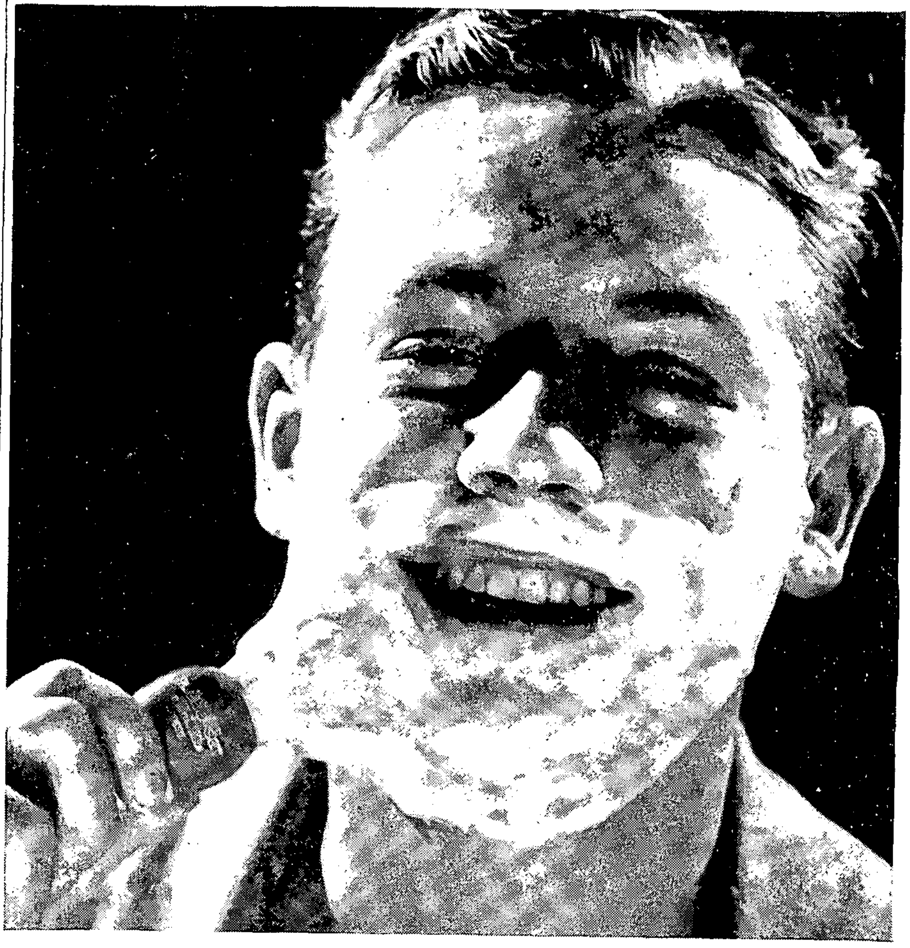
Of course the Democratic party is not in the best position to take advantage of the growing opposition to the tariff. The Democratic party turned protectionist in 1928, just at the time the Republican party advanced toward a virtual embargo against foreign goods. Some of its members are just as high-protectionist as the Republicans are.

If the Democrats are asked to tell just what in a practical way they will do to set the dammed-up current of foreign trade running again they will be fairly stumped for a policy. Only by powerful leadership in the White House will they be able to cut the Gordian knot in which the world is tied, strands of which are the retaliatory duties of foreign countries and the impoverishment of our customers abroad by our draining them of their resources in the form of annual payments on their war debts to us. Will the Democrats rise to the occasion by offering a master mind in the White House?

Representative Snell, Republican candidate for Speaker, says that even with the tariff we cannot hope to keep up the American standard of wages, that we shall have to reduce our standard of living to that of the rest of the world.

Apparently his theory is that we should retain the high tariff and reduce wages. Having cut ourselves off from foreign markets let us then cut the American market in half by reducing the buying power of the majority of American consumers. The Republicans will have to do better than Mr. Snell to meet the tariff issue.

It's a Point of Pride
to win men by sheer merit!



We ask you to accept a free supply of the world's largest selling shaving cream to try

GENTLEMEN: This is not the first advertisement you've ever read. You know that most ads say, "Our product's best."

We say: "More men use Palmolive Shaving Cream than any other kind. Of every 100 who try it, 86 remain our steady customers." These are established facts.

So instead of "selling" you, let us send a free supply. You try it for 10 days at our expense and be the judge.

Most men like this way of doing business—to make a test before they spend their money. Send the coupon.

The olive oil principle

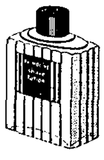
The public is responsible for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Up to that time, men told us, other creams had failed. So we asked 1,000 men to write down their chief complaints. Then we went to work.

It took months to perfect our present product. Based on the olive oil principle, it introduces five exclusive features:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

We base our case on showing you a product you'll like better than the rest. If we do, we've won another lifelong customer. Won't you fill in your name and mail the coupon? We'll appreciate it if you do.

NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion



Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

PALMOLIVE 35¢ Shaving Cream

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1151, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

....

....

....

(Please print your name and address)

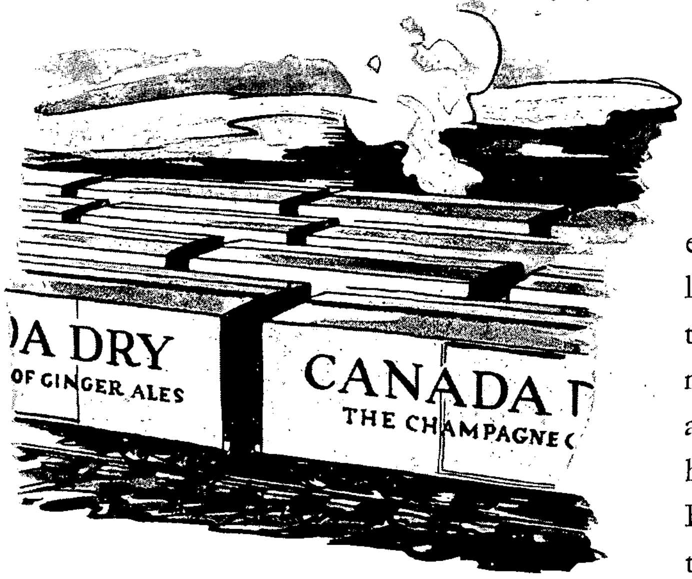
EVERYWHERE . . .

The *Champagne* at the NEW LOW PRICE

ON THE tenth anniversary of the introduction of Canada Dry to the United States, people awoke one morning to read that the price of The Champagne of Ginger Ales had been reduced.

And the reception they gave Canada Dry was no less than royal. The first week alone, more than 10,000,000 bottles were ordered. Over 500 freight cars were needed to handle this tremendous volume of business. Hundreds of telegrams were received from wholesalers specifying carload orders of Canada Dry and retailers everywhere were enthusiastic in their approval of this price reduction.

Although the Canada Dry plants had been working night and day for weeks to meet the anticipated demand, the stock of Canada Dry on hand soon became so low that a double force of workers was necessary to replenish the supply.



Every one can enjoy Canada Dry

At the new low price, The Champagne of Ginger Ales is the most economical you can buy. Always renowned for its purity and quality . . . its joyousness of flavor . . . its charm . . . Canada Dry now offers these qualities as *extra* values. For it is now priced well within the range of the thrifty budget.

3 to 5 cents lower

As in the past, the new low price of Canada Dry varies. Freight and delivery expense make it cost more in some localities at a distance from the factory. And sometimes, particularly at night or when Canada Dry is iced and delivered, it may be slightly higher because of the extra service. But in all cases now, you will find that you can buy Canada Dry 3 to 5 cents cheaper than ever before.

Like a rare old wine

Just to watch the bubbles icily sparkling in the depths of this delightful drink,

THE CHAMPAGNE OF

GINGER ALES

CANADA

a glorious welcome for

OF GINGER ALES

helps you to forget the heat. Just to breathe its aroma, refreshes you. And its flavor can only be compared to that of a rare old vintage. As you sip it, it really cools you and picks you up and puts you on better terms with the world.

For the Glorious Fourth

And the warmer the weather, the more you'll appreciate the wonderful coolness of The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

This year the Fourth comes on a Saturday . . . giving you the whole week-end for a holiday . . . giving you an ideal opportunity to become acquainted with Canada Dry at its new low price.

Enjoy *The Champagne of Ginger Ales* over the holiday! Serve Canada Dry at dinner too. For bridges, for every occasion. More than ever you will find that Canada Dry can add to your enjoyment of life . . . and does—charmingly, inexpensively.

DRY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK
BOTTLED IN U.S.A.

The same girl, but *different* GLASSES

How much better she looks in the large picture wearing Ful-vue than in the small picture at the top, wearing old-style glasses.

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the new patented Ful-vue frame.

Everyone notices the difference, . . . notices how FUL-VUE, *the new style, reveals your eyes*

HERE are two pictures of the same girl. But in one she wears old-fashioned glasses. In the other, she wears new, modern Ful-vue frames.

What a difference in her appearance! In Ful-vue the temples are placed high up where they belong. They run in straight streamlines from the top of the lenses to the ears. The straight streamlines and the high temples *reveal your eyes* clearly when you are in profile.

You will like this new, modern style, too, because the shape of the lenses follows the shape of the eyes and brows. The design and engraving of the bridge are new and smart.

Ful-vue models for men and for women are made in a new precious metal, pink gold, which blends with the complexion. Look for the name FUL-VUE in tiny letters under the bridge.

Beautifully illustrated booklet free

Send the coupon, and we will mail you a new free booklet which shows how this new frame makes you look so much better. It also contains important facts about Tillyer Lenses—facts every wearer of glasses should know. Mail the coupon today.

FUL-VUE

FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY

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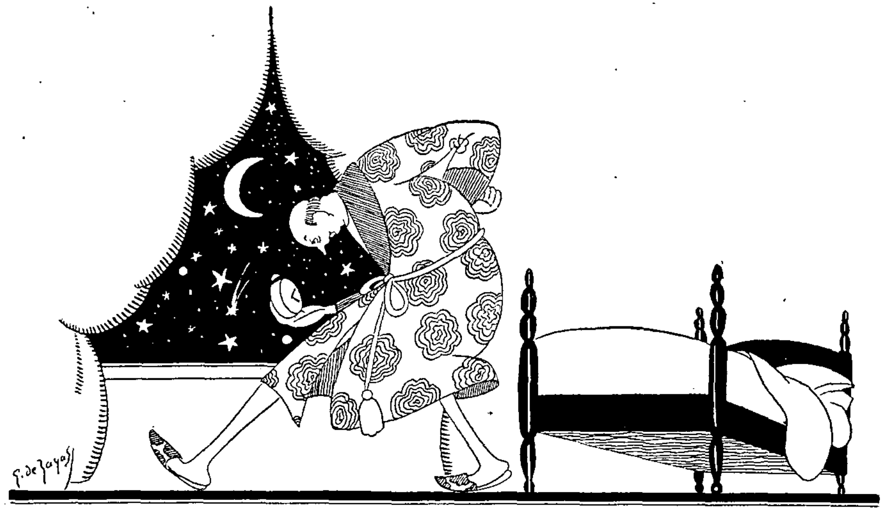
American Optical Co., Dept. C3, Southbridge, Mass. Please send free Ful-vue booklet.

Name__________ Address__________

City__________ State__________

The name of the man who fits my glasses is__________

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

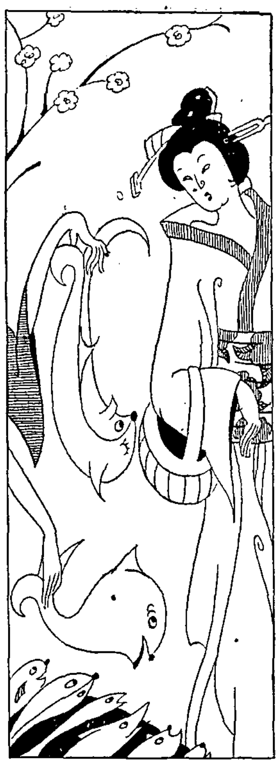


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Insomnia, the chronic inability to sleep, is confined almost wholly to brain workers.

The Aga Khan, spiritual head of 68,000,000 Mohammedans in India, owns a collection of rubies worth more than $500,000,000.



More than 600 different species of fish are sold today in the food markets of Japan.

In Germany today, accident insurance policies are sold to travelers by slot machines installed in the railroad stations.—*By Gregory Jones, Blackfoot, Idaho.*

Buitenzorg, Java, possesses the most marvelous botanical gardens in the world, and also, luckily, a natural sprinkling system—a light shower of rain that falls there every day in the year.

Today only 10 per cent of the plays produced on Broadway make a profit.

A law against "hitch-hiking," which is now in force in Maine, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia, probably will be passed soon by all other states. —*By E. R. Hall, Floral Park, N. Y.*

In Canton, China, more than 200,000 persons or 15% of the city's population live in sampans or small houseboats on the Pearl River, and a large part of these people, like millions of their ancestors, never have or never will set foot on land.

Pure-blooded Hawaiians constitute only 6% of the population of the Hawaiian Islands today, the other 94% representing almost every other race and nationality in the world.

Uncle Sam engraves 56,000,000 postage stamps daily, using 25 colors on 70 different stamps in denominations from ½c to $5.

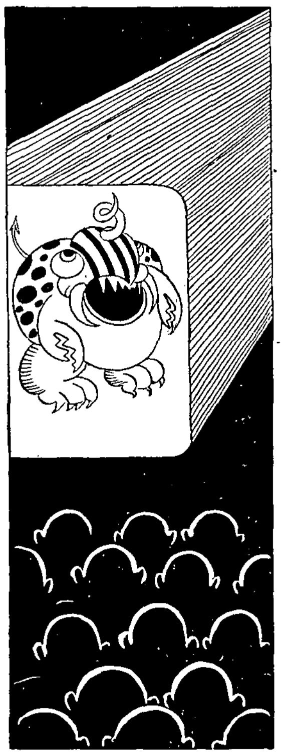
A Chinaman usually has three names, the first being his clan name, the second designating his generation and the third being his given name; and no two Chinamen have ever had the same three names in the same order.

A queen bee lays from 3,000 to 4,000 eggs a day for several weeks after her one fertilization of the season.—*By Mrs. Wilma Gutenberger, Sacramento, Cal.*

More than 40% of the investments of American life insurance companies today are in city and farm mortgages.

More than 20% of all the retail business in the United States at the present time is done by chain stores.

The Shwe Dagôn pagoda in Rangoon, Burma, said to contain the ashes of Buddha, is a solid cone-like structure 368 feet high, without an interior; and it is not only entirely gold-plated but its spire is encrusted with gems worth more than $250,000.



A new movie camera with a microscopic lens can enlarge an animalcule—no larger than a tiny speck of dust—more than 100,000 times, so that the chewing teeth within the creature's stomach are seen distinctly on the screen.

Women's shoes are made in 268 different sizes and men's shoes in 190 sizes.

After 15 years in prison, the majority of men begin to break down mentally.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Room for Two

Continued from page 28

David went quickly out of the room. He climbed the stairs to his own room on the second floor and, pulling a chair up to the window, sat down. . . . How could life have played him this shabby trick? It was stupid to be in love with a girl who even now—even now—

A car had stopped at the curb. Charlie's car. David recognized it at once. But—wait a minute!—Charlie was downstairs in Katharine's room.

Then David saw a woman get out of the car and start toward the steps that were directly below his window. Immediately, in a flash of understanding, he sensed the truth and instinctively he acted. He ran to Katharine's room, and knocked.

Katharine opened the door.

"Why, David! What on earth—?"

"Don't talk! There's no time. Your wife's here," he flung at Charles.

"What!"

"I assume it's your wife. I saw her get out of your car. Now listen to me, both of you." He walked toward Charlie. "You're here entirely on my account. Katharine invited you to come and hear me play. I'm a budding young genius and she's interested in me!"

THEY were standing, Katharine beside the piano and Charlie beyond it, across the room, listening to David's waltz, when a beautiful blond woman appeared in the doorway.

David stopped playing. And suddenly it was very still in the room. Charles Fitch turned to face his wife.

"Alice!" he said. "How did you—? What are you doing here?"

"I came to find you, Charles. I knew where to come." She turned to Katharine. "I've suspected this for some time. I wanted to make sure."

Katharine was brave. She looked straight into the golden woman's eyes.

"I'm glad you came. Because I want to make sure, myself."

"You mean, whether Charles loves you?"

Before Katharine could answer David bounced up from the piano stool.

"What's this?" he cried. "Mr. Fitch in love with Katharine? But that's nonsense! I'm the one who's in love with her, and she's in love with me!"

"And who," asked Alice Fitch coldly, "are you?"

"I'm David Kendall. I live here—"

"Here?"

"In this house. I assume that you're Mrs. Fitch?"

"I've assumed that," replied the lady, "for years. But lately I've begun to doubt it."

"Alice!" said Charlie. There was a slight break in his voice, in his manner. But he mustn't break, thought David. He mustn't!

"I want the truth!" suddenly exclaimed Alice.

"Yes," agreed Katharine quietly. "So do—"

"So do we!" said David. He looked at Charlie. "I guess it's up to you, sir! Funny how people get into accidental tangles like this, but, after all, there's always a sure way out, and that's to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but—! I beg your pardon, Mr. Fitch."

"Well, Charles?" demanded his wife.

David, watching Katharine, knew that she realized the significance of this moment. This was the show-down. It was not a question of deceiving Alice. That wasn't important. The important thing, just now, was whether Charlie would smash his marriage or finally and forever acknowledge it.

He said to the pale woman who bore his name: "My dear, you've made a great mistake. Katharine invited me here this afternoon to meet Mr. Kendall. He's a young composer, and she's very much interested in his career. Knowing that I have some influence on Broadway, she asked me to hear his music, and I—"

"You promised to give me a letter to Liebler!" prompted David, with an enthusiasm that was not forced. Charlie had decided! Charlie had announced himself as Alice's husband.

"I must mail you the letter this evening." Fitch looked at his wife. "Incidentally," he added, "I've never been in this room before."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" growled a voice from the other end of the room.

All four turned, simultaneously, and saw a man climbing in through the open window. He was a medium-sized man in a felt hat, and he looked ominous.

"Oh!" gasped Katharine. "What—? Who are you?"

"I'm a detective," stated the intruder, now definitely in the room. "A private detective, hired by Mrs. Fitch to trail her husband. It was me that tipped her off he was here."

"But how dare you sneak into my room like this!"

"Easy enough!" said the detective, grinning. "You seen how I done it, lady."

David moved quickly toward the man.

"I think you're a burglar," he said.

"Oh, yeah? Well, you can think what you like, but I ain't goin' to see my employer, Mrs. Fitch, have anythin' put over on her. I heard what you was all saying, and I—"

David swung from the hip.

It was a clean, hard left to the jaw. The detective went down like a felled ox. David seized him by the collar, dragged him to the window, hoisted him over the sill and dropped him some ten feet to the ground. Then he closed the window.

"Obviously," he said, "a burglar."

"David!" cried Katharine.

"It's all right, darling. And now, Mr. Fitch, don't you think—?"

"Yes, yes," agreed Charlie hurriedly and somewhat wildly. "Come, Alice."

"Willingly," breathed Alice.

HE TOOK her arm and thus linked they went in a kind of childish haste from the room. A final backward glance from Charlie—an unuttered farewell to romance—and they were gone.

Katharine failed to see that glance. She was looking at David.

"Your hand!" she said.

"Broken, I think. But it's all right—what are you crying for?"

"Because, dear," sobbed Katharine, "because I'm such a f-fool."

"Sure you are," said David. "And so am I, and so's your old world. Let's have a drink."

"No, don't move! Hold me tight, David!" She looked up at him, her eyes shining under wet lashes. "It's all your fault, because—the day you played that waltz—you *did* put a charm on me. I knew then that I didn't want romance or freedom. I wanted this! Yet I kept on being a fool."

"Well, at least," said David, "you had enough foresight to take this room. Do you remember the advertisement?"

Katharine nodded and laughed softly.

"It's an attractive room," she said.

"It's a double room," said David.

"There's a piano," murmured Katharine. "And—I guess you'll have to marry me, David—because, last of all, it's refined!"

The Saline Cocktail

drink it down!

THE tomato juice cocktail, the clam juice cocktail, the orange juice cocktail—here's to 'em! They're doing a lot for the health of this nation.

But for those mornings when you'd risk your job to stay in bed, there's nothing in the world like a Saline Cocktail!

Tonight—turn the bathroom cabinet into a European spa. Buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica—and put it where you can't miss it at 7 A. M.

Then—tomorrow morning, if you wake up feeling gloomy and headachy and sluggish, mix yourself a bubbling, sparkling Saline Cocktail! Merely by dropping a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water. Drink it down!

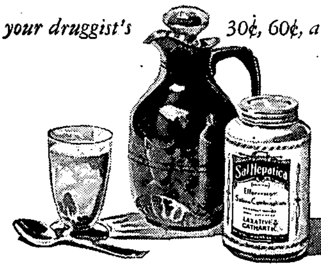
Promptly, thoroughly, your system is cleansed. For Sal Hepatica not only sweeps toxins and wastes from the digestive tract, but it purifies the entire bloodstream. Colds, headaches, rheumatism, constipation, digestive disorders—all yield before its saline waters.

Year after year the great spas of Europe are thronged with the rich and the titled, come to "take the cure" that will make them feel fine and fit through the year. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's famous spas.

Ask your physician about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. And when your system is unusually sluggish and toxic — when you have a cold you can't shake off — try taking a Saline Cocktail each morning for several days. Up, up go your spirits. Man or woman, your vitality reaches a new high.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20



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BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-71, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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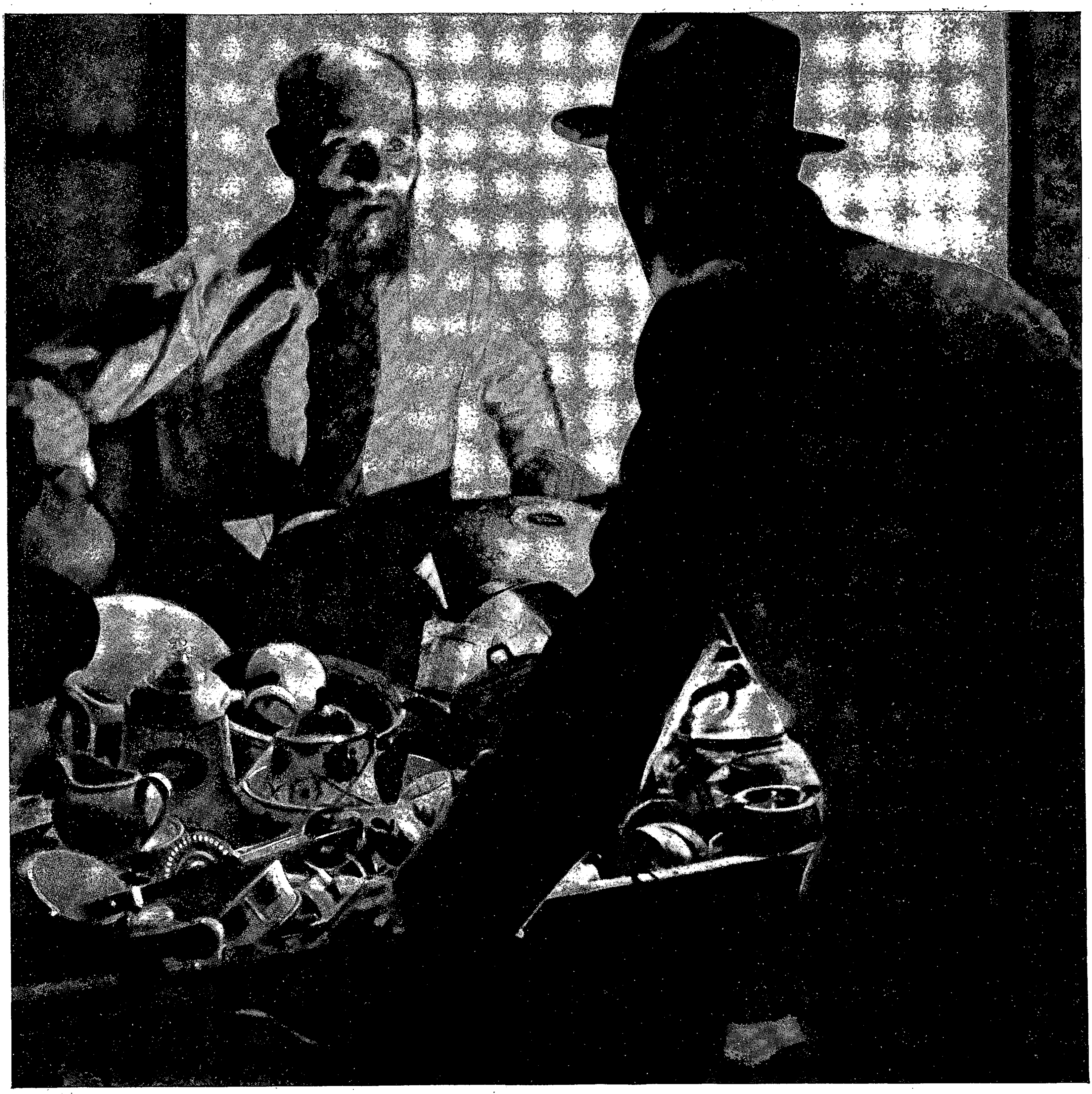
*City*__________ *State*__________

The pushcart that



SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

toppled a Magistrate's Bench

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

•

A poor and bewildered pushcart peddler nervously fingered the brim of his shabby derby . . . and paid.

•

Paid a fine imposed by a judge on the evidence of an extortionist in league with mercenary hangers-on about the court.

•

Paid . . . for a trumped up charge of a minor violation he neither understood . . . nor committed.

•

Scripps-Howard saw this incident . . . and hundreds like it. Saw unfortunate men and women "framed" and exploited. Saw a group of dishonest police officers muddy the prestige of a whole police force. Saw justice in a great city grimly burlesqued, perverted, turned into a mill for grinding graft.

•

An investigation of the city government was demanded. The public answered. And there followed the appointment of a lawyer of unimpeachable standing as investigator extraordinary.

•

Unlike many civic investigations, this one leaped into action from the start. Guilty officials were dethroned, some even imprisoned. Magistrates resigned, crept out of public office. The police force cleaned house. The law courts again became halls of justice instead of stalls of the money changers. Shady bondsmen, "fixers," informers, provocateurs, ran to cover. And even as you read this, the fight still goes on.

•

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper plays no role of policeman or District Attorney. It is first of all a newspaper, not a reform society. But when, in its job of printing the news, public malefactors are found and brought to justice, so much the better . . . for its readers . . . and thus for the advertisers using its columns.

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INDIANAPOLIS	*Times*
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COVINGTON	*Kentucky Post* *—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*
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MEMPHIS	*Press-Scimitar*
HOUSTON	*Press*
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LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 17

earth to whom I could take a trouble—this kind of trouble—and get any decent counsel. The estate lawyers—politics are muck to them. They'd merely hold up their hands in horror and ask me to remember the family name. My friends—they aren't *wise*, Grady. Understand me?"

Grady nodded.

"Go on," he invited.

"I'd like to have someone, who was *wise*, and whom I could trust, to—well, to talk things over with."

"Are you asking me to keep my trap closed about anything you say to me?" asked Grady.

"That's exactly what I'm doing," said Cordova. "I want to talk to you, not as a newspaper man, but as a friend."

"You look like a swell guy to me, Dick," said Grady. "Shoot."

"THE difficulty is—well, I have to violate confidences, I'm afraid," said Cordova.

"That's the trouble with most difficulties," commented Grady, sagely. "One lad tells you something, and it doesn't ring true, and you want to check up on him and hate to do it. Well, battle it out with your own conscience, kid."

"I have," said Cordova. "Grady, do you think I can be elected mayor of New York?"

If the question surprised Grady, not even by a flicker of his eyelids did he show it. He puffed deeply on his cigarette and exhaled lingeringly before he replied.

"You could take a bum off the park benches," he said slowly, "doll him up in the right rags, get him a clever press agent, put dough behind him and, with the right backing, you could sail him in. In fact," and he grinned, "I think it's been done. Sure you could be elected mayor of New York—if the right people wanted you to be. So that's the racket, eh?"

"You see if it is," said Cordova.

He began with the telephone call from Warumkeg. He ended with his dinner at Grenfell's apartment. Through the rather long recital Grady kept absolute silence, and when it was finished he made no comment for at least two minutes. Then he sighed.

"That's what I call a story," he said. "Ain't it a crime I can't slip you the old double-cross and bat it out for the Banner?"

"Tough, I calls it," grinned Cordova. "But what's it all about, Fred?"

"You can search me," replied Grady, surprisingly. "I thought I was smart. You know—one of these up-and-coming wisenheimers that couldn't be rattled by anything. But, if you win the Drovers and Builders they'll ease you right into the City Hall, eh? Then why little Clara Raynor?"

"Why anything?" asked Cordova in bewildered dismay.

"Oh, there's always a reason," said Grady. "Let's do a little checking up. You get a big assignment. It slips out that you're going to make good. Senator Carmichael sends for you. He'll make you mayor if you win. Ganley, out of his nut, says there's politics behind the case. He wants to see you alone. Clara Raynor is shooed onto you to make a scandal that will cost you your job."

"And there's you—and your paper," said Cordova. "You haven't told me how you happen to be keeping guard over me."

"No, I haven't," said Grady. He eyed Cordova whimsically. "Where do you suppose we got the first tip-off that there might be a hell of a story in you?"

"You keep a man down at Warumkeg, you said," replied Cordova.

"The last man on earth you'd take to be a newspaper man," said Grady. "Jeb Stone."

Cordova stared at him in amazement.

"Not exactly a newspaper man, but—a pal of mine. And he drops me a wire occasionally. Incidentally, he said you were a great lad, Dick. So I dropped in to see you."

"BUT why guard me?" asked Cordova.

"You hear all sorts of things in the newspaper game," said Cordova. "The minute I knew you'd seen the senator I looked up what case you were working on. Dan Carmichael does nothing without reason, plenty reason. I thought the Drovers and Builders might be the reason. I still think so. Then—I began looking up Ganley—and some others. Dick, the Drovers and Builders will bust Manhattan wide open. Why would Dan Carmichael let you do it? Unless—Dan has split with the organization."

"Has he?" asked Cordova.

Grady shook his head.

"I don't think so. But—I figured—and the Banner with me—that maybe you were due for a little rough handling. Any man that attacks the organization—even if he doesn't know what he's attacking—is going to be edged out of the way somehow, we figured. So—we've been watching you. And we weren't wrong. When Clara Raynor sets to work—"

"Who set her? Who's the big boy?" demanded Cordova.

"The big boy?" Grady emphasized the words. "Get set for a laugh, Cordova. The big boy is Daniel Carmichael, and Clara Raynor has been charging her clothes to him for lo, these many years."

CORDOVA digested this bit of information silently.

"It doesn't tally," he finally commented.

"Clever lad," said Grady. "I see that, too. But I didn't see it until you spilled your story. But it's always a good idea, when things puzzle you, to examine into what people say. Suppose Carmichael got you down to Warumkeg to call you off the Drovers and Builders? Suppose he saw, right off, that you couldn't be whistled in? Then he springs this mayoralty stuff, with the idea that you'll get so hopped up about it that later on, when he tells you that you can't be mayor unless you lay off the Drovers and Builders, you'll see reason? How's that?"

Cordova shook his head.

"Not very good," he replied. "Fred, Carmichael wants me to be mayor. Now, he may have other reasons besides the ones he advanced to me. But be sane. Despite what you say about electing anyone to the mayoralty, if I should lose the only important case I ever handled, I couldn't be elected."

"There's merit in that," admitted Grady. "But if Carmichael is on the square, if he wants you to be mayor, if he wants you to win your case—why Clara?"

Cordova pondered this.

"If Carmichael is on the level—and let's grant that he is—he wouldn't try to drag me into a scandal. Then Clara isn't working for him, eh?"

Grady rose; he walked to the telephone and called a number.

"Banner? Grady speaking. Give me Hazleton."

He turned to Cordova, cupping a hand over the mouthpiece.

"A man has to hustle to keep up with things in this town," he said. "But Hazleton lives in day after tomorrow. You read his column?"

Cordova nodded. Everyone read Hazelton's column of gossip about the great, the near-great and the would-be-great. Impudent, sometimes shocking, but always entertaining, Hazelton had brought a new note into newspaperdom. It was commonly reported that he employed an army of spies, and that people didn't know they were in love with each other until they read it in The Main Stem, Hazelton's column.

"Hello, Hazie," said Grady. "This is Fred Grady. Spill me some dirt. Is Clara Raynor still true to Dan Carmichael, or has that one been taken out of the oven?"

He listened a moment, winking at Cordova.

"She's *whose* girl? Melville Dodge's? Hazie, old lad, you're slipping. Oh, all right, then I'm wrong. How long has it been going on? Three months? Much obliged, old peeper."

He hung up and whistled.

"Did you get that? She and Dan Carmichael split up three months ago, and dear old sanctified Melville Dodge, the honorable district attorney, your boss, the bird who's been giving vice the run-around for a year, is as close as A is to B with little Clara. Well, we live and learn—if we know Hazleton, don't we?"

"Then you think that Dodge—"

"I don't think—I know," interrupted Grady. "Dodge doesn't want a conviction. He knows you went to Warumkeg. He's smart enough to guess why, or partly why. He can't call you off; but he can get you in a jam that will justify your resignation being demanded.

"This Clara business proves, I think, that Dan Carmichael is on the level. It also proves that he's split with some of the leaders of the organization. Certainly Melville Dodge and he aren't buddies any longer. You've got influences against you, but you have influences with you. Are you good for a fight?"

CORDOVA looked at the newspaper man.

"I'll stick," he said.

"Good lad," said Grady. He yawned. "Getting late," he announced. "Got to be going. I'll be seeing you. And just remember—no casual acquaintances, no conferences with people you don't know—and also remember this: crooked people have no imagination, really. They resort to the crudest methods, like the Clara matter, for example. So—watch your step."

"The step," said Cordova, "will be watched."

It was a long time after Grady had gone before Cordova could dismiss the

(Continued on page 38)

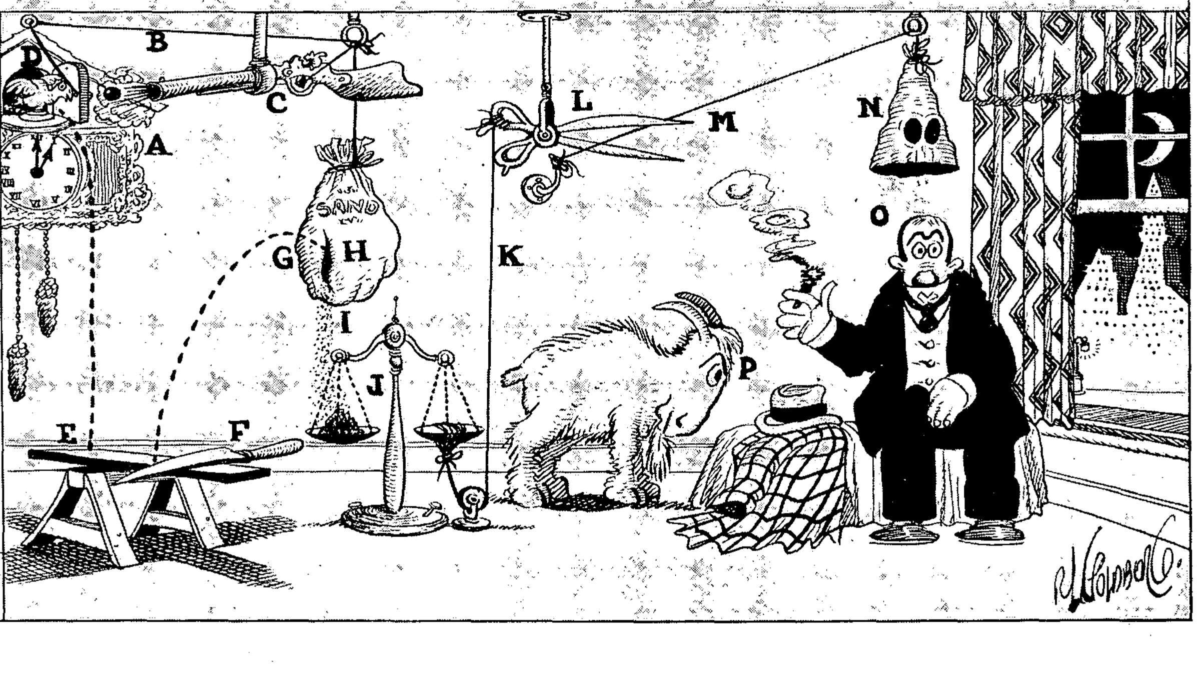
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

MAN IN RESTAURANT MISTAKES PROFESSOR BUTTS FOR A HERRING, SPRINKLES PEPPER ON HIM AND HE SNEEZES UP AN IDEA FOR SENDING A LATE-STAYER HOME.

AT 1 A.M. DOOR OF CUCKOO CLOCK (A) OPENS CAUSING STRING (B) TO PULL TRIGGER OF GUN (C) AND SHOOT CUCKOO (D), WHICH FALLS ON BOARD (E). WEIGHT OF CUCKOO THROWS KNIFE (F) AGAINST SAND BAG (G) CUTTING HOLE (H) IN BAG ALLOWING SAND (I) TO RUN DOWN ON SCALE (J). CORD (K) CLOSES SHEARS (L) WHICH CUT STRING (M) ALLOWING MASK (N) TO DESCEND OVER VICTIM'S HEAD (O). LODGE GOAT (P) THINKING THAT LATE-STAYER IS BEING INITIATED BUTTS HIM OUT INTO THE STREET.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIS HAT AND COAT AS HE WILL NOT NEED THEM IN THE HOSPITAL.



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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 36

evening's incidents from his mind. Politics, he dimly visioned, was something entirely different from what he had been brought up to believe. It was something devious, murky, unclean. Oh, when one reached the heights, it was different, perhaps. But municipal government, apparently, was not a mere struggle between competence and incompetence; it was a war between cleanliness and dirt. Well, dirt was a fearful weapon, but cleanliness was not entirely without its own armor.

It was pleasant, finally drifting off to sleep, to turn one's thoughts to Del Carmichael, to hear in imagination her sweet voice, and to behold in visions her blue eyes and ash-blond hair.

And what seems horrific at night usually takes on a less terrifying aspect in the bright light of day. Intrigue that seems so widely woven that its meshes encompass whole communities proves, on morning examination, to be flimsy cobwebs of slight extent.

The heat wave was giving no indications of abating, according to the morning papers, and according to Cordova's own feeling of being stifled when he awoke. The street, as he peered through his window, gave a rare picture for New York—men carrying their coats and exhibiting shirt sleeves.

But mentally Cordova felt cool and cheerful, and this attitude made him better able to face the day. Sleep had dissipated last night's terrors.

HE EXAMINED his morning mail eagerly. An announcement of a gala evening at the Ocean Beach Club. Well, *that* one he would avoid. An invitation to the wedding of Barbara Bateman and Rob Carstairs. He penciled a note; that meant a present. An invitation, this far ahead, to spend Tennis Week at Newport. It might be amusing; he liked the Tabors. But he could let a reply stand over a few days. He raced through the rest of the odds and ends of a popular bachelor's morning mail. But there was no letter from Warumkeg.

Well, she could not have received his letter before yesterday morning. If she answered it at once, her reply could not reach New York until seven forty-five this morning. And it would take at least a couple of hours for delivery to his apartment. He caught himself coloring furiously, and hoped that Webbing would not notice it.

Miss Searles, looking much fresher than on yesterday, was already at work when Cordova arrived. She greeted him with a smile in which embarrassment showed.

"Pleasant day?" he asked.

"Wonderful," she said, blushing. She avoided his eyes as she gave him a slip of paper on which were some notes.

"McEnnany of the Federal District Attorney's office," he read one item aloud. "Did he say what he wanted?" he asked Miss Searles.

"It's about the Drovers and Builders," she replied.

"Ten-thirty, eh? Phone him I'll be there," said Cordova. "What's this about Durant?"

"He is very sorry, but he can't lunch with you today," replied the secretary. Durant was the accountant whose examination of the Drovers and Builders books had afforded the first intimation that everything had not been honestly conducted in that defunct institution.

Cordova's suspicions were instantly aroused.

"Why can't he?" he asked. "Did he say?"

"He's ill in bed—flu," she said.

"*Flu?* In this weather?" Cordova was incredulous.

"Oh, this is the worst time for it, if you happen to catch it," said Miss Searles. "Last August, during that terribly hot spell, my aunt nearly died from it. Mr. Durant's nurse phoned and said he had a temperature of one hundred and three."

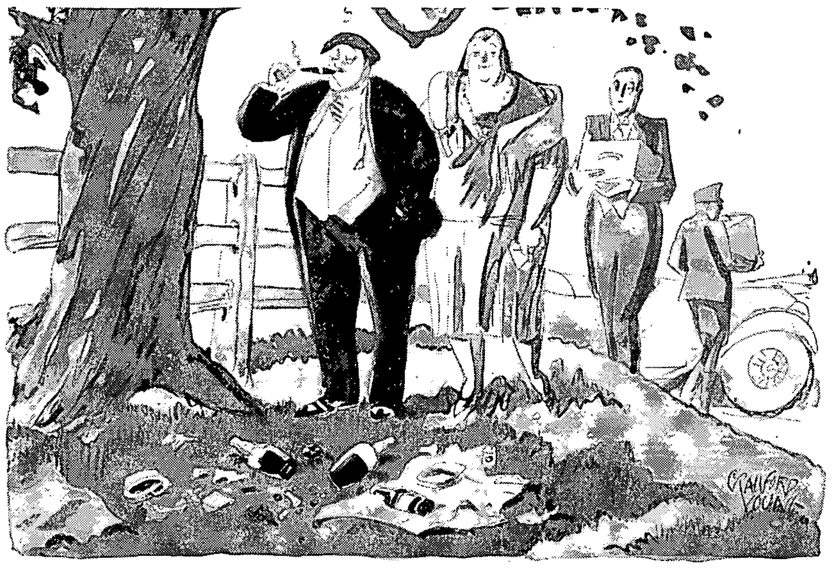
Unwillingly, Cordova was convinced.

"Write him a note, saying I'm very sorry, and ask him to let me know when he can receive a caller," he said.

THE rest of the items on the piece of paper were inconsequential reminders of this or that, and he nodded as he read them. He glanced at his watch; it registered nine-fifty. Well, *if* Del Carmichael had written instantly, the letter might have been delivered by now. He picked up the telephone, then set it down.

"Oh, Miss Searles," he said, "would you mind getting me the last copy of the Law Review? I took mine home with me and left it there."

Which was the truth; only, he didn't want to see it now. But he did not wish Miss Searles to hear him call up Webbing. He telephoned his man the instant she left the room.



"I'll bet there's not many people leave such swell-looking rubbish, Emily"

"Any mail for me on the second delivery, Webbing?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied his man.

"Was—was there one postmarked from Maine?" asked Cordova.

He suffered acutely as Webbing left the telephone. He was making a fool of himself, and Webbing might suspect the occasion therefor.

"No, Mr. Cordova," the man replied. "Is it important? Shall I call you if a letter does come from there?"

"Why, no," said Cordova lightly. "Well, yes, perhaps you'd better," he amended his orders.

He hung up, angry with himself for his own embarrassment. And when Miss Searles returned with the Law Review, he made great pretense of reading it until it was time for his appointment with McEnnany of the United States District Attorney's office.

That engagement did not last long. McEnnany had some evidence bearing on violation—by the Drovers and Builders—of the Federal laws, and he offered to put his information at Cordova's disposal. Cordova thanked him, gave a receipt for various papers, and returned to his own office. He found a telephone message from Molly Cragin, and he rang her up at her Roslyn home.

"Dick, you darling," were Molly's first words.

Cordova chuckled. When Molly's salutation was one of ebullient affection, it was because that attractive young matron wanted something.

"What is it now, Molly?" he asked.

"I think that's rude, Dick Cordova," said Molly. "You sound as though you expected me to ask a favor."

"I tried to sound as though I was anxious to grant it," said Cordova.

"Well, you didn't," said Molly tartly. "Do you?"

"You know I do," he replied. He was extremely fond of Molly Cragin, and equally so of her harum-scarum, polo-playing, big-game-hunting young husband, Tad Cragin.

"Then leave that steamy-baking city right after luncheon," said Molly. "I've the most attractive girl out here—Minna Duprey. Know her?"

"Don't think so," he replied.

"If you'd ever met her you'd not have forgotten her," said Molly. "She's on from San Francisco. Spending a week with me before she sails. And Ira Dempster has played out on me. His mother is frightfully ill, and he can't dine with us tonight."

"Second choice, am I?" said Cordova.

"Because you're so hard to get, you with your poky old job," said Molly. "But *please*, Dick. The Hardings are giving a dance and I just *must* have a man for Minna."

"No can do, Molly," he told her. "I'm an employee of the city. I have a job. And I can't handle that job if I stay up until dawn."

"BUT you won't *have* to, silly," she explained. "If you'll dine with us—there'll be thirteen if you don't, and I couldn't *abide* that—and just go on to the Hardings for a little while—I promise it will be all right if you stay until half-past eleven. There are extra men coming in late."

"Do you mean that, Molly?" he asked.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," she assured him. "But come out this afternoon and bring a bathing suit."

The invitation was tempting. As a matter of fact, there would be no dereliction of duty involved. The papers he had planned to go over today could be as easily gone over tomorrow.

"I'd love to," he said.

So he left the office shortly after noon, having telephoned Webbing that he would lunch at home, and would like flannels laid out, and bathing suit and evening clothes packed.

There was no letter from Del Carmichael waiting for him, and it was with a sinking heart that he set out for Roslyn. Assure himself though he would that the girl hadn't really had time to answer his letter, his self-assurances were of little value.

But depression could not exist around Molly Cragin. When Cordova reached the Cragin place at Roslyn, he was told that his hostess expected him to change to a bathing suit instantly and join the other guests at the pool. He did so as quickly as possible and found, when he reached the pool, that he was expected to play doubles on an adjoining tennis court.

His partner was the heralded Minna Duprey, and if Cordova's heart had not been in the keeping of an ash-blonde, he would have found her brunette beauty irresistible. As it was, he decided that she was charming—and also an excellent tennis player—and they defeated, with comparative ease, the Dalworthys, who were rated as the best married team playing mixed doubles of all that set of people who feel that supremacy in that set is more desirable than world fame.

The swim, later on, was delightful. It was good, having had his nose so close to the grindstone recently, to indulge in idle but merry conversation. It was good to associate with people whose only idea of life was to enjoy it. Grimy politics were far from here.

TEA was pleasant, dinner was enjoyable, and it was a quarter to twelve when he finally pulled himself away from the Hardings' dance. On the drive back to New York he began dreaming. Del and he—provided the miracle came to pass, and she loved and married him—would be careful not to live too secluded, too businesslike a life. They must make room for people like Molly and her husband, for the Dalworthys, for the Hardings. He, Cordova, *knew* everybody; invitations were merely a matter of whether or not he would accept them. Well, Del must lead their social life, but they must have gay and thoughtless companions as well as solemn politicians.

He would bring to the mayoralty such a wife as had never been known to New York politics. She would lend distinction to that necessary official entertaining; she'd create a salon; her charm and beauty, and his position—he meant political—and wealth, would combine to act as magnets to the most entertaining and worthwhile people who either lived in or came to New York.

A little later, there'd be the governorship; then the Senate; then—for who could tell?—the White House. He was beset by doubts again, however, as he told the doorman at his apartment to phone the garage for a man to take his car away. If she didn't reply to his letter by tomorrow. . . .

Webbing opened the door in response to his ring. The man's white face—once on a two weeks' fishing trip that pallor had resisted all efforts of the sun and wind—was even more grave than usual. And his voice was subtly disapproving.

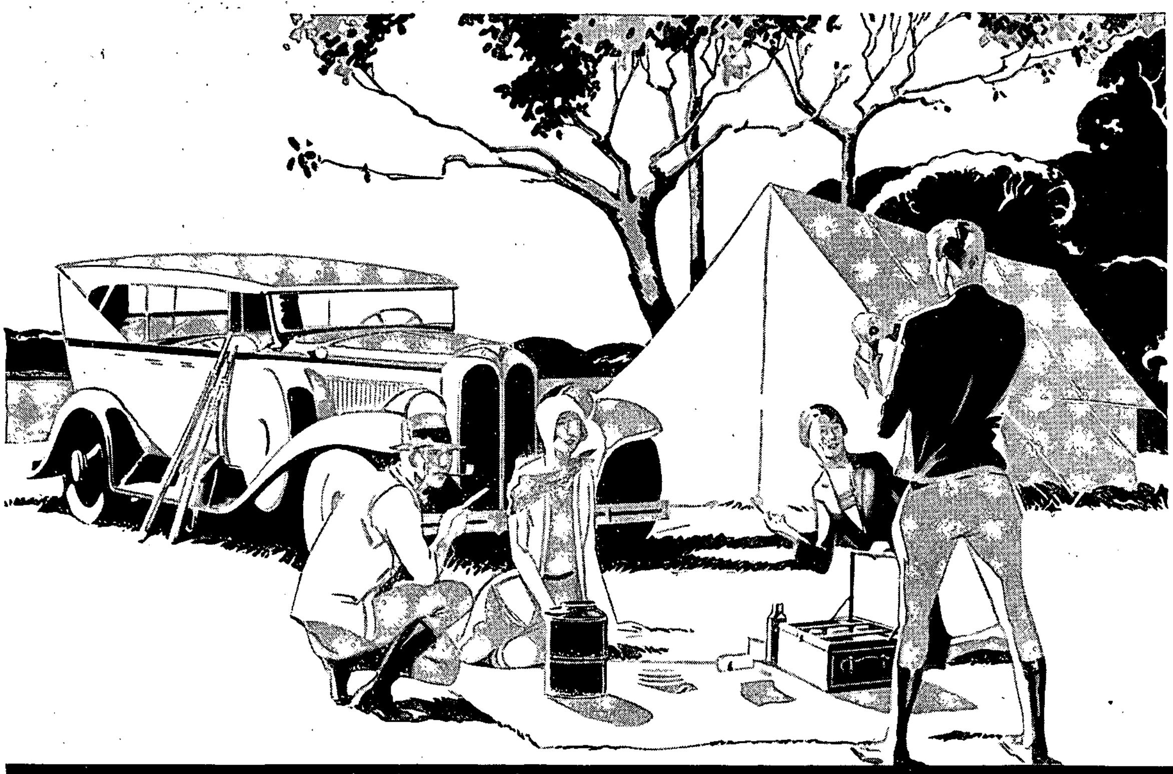
"There's a lady waiting for you, sir," he said.

"A lady?" gasped Cordova. Visions of Clara Raynor flashed through his mind. Was this another slimy effort. . . .

"She insisted on coming in, sir. Miss Carmichael, she gave her name as, and—"

But Cordova was pushing past him. Del! She had come in person, instead of writing. He burst into the living-room, then stopped in utter amazement. For it was not Del, but Deborah, who turned from the window to greet him.

(To be continued next week)



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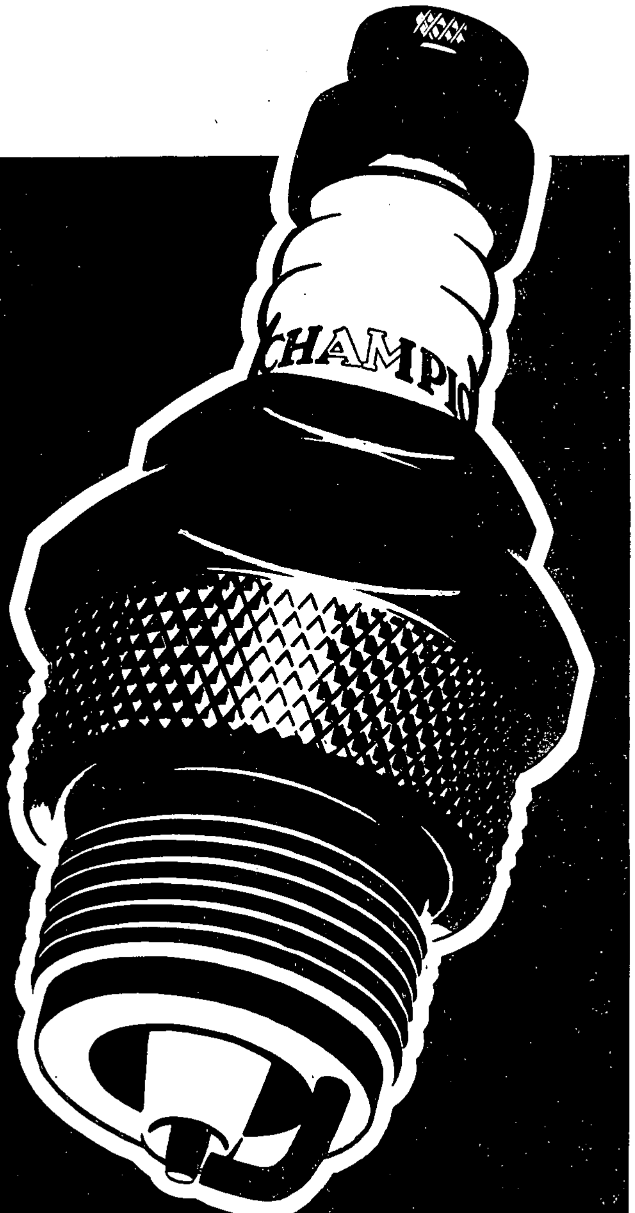

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The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 19

"I'm the doctor," said Sally.

"You think I'm going to swallow that?"

Sally sighed resignedly.

"Can you read?"

"Of course I can read."

"Then read that," said Sally, producing a card.

Lottie scrutinized it doubtfully. Then her manner changed.

"Doctor Sally Smith," she said. "Well, I suppose that's all right. Still, it looks funny to me. And let me tell you that if there is any funny business going on between you two, I'll very soon . . ."

"Quiet, please," said Sally.

She spoke calmly, but the speaker stopped as if she had run into a brick wall.

"I want to make an examination," said Sally.

"Perhaps I'd better leave you?" said Bill.

"Just as you like."

"I'll go for a stroll out in front."

"All right," said Sally. "I shan't be long."

SHE put her stethoscope together as the door closed. Lottie, having recovered, felt disposed for conversation.

"You'll forgive me, I'm sure, Doctor . . ." She paused. "Isn't that too silly of me, I've forgotten your damn' name."

"It's quite an easy one to remember," said Sally, busy with her stethoscope. "Smith."

Lottie beamed.

"Oh, thank you. I was saying, Doctor, that I was sure you'd forgive me for flying off the handle a little just now. The fact is, I've just been having a bit of a row with Mr. Bannister, and coming in and finding you two together like that, naturally I said to myself . . ."

"Take off that bathrobe."

"Eh? Oh, all right. Let me see, where was I? What started it all was him saying to me—or, rather, Squiffy did, and he didn't contradict it—that he wasn't ever going to take me dancing again. 'Oh,' I said, 'and why not, may I ask?' 'I'm going home,' he said. 'Going home?' I said. 'Yes,' he said. 'Going home.' So naturally I said, 'I know what the trouble with *you* is,' I said, 'you want to cast me off like a worn-out glove. But if you think for one moment that I'm going to stand anything like that . . .'"

"The lungs appear to be sound," said Sally.

"'You're mistaken,' I said . . ."

"Take a deep breath. Well, the heart seems all right. Now for the reflexes. Cross your legs. . . . Nothing the matter with them. All right, that's all."

"Examination over?"

"Yes."

LOTTIE became interested.

"What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing much. You need a rest."

"Aren't you going to look at my tongue?"

"I can tell, without looking at it, that that needs a rest, too. What you want is a few weeks in a nice quiet sanitarium."

"You're going to send me to a sanitarium?"

"Well, I'm advising you to go. You need a place where there are cold baths and plain food and no cigarettes and no cocktails."

Lottie shuddered.

"It sounds like hell," she said. She frowned. "I believe it's a trick."

"A trick?"

"I believe you're just trying to get me out of the way so that you can have him to yourself."

"Him?" Sally stared. "You can't mean—? Do you really imagine for one moment that I'm in love with Mr. Bannister?"

"You aren't?"

"Of course not."

"And you want me to go to a sanitarium?"

"I think you ought to."

"Well," said Lottie, "it all looks funny to *me!*"

The door opened and Lord Tidmouth appeared. He seemed pleased with himself.

"Hullo!" said Lord Tidmouth. "I say, I've snaffled a medicine man." His eye rested on Sally. He stared.

Sally returned his gaze composedly.

"I have already examined the patient," she said.

"*You* have?" said Lord Tidmouth, perplexed.

"Yes. My name is Doctor Smith."

LORD TIDMOUTH'S was not a very agile brain, but it was capable of flashes of intuition.

"You mean *you're* a doctor?" he said, brightly.

"Yes."

"I see. Of course," said Lord Tidmouth, with the air of a man who is always prepared to listen to reason, "there *are* lady doctors."

"Yes. I'm one of them."

"Absolutely. Yes, I see your point. I say," said Lord Tidmouth, "this is rather awkward. Old Bill sent me to get a doctor, and I grabbed one in the lobby."

"I'm afraid there's nothing for him to do here."

"Not a thing," agreed Lottie. "What do you think I'm doing here, Squiffy, holding a medical convention?"

Lord Tidmouth rubbed his chin.

"But he's apt to be a bit shirty, isn't he, if he finds I've lugged him up here for nothing? He wasn't any too pleased at having to come at all. He was on his way to the links."

"Oh, well," said Sally, "as you've called him in, we can have a consultation, if he likes. Where is he?"

"Navigating the stairs. Stout old boy, not very quick on his pins." He went to the door. "This way, Doc," he called.

A PUFFING noise without announced that the medicine man was nearing journey's end. The next moment he had entered, and Sally, turning to the door, was surprised to find that this was no stranger in her midst but an old acquaintance.

"Why, Sir Hugo!" she said.

Sir Hugo Drake had just enough breath left to say, "God bless my soul! You here?" After that, he resumed his puffing.

Lord Tidmouth became apologetic.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, addressing his panting captive; "I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding."

"He," explained Sally, "didn't know that I was here."

"No," said his lordship. "The whole trouble was, you see, old Bill got the wind up and sent the entire strength of the company out scouring the town for medicos. It begins to look like a full house."

Sir Hugo realized the position.

"No need for me at all, eh? Well, I'm just as pleased. I've an appointment on the links. Of course, if you'd like a consultation . . ."

"Could you spare the time?" asked Sally.

"Certainly, if you wish it. Mustn't take too long, though."

"Oh, of course not. Only a few minutes."

"Very well, then. This young lady the patient?"

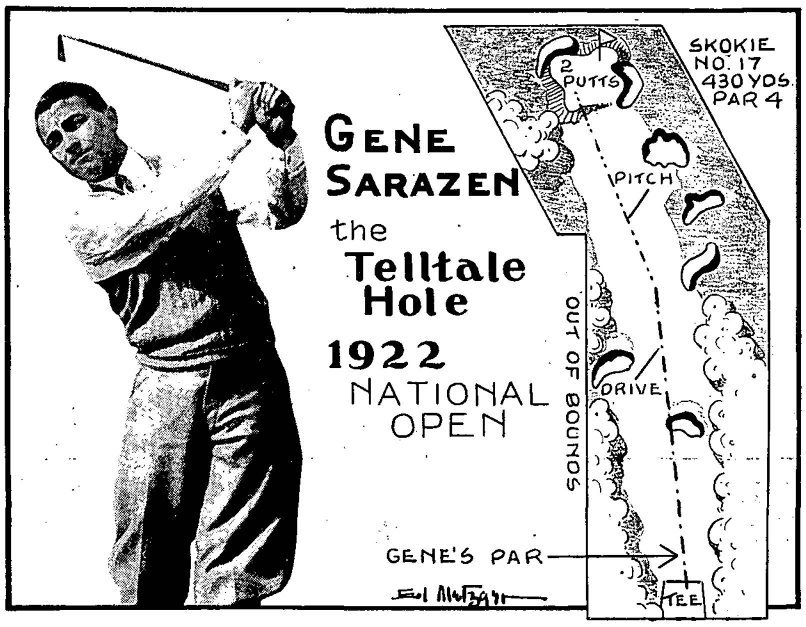
"Yes."

"Well, step into the bedroom, young lady, and we'll go into your case."

Lottie rose obediently. She was feeling a little flattered at this inrush of doctors on her behalf.

"She says I ought to go into a sanitarium," she said, indicating Sally.

(Continued on page 42)



Iron Man

By Sol Metzger

IT CANNOT be just an old Scotch custom to give up work when it interferes with golf, for a sturdy ex-caddie of Italian-American parentage, Gene Sarazen, decided on this very course in his mid-teens following an operation.

His doctor advised outdoor life. Daytime Gene played golf. Nights he worked in a hospital. But the dual schedule proved too strenuous. "So I gave up the hospital," he told me.

Many have abandoned work for golf. But apparently many cannot abandon the mental hazards—weak stomachs, taut muscles and looking up in the pinches—which cause their game to blow up.

Not so Sarazen. Standing near the No. 16 green at the finish of the recent La Gorce Open, a big-money event, I overheard a group of caddies discussing this player and that as they arrived at this 190-yarder. "Brown will crack . . . Watch White blow . . . That guy Green can't get a five here"—ran their comment.

"Here comes Sarazen," said one. "He won't blow."

"He's the grandest finisher of the bunch," declared another.

Gene's iron was on the pin. Calmly he holed a birdie 2. At the par 5, No. 17, of over 500 yards against a high wind, he was hole high on his second. Then a finishing birdie for 66 and victory.

Medal play's guiding rule—safety first—was missing in Gene's finish. Else why his bold pitch to the pin on No. 18 over a cavernous trap?

What manner of golfer is he? How has he developed this rarest of qualities—the ability to set off the fireworks under pressure?

While other pro's follow the winter golf events from coast to coast each season, Gene spends his days at practice. A shot played over and over eventually becomes automatic. When that occurs, worries are vanquished. The event and the prize don't matter. That is Sarazen's theory of sound golf.

What a wealth of confidence it has given him! Last winter, while the others were making the rounds of dozens of money events, Gene spared time from his practice to enter but eight. Yet he led in prize money with $8,332.

His big story concerns his winning the 1922 National Open at Skokie. Conceded no chance, he was brimful of cockiness. He remarked to his young friend Jones, "Bobby, I'm going to win." Three rounds and four strokes behind the leader failed to shake this assurance. A 33 going out. Then a frenzied crowd, expecting to see him crack, followed. On No. 17 tee he needed two pars for a 69. Here he faced the testing hole, one that later on that day crushed the hopes of both Jones and a gallant, grizzled Scot, Jack Black, the grandfather of Troon.

Did Gene quail at its narrow, dog-legged elm-lined fairway? Did he fear its looming left boundary, beckoning to his one weakness—a hook? Did he tremble at its two deep traps backed with high bunkers, set to catch a craven's drive?

No! Sarazen crashed his drive for 260 yards down the selected line. No mashie wizard could hole a birdie on No. 17 that day, with its pin set on a nib-like point at the rear right of the green. Gene got a par. On the long home hole he made a birdie for a final score of 68 and a grand total of 288 strokes!

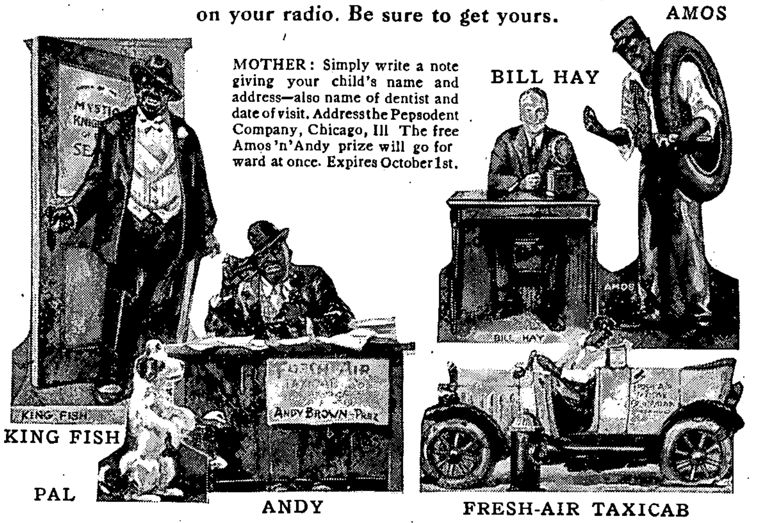
Jones and Black were still to finish. "I've got my 288," Sarazen said. "They have to get theirs." Neither did. He was champion.

Take them to the Dentist, *Mother,* before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they are in good repair

FREE Amos 'n' Andy PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on card-board cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.



MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

IN CHICAGO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Cleveland, New York and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by dental surveys.

Shocking, that such conditions can exist. But don't lay it to parents' carelessness too quickly. Few people realize how rapidly children's teeth decay. Still fewer know it is important to keep first teeth repaired.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those to follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Watch them—guard them constantly under your dentist's supervision.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth at home.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles. He will recommend the twice daily use of Pepsodent due to its special film-removing properties.

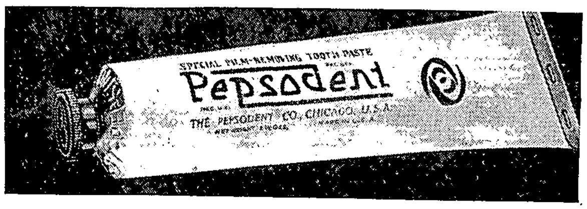
What film does

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It discolors teeth and makes them unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known—one whose discovery makes a great advance in tooth pastes. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the most delicate enamel.

Go to the dentist and take your children. Let them win the Amos 'n' Andy prize.

Afterwards have them use Pepsodent tooth paste twice each day. It is the finest precautionary method science knows. Get it at your drug store today.


SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Pepsodent – *Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.*

The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 40

"Subject to Sir Hugo's opinion," said Sally. Sir Hugo nodded.

"Oh, we'll thresh the whole thing out, never fear. We'll go into your case minutely. Run along, my dear."

"Well, I ought to be all right between the two of you," said Lottie, and closed the bedroom door behind her.

Lord Tidmouth seemed relieved that matters had reached such an amicable settlement.

"Then I'll leave you to it, what? I've often wondered," he said meditatively, "what you doctors talk about when you hold consultations. Lot of deep stuff, I expect."

For a moment after the departure of Lord Tidmouth there was silence in the room. Sir Hugo was still engaged in recovering his full supply of breath. This done, he looked at Sally inquiringly.

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing," said Sally. "Just a little nerves." Sir Hugo cocked an eye at the débris on the floor.

"Seems to have been violent."

"Yes. That type. Too many cocktails and cigarettes, and no self-restraint. I thought she ought to have a few weeks' rest."

Sir Hugo snorted.

"I imagined from the way that young fellow snatched me up and carried me off that it was a matter of life and death. Silly idiot! Now I shall be late for my golf match."

"How did you get on this morning after you left me?" asked Sally.

Sir Hugo sighed, as Napoleon might have sighed if somebody had met him after the battle of Waterloo and asked, "Well, how did it all come out?"

"He beat me four and three."

"What a shame!"

"I didn't seem able to do anything right," said Sir Hugo, wallowing in this womanly sympathy. "If I didn't hook, I sliced. And if I didn't slice, I topped."

"That's too bad."

"I only needed a nine to win the fourteenth, and I ought to have got it easily. But I blew up on the green."

"That's often the way, isn't it?"

"Mark you," said Sir Hugo, "I wasn't so bad off the tee. Some of my drives were extremely good. It was the short shots that beat me. Just the ones you are so wonderful at. If I could play my mashie as you do, my handicap would be down below twenty before I knew where I was."

"WHAT do you find is the trouble? Shanking?"

"No, topping, principally."

"You oughtn't to look up."

"I know I oughtn't, but I do."

"Do you think you are gripping right?" asked Sally.

"Well, I'm *gripping*," said Sir Hugo. "I don't know if I'm doing it right."

"Would you like me to show you?"

"My dear young lady, I should like it above all things!"

"Well, the great thing is not to grip too tight. Grip firmly but lightly."

"Firmly but lightly. I see."

"The hands should be kept low, and, above all, should finish low. So many people finish their iron shots with the hands up as if they were driving."

"True," said Sir Hugo. "True."

"At the finish of the chip shot the club should be very little above the horizontal. Not like in the drive."

Sir Hugo nodded.

"I see. Talking of driving, it may interest you to hear of a little experience I had the other day. I had made my drive . . ."

"A rather similar thing once happened to me," said Sally. "It was this way . . ."

"I went to play my second," proceeded Sir Hugo, who may not have been much good as a golfer, but stood almost alone as a golf bore. A man who had outtalked tough, forceful men in clubs, he was not going to let himself be silenced by a mere girl. "I went to play my second and, believe me or believe me not . . ."

"What do you think?" said Sally. "I found . . ."

"I just . . ."

"I simply . . ."

THE bedroom door opened abruptly: "Haven't you two finished yet?" asked Lottie, peevishly.

Sir Hugo started like one awakened from a beautiful dream.

"Oh, quite, quite," he said, embarrassed. "We were just about to call you. We've examined your case from every angle . . ."

"And Sir Hugo agrees with me . . ." said Sally.

"Exactly. That your trouble . . ."

". . . Is a slight matter of nerves . . ."

"I didn't know yen was money. I thought it was just something you had"

". . . Nothing of any consequence, though disagreeable . . ."

"And you must be kept in a sanitarium . . ."

Lord Tidmouth manifested himself again.

"Hullo?" he said. "Consultation over?"

"Yes," said Lottie. "They say I ought to go to a sanitarium."

"I can recommend this one," said Sir Hugo. "I will write down the address."

"Oh, all right," said Lottie. "Leave it on the table. I'm going out."

"To find Bill?" said Lord Tidmouth. "He's probably on the lawn somewhere."

Lottie laughed a bitter laugh.

"Bill? I don't want Bill. I've nothing to say to Mr. Bannister. If I'm to be dumped in a sanitarium, I'm going to get in a bit of dancing first. Come along and shake them up, Squiffy?"

"Absolutely," agreed Lord Tidmouth. "Just what the old system needs. Well, toodle-oo, everybody."

Sir Hugo was staring open-mouthed at the closed door. He had the air of a man who has received a shock.

"*Bannister*, did she say?"

"Yes. Mr. Bannister was here when I came. He went out."

Sir Hugo snorted powerfully.

"So this is the woman he's been fooling around! I might have guessed it would be some peroxide blonde."

Sally saw daylight.

"Is Mr. Bannister the nephew you were telling me about?"

"He is. And that is the woman! Of all the maddening, worthless nephews a man was ever cursed with . . ." He paused, and seemed to ponder. "Just show me that grip once more, will you?" he said, coming out of his reverie.

"All right," said Sally agreeably. "But don't you want to worry about your nephew?"

"He can wait," said Sir Hugo grimly.

"I see. Well, give me your hands—" She took his hands and clasped them round the club. And it was in this attitude that Bill, returning for the latest bulletin, found them.

Bill's first emotion was one of excusable wrath at the spectacle. Here was the only girl he had ever really loved, and he had no sooner left her than she started holding hands with a man of advanced years in a suit of plus fours of the kind that makes horses shy. He cleared his throat austerely, and was about to speak when the plus-foured one turned.

"William!" he said, and Bill wilted.

IF ONE of the more austere of the minor prophets had worn plus fours, he would have looked just as Sir Hugo Drake was looking now. The great specialist had drawn himself up, and he could not have regarded Bill more sternly if the latter had been a germ.

"So I've found you, have I!"

"Oh—hullo, Uncle!" said Bill.

"Don't say 'Hullo, Uncle!' to me," boomed Sir Hugo. "This is a pleasant surprise for a man who stands *in loco parentis*, is it not! I come down here to this place, to this Bingley-on-Sea, and before I've hardly had time to put a ball down on the first tee, I am called in to attend to your female associates!"

"Uncle, please!"

Sir Hugo strode to the door.

"I am returning to Woollam Chersey tonight, William," he said. "I shall expect you to accompany me."

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

Bill looked helplessly at Sally.

"I'll be back in a day or two," he said.

"Then I shall remain till you leave," said Sir Hugo. "And let me tell you I shall watch this suite like a hawk."

"There's no *need* for you to watch this suite . . ."

"There is every need for me to watch this suite. Good God, boy! I've seen the female! If you imagine that I'm going to stand idly by and see you get yourself inextricably entangled with a woman who dyes her hair and throws teacups about hotels, you are vastly mistaken." He looked at his watch. "Great heavens! Is that the time? I must fly. I'll remember what you told me about that grip. Firmly but lightly. Hands not too much over. William, I shall be seeing you again. We will discuss this affair then."

Although his uncle—corporeally considered—had now left him, his aura or influence seemed still to oppress William Bannister. He gulped once or twice before speaking.

"How on earth did he get here?" he gasped.

"Lord Tidmouth found him in the lobby, and dragged him up," said Sally. "Poor Mr. Bannister, you don't have much luck with your medical advisers, do you?" She moved towards the door. "Well, good-by."

Bill quivered.

"You're not going?"

"Yes, I am. Will you give me your address?"

"Woollam Chersey, Hampshire, finds me." He drew a deep breath. "How wonderful! You want to write to me?"

"No. I just want to know where to send my bill."

"Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"IT'S enough to drive a man mad," Bill said. "Whenever I say anything—anything with any sentiment in it—you immediately become the doctor again."

"What do you expect me to do—swoon in your arms?"

"You haven't an atom of feeling in you."

"Oh, yes, I have. And some day the right man will bring it out. Cheer up, Mr. Bannister. You look like a sulky baby that's been refused its bottle." She laughed. "I think your uncle's right, and you're still a small boy."

Bill scowled.

"Oh? I'll prove to you some day that I'm grown up."

Sally laughed again.

"Oh, I'm not saying you may not grow up some day. But at present you're just a child."

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

There was a knock at the door. The bell-boy entered.

"Please, sir," said the bell-boy, "your rocking-horse has arrived."

"What!" cried Bill.

"There!" cried Sally.

Bill passed a hand through his disordered hair.

"My rocking-horse? What do you mean, my rocking-horse?"

"Well, all I know is, there's a rocking-horse outside. Shall they bring it in?"

"No!" cried Bill.

"Yes," said Sally. "Good-by, Mr. Bannister. Naturally you will want to be alone. You don't want grown-ups around at a moment like this. Good-by."

"Come back!" shouted Bill. But Sally had gone.

(To be continued next week)

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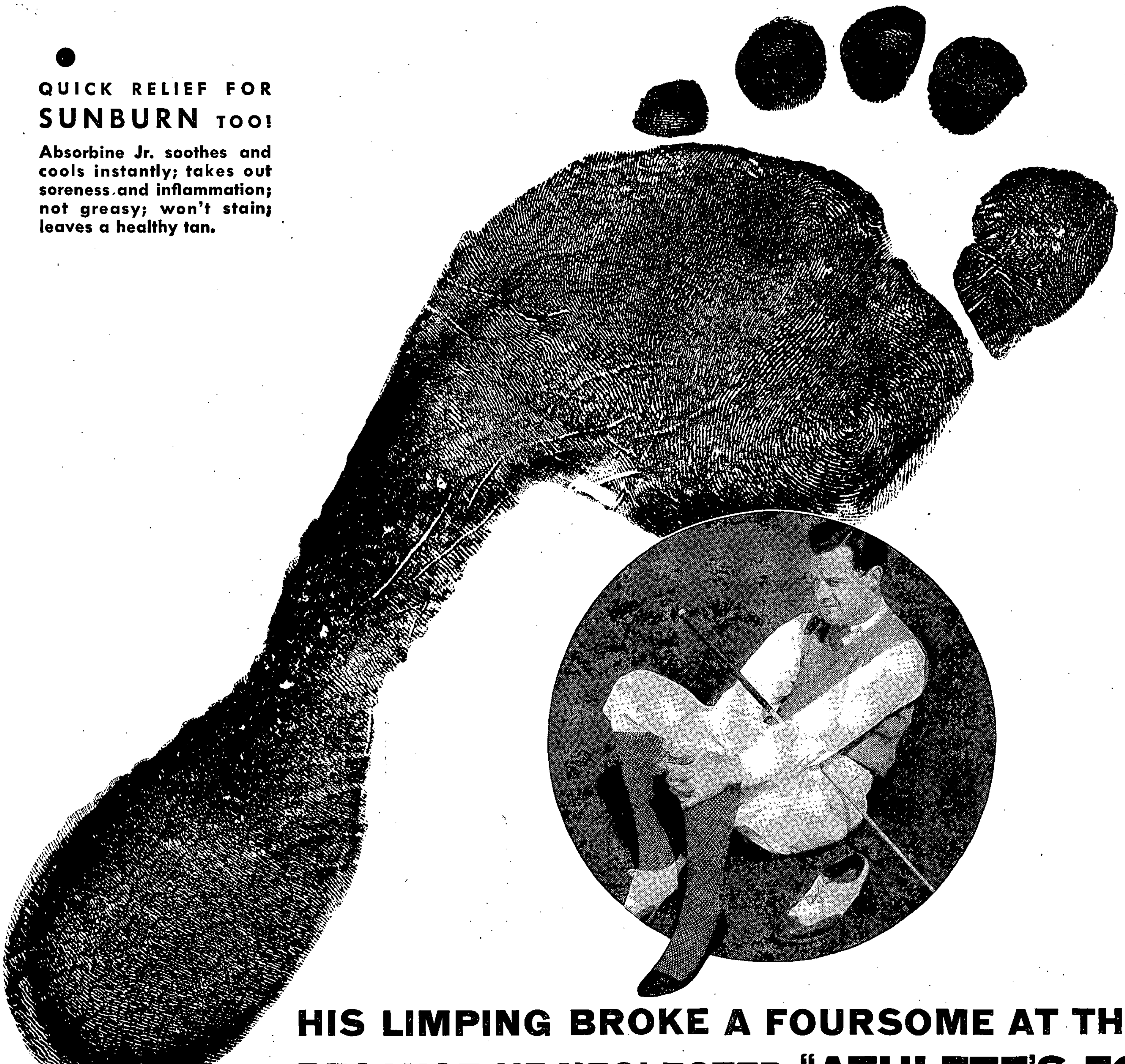


HIS LIMPING BROKE A FOURSOME AT THE 9th BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes *was* cracked. It *did* appear unwholesomely moist. But, not realizing that this infection *might* become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms*.

Don't YOU take chances; this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton.* It causes "Athlete's Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate *"at least half the adult population is infected at some time."*

Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

If you have the slightest symptom—itching between the toes, moist white skin, with cracks—you can't *wash* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot."

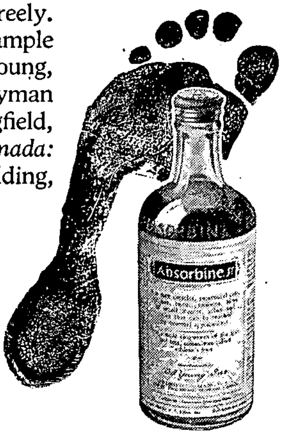
They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on,* because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely.

For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Here Comes a Sailor

Continued from page 13

experience say, "I wouldn't cross on the old Marquis of Raspberry, she rolls too much." Or, "Whatever you do, don't cross on the Island of Pilsen; she's topheavy and pitches too much.' All nonsense. Size doesn't have anything to do with it. In moderate seas some small ships will ride easier than some big ones. But in mean weather they're all getting and giving the same doses.

As an humble cadet I had no truck with the skipper. He was a great man, a demigod above my dreams. I heard that our captain's name was Watkins and that he was a very good man, but I never hoped to see him. We ran into heavy weather the first night out on my maiden voyage. I lost my sou'wester in the gale. I was standing a trick at the wheel under the quartermaster when a man poked his head in the window. "Hey, you!" I shouted instantly, "that's my sou'wester; I can tell it by the pearl button on the side—hand it over."

"That's all right, my boy," said a nice voice, "I won't steal it. Mine blew off and I found this and thought it was mine." He handed it over to me and went on.

"Good Lord!" said the quartermaster when he could get his breath, "do you know who that was, you young snip? That was the captain."

A Phantom Fog

After two voyages on the Philadelphia, I was transferred to the St. Paul, whereon after six months' sailing I won my quartermaster's berth and had my wages raised to twenty-five dollars a month. Here on this ship, too, I met the man who had the greatest influence on my career at sea—and the worst reputation, in his day, on the North Atlantic or any other ocean: Captain John Clark Jamison, at mention of whose name chronometers lose six minutes and old ships run away from the steersmen and old deep-water sailors cross themselves.

Captain Jamison, in short, was a holy terror; compared to him the gruffest captain of the wildest sea tale you ever read was a Sunday-school teacher. Jamison could drive a man insane by saying nothing; there was that much pressure in him.

Yet I swore by Jamison. He was my father on the high seas, and I have reason to know he looked on me in the light of a son. Why that should have been I don't know and I've never met another man who had amiable relations with him. It was no doing of mine, for even if I had been so geared there was no currying of Jamison's favor. It had been tried, with disastrous results.

Captain Jamison was barely more than five feet tall, and he had everything on the bridges of his ships rebuilt, scaled down to conform to his lack of height.

He had cut down the bridge rail, behind which the officers on watch stand for protection from the weather, so that it was level with his eyes. This made it tough on the normal-sized fellows, who towered up there exposed to the full sweep of the cold sea blasts. The instant he would say good night and go below to his cabin the juniors would have a weather cloth, a heavy strip of canvas, secured on a level with their eyes.

But when Jamison said good night you were never sure he meant it, for he was apt to pop up again any minute. So the watch was usually alert and would ship the weather cloth down before he reached the bridge. But one night they weren't quick enough. He suddenly appeared and everyone jumped aside except the senior officer, who was on watch in the weather corner. Jamison had been sitting in his cabin reading under a strong light for several hours. His eyes had not yet accommodated themselves to the darkness when he strode to the center of the bridge and peered straight ahead over the railing.

"Are you there, Mr. Keys?" he called to the senior officer.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you make it?"

"It's a fine clear night, sir."

"You're crazy. There's a thick fog!"

"Why, no sir. I make it clear!" said the astounded Keys.

"It's foggy, I tell you, and I'm going to start the whistle." He switched the whistle on and the fog warning—one six-second blow every minute—began to moan through the beautifully clear night. When Jamison's eyes grew accustomed to the light he saw what had happened. He had been staring into the white canvas weather strip. He switched off the fog whistle. But do you think he would let on that he had been fooled? Not Jamison! "Good night, Mr. Keys," he said as he turned to go below, his face as sober as a hatch cover. "Call me if it gets thick again."

"Keep me facing the window, barber. I'm foreman of that job across the street"

The King's English

It was Jamison who, in 1897 on the St. Paul, picked me out of the quartermasters and gave me my first stripe—that is, made me a fourth officer, my first commissioned rank. Then he was shifted to the St. Louis, the flagship; and the Spanish War came along. I was sent on special duty to the Friesland, a Belgian boat, to take Prince Albert—the present King of the Belgians—home from his visit to America. Albert, it seems, wanted practice in speaking English; the Friesland's officers spoke only Flemish and German. Every night he sat in my cabin and we conversed for hours, on every topic under the sun just so long as it could be spoken of in English. Later I was sent to join Jamison's staff on the St. Louis. I was never again apart from the old man so long as he remained in harness.

The years to the World War passed quickly. The fine old St. Louis held her own with the transatlantic greyhounds, and rose in popularity with travelers, while I was rising in rank under Jamison. I was his chief officer in the crowded summer of 1914, when we American mariners saw some strange sights as the war cloud broke over Europe and stranded all American tourists and travelers, millionaire and pauper alike, in its chaos.

Subs and Spies

Money availed nothing in the rush home; it was first come first served, and all American boats were carrying millionaires in the steerage on every trip.

Running the submarine zone told heavily on Captain Jamison, who was now in his seventies, and while we were in port in Liverpool in early 1917 he was stricken. A cable from the home office relieved him of command and passed it to me. There was talk of carrying the old man ashore to a hospital; whereupon he called me to his cabin and begged: "Don't let them move me. If I'm going to die I want to die on the old ship." I gave in to him and carried him home on my first trip as captain of a ship.

Germany had thrown down her reckless challenge to American merchant shipping; we must paint our ships red and white, like barber poles, and cleave to a course she would give us, or she'd send us to the bottom. The United States, in reply, had decided to arm its merchantmen.

The St. Louis was the first American merchantman to be armed, and as I took her down the harbor there was a din of whistle salutes. We knew full well from secret government advices that because we were America's answer to Germany's challenge the whole U-boat force in the North Atlantic was laying for us to teach us a lesson. When we reached longitude 20° North, the beginning of the so-called war zone in mid-Atlantic, I was amazed to see the Navy gun crew leap out upon deck and spring into action stations at the gun, the men stripped to their waists, the pointers bending low over their sights, with much heroic posturing and dramatic hullabaloo. "Now what the blazes is the matter?" my officer and I asked each other, scanning the seas for periscopes and expecting that a terrible battle must be imminent. But presently one of the pointers straightened up, gave his trousers a hitch, yawned, and exclaimed so that we could hear him on the bridge: "Aw, hell, here we've been twenty minutes in the war zone and not a damn' sub in sight yet."

Thought I to myself: "Young fellow, here I've been three and a half years in the sub zone, and I haven't seen a sub yet."

Each trip of the St. Louis now was packed with adventure and tension. Scares tripped upon each other's heels. There were spy scares. Twice broken glass was dumped into the oil used in our engines. The first time the bearings of our port engine were ruined; we discovered the second attempt in good time. One day a prospective passenger came racing to the gangplank in New York just as we were about to shove off. He carried a suitcase. The gangway officer decided to have a look into this; it contained six sticks of dynamite, enough to sink us. We were constantly getting advices from the government, or anonymous letters from "friends," that infernal machines had been set in such and such a hold, and would go off at such and such a time. So we were forever hauling mail sacks and cargo up on deck, putting our ears close to listen for ticking, expecting to be blown off the ocean at any moment.

Fortunes of War

One night, coming out of the Mersey, the weather was so dirty that I couldn't drop the pilot, Henry Parkinson, and was forced to carry him to New York. Approaching the pilot boat outside Liverpool on our return voyage, I megaphoned that we had Pilot Parkinson aboard, and he could take us in. Naturally, any ship could say that as a ruse, so the pilot boat cautiously came alongside while its crew called up: "Hello, is that you, Henry?" "Yes," said Henry. Satisfied, once they had heard their mate's voice, they told us to proceed. We weren't halfway up the Mersey when that pilot boat was blown to atoms and all hands except a cabin boy killed by a submarine that had chased the St. Louis up the Irish Sea and had almost caught her when we stopped to speak to the pilot boat.

Every trip there was something which proved that the good old St. Louis was a lady of luck as well as the "Queen of the Seas." Take that thick night when we came to the Bar Light Vessel off the Mersey and were ordered not to attempt to make port because it was too rough, but to zigzag about until dawn. I selected a triangular course twenty miles each leg off the lightship and kept moving. In the morning we entered the harbor and I presently learned from the Admiralty that the St. Louis had been plunging all night through a new mine field just laid by the Germans. The next ship along, the New York, was mined.

Thus it went on—close squeaks, stowaways, spies and storms. I could yarn forever about those passages, but I'll stow 'em and come alongside our next big adventure—the St. Louis' famous sea battle with one of the biggest U-boats.

At 7:05 in the morning of July 29, 1917, we were easting in a light breeze and smooth seas with the visibility good when from the bridge we sighted the submarine on our starboard quarter. She was on the surface, three miles off, with her crew issuing from the conning tower to man her two six-inch deck guns, and she quickly opened

(Continued on page 47)

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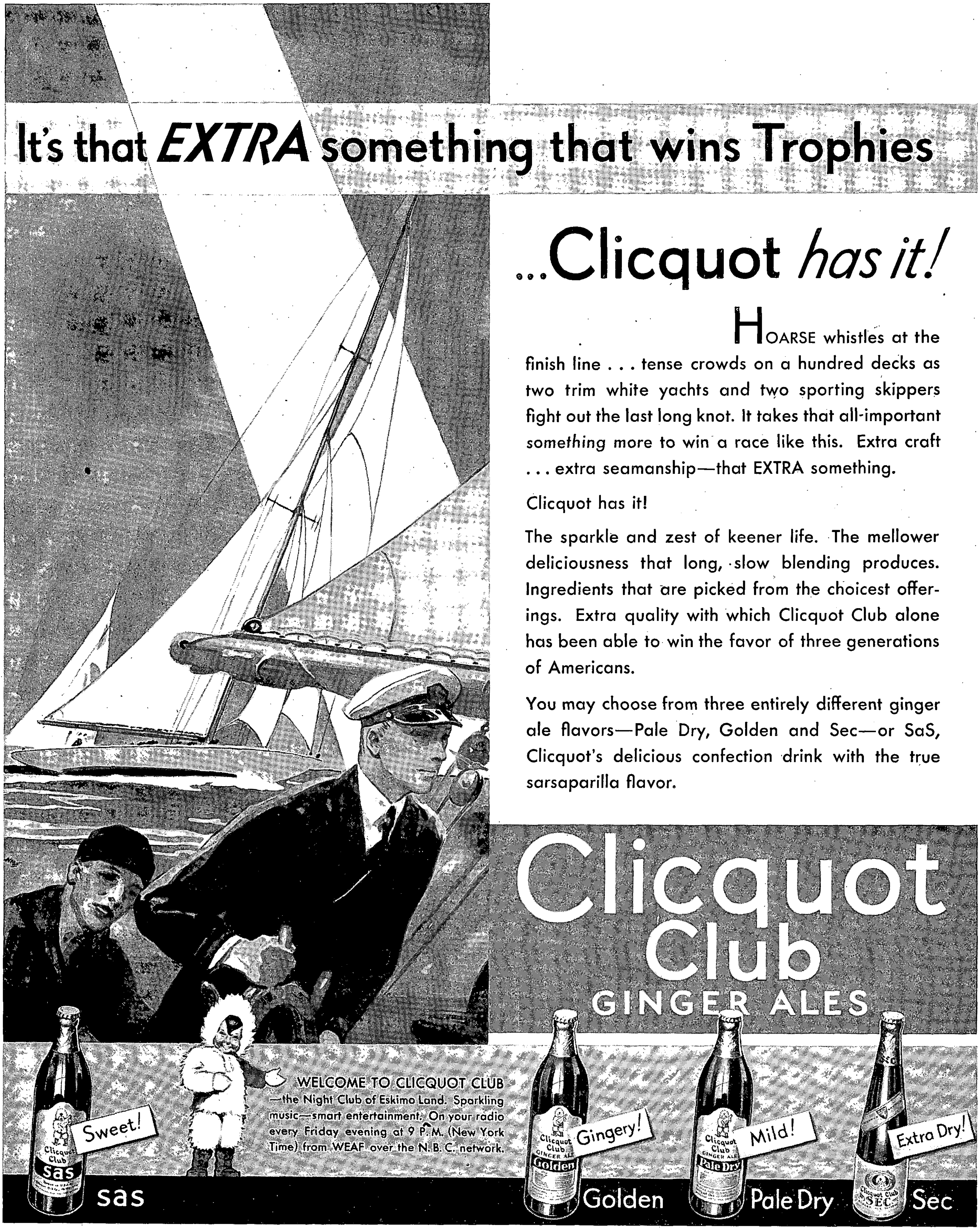

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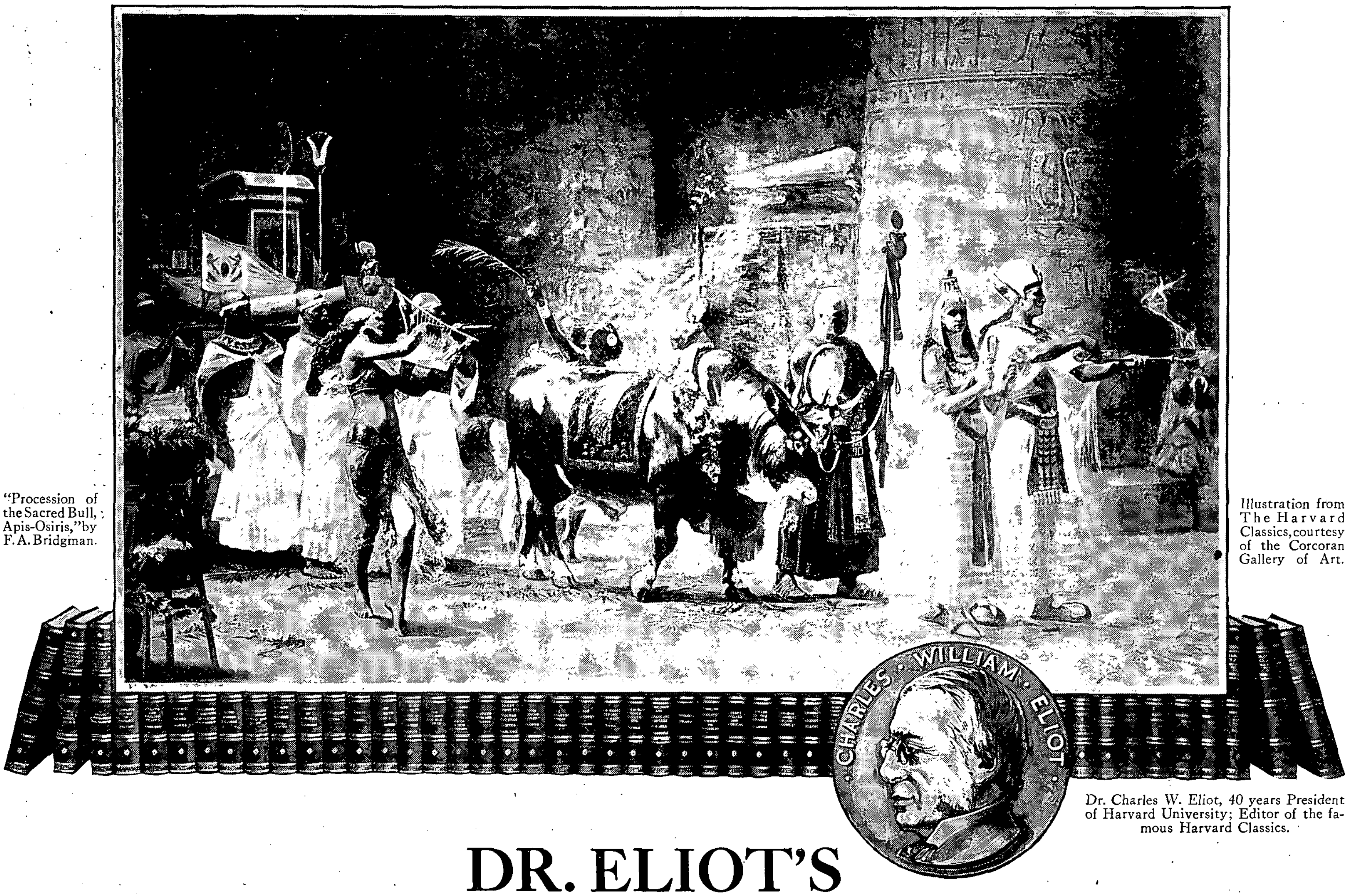

"Procession of the Sacred Bull, Apis-Osiris," by F. A. Bridgman.

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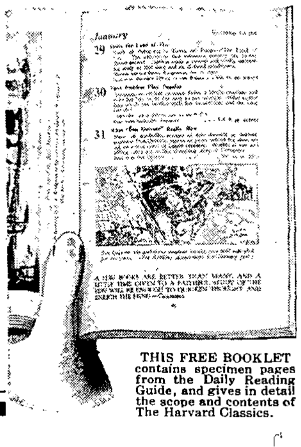

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Here Comes a Sailor

Continued from page 44

fire. I did not want to present a broadside target, although I could thus have brought all my guns to bear, so headed away from her; which made her a fair target for the stern gun. We blasted away at each other merrily, for forty-five minutes; the sub fired sixty shots and we fired forty-four, and neither of us hit a thing. After the war I met the commander of that U-boat at a dinner party in Germany and we had a good laugh when we decided that we were both poor marksmen.

Why Skippers Get Gray

When the United States entered the war we were taken over by the government and I became a lieutenant-commander in the Navy. The St. Louis was rechristened the U. S. S. Louisville, and had her pretty sides daubed with camouflage.

Few people know the theory of camouflage. It is very simple. It is to give the impression that a ship is moving in the opposite direction from the one in which it's actually moving.

There is always a mirage from water-surfaces—similar to heat waves you may see rising from railroad tracks if you get down on your knees and sight along the ground—and this aids the deception, creating optical illusions which the men at the periscope could never escape. However, the Germans were cute; they quickly made silhouette cards showing the camouflaging patterns and outlines of every ship on the seas. Therefore, we had to change our camouflage dress frequently. One neat trick helped the Leviathan escape trouble; her big sides gave the artist an opportunity to add a trick. Her pattern was always such that it showed the outlines of what was presumably a destroyer steaming alongside her; the Germans never got on to that.

Illusions are no rarity at sea; sometimes they take ten years from a watch officer's life. One night on the St. Louis I had just retired to my cabin when the second officer knocked. "It has begun to snow, sir." I hurried up to the bridge and the chief officer was just explaining to me that before the snow had begun to fall, three minutes ago, the visibility had been excellent, when the lookout aloft in the crow's nest and every one of us on the bridge yelled simultaneously: "Light dead ahead." I gave orders to port the helm; we swung off ten degrees, and the light was still dead ahead. Through my binoculars, in the driving snow, it seemed to be the stern light of a ship and I thought I caught the reflection of her deck lights on the water. If she had been coming on I would have seen her red and green running lights. So we swung off to starboard. Still the light was dead ahead. Then I knew it must be on our own ship. We discovered that it was a ball of St. Elmo's fire on top of the jack staff, the little steel flagstaff in the prow. Every mast, every stanchion, every davit, had its individual flame—similar to the flame of an old-fashioned gas cock; while the bird-cage antennæ of the wireless, swung between the masts, was an enormous dragon coasting against the sky.

Not every adventure the old St. Louis and I shared together had such an amiable explanation. There comes to mind the most harrowing night I ever lived through in thirty-five years at sea; and the worst storm I had ever seen. This was in the first winter of the war. The storm had been making up for several days, and on the night in question the wind reached an intensity and the waves a size beyond which I was sure they couldn't go and leave a living thing above the ocean.

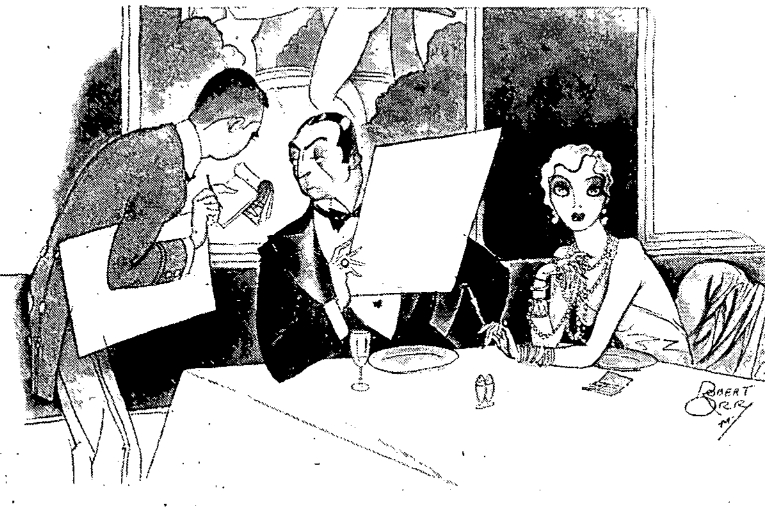
We could hear those giant waves, with the breakers on top, coming when they were five miles off and they raced around and under and over us at terrific speed, towering so high, when we lurched down into their troughs, that we had to strain our necks back to look up at their tops. The bridge of the Leviathan is ninety feet above the surface of the smooth ocean. Yet I have seen waves measuring from trough to head a hundred feet or more. And the seas that terrible night on the St. Louis were higher than any I have ever seen from the Leviathan.

It's no disgrace to heave to in a storm and ride her out, because you can break the biggest ship in half if you try to pound through. So I watched my chance and was about to give the word when the decision was taken from me. "The steering gear has broken down, sir," the quartermaster reported.

A Perilous Passage

I sent the chief officer and a gang to rig up the hand-power wheel on the aft deck. That would take at least half an hour. Meantime, we had no helm.

It takes eight men and an officer to man the hand-power wheel, the officer at a phone taking directions from the bridge. Just when we got this worked out and I was keeping her under enough headway so that I could control the manner in which she took the seas, an officer raced to the bridge.



"... caviar de Beluga au blinis, tortue verte au Madère, sole Anglaise au plat, dindonneau Poêle aux marrons, salade à la Hoohoo—and say, tell that mug at the next table to keep his lamps offa my moll, see"

"Captain, the racks on the gun deck aft have washed overboard and the shells are loose on deck." Twenty-four high-explosive shells, each with a war cap in its nose which would explode *upon contact,* were *rolling* wildly around that sea-swept deck. If one happened to go overboard and strike either of the propellers when these threshed out of water at each head-down plunge of the ship into the troughs, the whole aft half of the St. Louis would be blown off and nothing could save a soul aboard. The gun crews were tumbled out to chase the shells; twenty-three were captured, gingerly carried to the crew's quarters and each placed in the center of a bunk where it was tenderly guarded by its captor until next day. The twenty-*fourth* eluded the whole crew and went overboard, missing a propeller by inches.

Ships That Pass in the Night

While this excitement was at its height my radio officer came running: "Captain, we're getting an S O S from a ship one hundred miles away." There was nothing we could do except listen to her appeals, her descriptions of her gradual breaking up, and the final message which showed the approach of her tragic end. "The hatches are broken. We're filling and going down by the head." There were other ships nearer to her than we were, but that night it was every man for himself on the North Atlantic. She went down with all hands.

We had little enough time to spare on thoughts of those poor devils. The last runaway shell had not been captured when there was a call from the engineer: "Captain, the ship is on fire."

We couldn't tell how bad it was because smoke had driven the men from one stokeroom. The watch donned smoke helmets and went in; they located the fire, doused it, and we made port safely.

These adventures, and many another, were what the old St. Louis and I talked over that night years after the war when I stood beside her while she burned at her dock in Hoboken.

My own days with the American Line were coming to an end. When the shipping board commissioned the Leviathan I was selected for her command, and when I put to sea for her trial run a small, sturdy old shipmate stood beside me on the bridge. It was Captain Jamison and the granting to him of the freedom of the greatest ship that ever carried the Stars and Stripes was the one favor I ever asked of my government.

"Hartley," he said, when we were alone and no one near to hear, "to see you in command of this ship is the proudest day of my life." And we both fell silent—oblivious of everything; of the crowds and the cheering, of the whistle salutes and the officials that crowded our decks—while we thought of our days together on that other beautiful ship which was now but a ghost racing o' nights along the transatlantic lanes, shipping no seas, leaving no wake and never making landfall.

The second article of this series will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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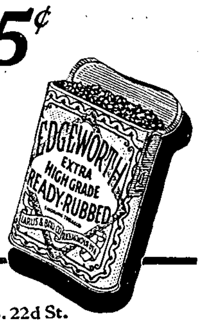

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H-71

In a Hole

Continued from page 21

In the morning the caved-in borings were uncovered, and the place where the floodlights had been cut off was found. Connection was made between the cutting off of the burglar alarms in the vaults and the tunneling, and by afternoon of the first day the whole world knew that the rumor of a run on the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company had been deliberately started to insure the presence in the vaults of a large sum of money.

It was not until twenty-four hours later, upon his release from jail, that Willis Perkins learned of the affair. Then he went back to his home to think.

MEANWHILE the police were frantically working on the case with the information, or rather the lack of information, at their disposal. Political pressure was brought to bear, since election time was near, and particularly since this was the fourth large robbery which had taken place in New York City in the past two years. It was easy for them to learn what had been done. Almost the entire force which had been hired by the contractor to do his rock and steel work had either belonged to the gang or had been bought by the gang.

Various other clues were presented in due time. The borings that led into the bank had been ingeniously hidden so that any chance inspection would not reveal them. There was no evidence of collusion with superiors but only of an extreme foresight and cleverness. Three of the four vehicles which had left the scene at the time of the last and largest explosion had been discovered and two of them proved to be stolen cars. Some hours after the explosion a plane had landed at a Newark field. Two men carrying large suitcases had stepped into it, taken off and disappeared. Since one of the stolen cars had been recovered in Newark it was thought that the thieves possibly made their get-away by airplane, after opening the stolen inner strong-box and removing the contents.

Precautions against dissemination of the money were taken internationally. In every police headquarters in the world the numbers of the bills of large denomination were made known. Thousands of gunmen and yeggs everywhere were apprehended and questioned. Detectives visited innumerable dives and offered quietly a variety of bribes and trades to the criminal world if it would only divulge a single piece of information, but the regular criminal world did not seem to have this information.

Even Willis Perkins—he sometimes thought of himself as "The Great Perkins"—was unable to evolve a theory. He might have admitted defeat—for did not even Sherlock Holmes have his little volume of cases unconcluded?—had it not been for his accidental meeting with a former friend.

For twelve of his twenty banking years Perkins had occupied a desk side by side with Milo DeMar. The meeting point of the two men had been figures, and only the most conventional friendship had existed between them. DeMar had used his funds to support a large family, while Perkins had saved his for his future as a detective. DeMar had been moved to considerable awe when Perkins resigned from the bank, and it was DeMar whom Perkins met while he was making his regular monthly withdrawal from his account, which he kept at the place where once he had been an employee. DeMar wore an old felt hat and a somewhat shabby coat over a shiny suit, and DeMar was on his way to lunch. He saw Perkins in line at the window and he greeted him warmly.

"How are tricks, old man?"

Perkins started and recognized his one-time colaborer. "Oh, hello, DeMar," he said. "Fine, fine."

"Why not come and have lunch with me?"

Perkins considered. He looked critically at his watch and then sharply at DeMar. "Can we get through in thirty minutes?" He wished he had said twenty-eight minutes. It would have sounded more effective.

"Sure."

DeMar waited until Perkins' turn at the window had come. Then, together, they went to a cafeteria. They took an inconspicuous table in a corner of the room and began to eat. Perkins ate in a preoccupied manner and he was pleased to notice that DeMar was watching him curiously. Finally DeMar spoke.

"What do you do with yourself these days, old man?"

That was the question for which Perkins had waited. "My work is of a rather private nature," he said.

DeMar's eyebrows lifted. "Well, what do you do, anyway? We miss you downtown."

Perkins felt that the iron was sufficiently hot. "DeMar," he whispered, "I am a detective."

"No!" DeMar said. "No!"

Perkins nodded silently and rested his hand on DeMar's arm. "At the moment—and this is in strict confidence—I am making a separate and personal investigation of the robbery of the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company."

Only then did Perkins notice that De Mar's prodigious emotion was not occasioned by amazement. A singular color had come into DeMar's face. His little eyes were almost shut. His fork had been dropped on the table. He exploded. He roared with laughter. "Oh, that's the funniest thing I ever heard in my life. Wait till I tell the old gang; it'll paralyze them."

He paid his check and staggered from the cafeteria, leaving Perkins rooted to the spot. His heart had turned to ice, his feet were unable to move, and two actual tears flooded the rims of his eyes.

BACK in his room, he sadly surveyed the two chambers which he had prepared as the background for his world-shaking career. There were his books—shelves that reached to the ceiling—and there in the other room, his microscope and his test tubes, his beakers and his retorts. A sort of frenzy gripped him. "If I could only have been on the spot that night," he said to himself. "If I could only have gone through the tunnel on my hands and knees, if I only had some clue. A squashed stub of a cigarette, or even its ash. A hairpin at this time would be worth a fortune."

He threw himself listlessly into an armchair. On the table beside the armchair was a meerschaum pipe, and on a hook within easy reach was a fore-and-after tweed cap. On the table was a humidor filled with shag tobacco. Even these props of greatness were no use to him in his time of travail.

For half an hour Perkins did not move. He was thinking. Then slowly and painfully he spread out his collections of newspaper clippings; beside them he set the notes on his investigations. For the thousandth time he began a course of reasoning, and he talked aloud.

"We deduce," he mumbled, "the theft of three million four hundred thousand dollars, by an organized gang. Now—" and at that point Perkins was illuminated by divine fire. "Now, since this sum of money was so intelligently attracted to the vaults, and since the vaults were so ingeniously rifled, may we not also deduce that the eventual concealment and disposition of the money would be conducted on the same intellectual plane?" At this point Perkins stopped. It was a step in logic which he had not hitherto taken, a step in logic which the police would doubtless overlook. Whoever had stolen the money would certainly cover their tracks and conceal the money as ingeniously as they had taken it. Once more Perkins spoke aloud to himself:

"Would it be as clever to sling that inner vault into a waiting truck as it had been to mine beneath the building? It would not. An automobile might be wrecked. It might be arrested for speeding. Anything might happen to it." Perkins' brain, driven by desolation, worked with redoubled energy. They had actually arrested the driver of one of the vehicles and a veritable inquisition had adduced no information except that the driver had been hired to wait near the bank until a certain instant and then to flee precipitately toward Albany. Suppose the driver's story was true. It would mean that the escaping automobile had been merely a blind. Three other automobiles had escaped. Suppose they, too, had been blinds. An airplane had left Newark field with mysterious passengers some time after the robbery. Suppose that also had been a blind.

PERKINS was pale as death. He rose and strode back and forth across his room. "Ruses," he murmured. "Blinds," he shouted. "Eureka," he said, and finally, "Hot ziggity!"

Another fact had pressed upon his intelligence. Immediately after the explosion the lights which flooded the excavation had been cut off. What did that mean? It meant that the bank's inner vault was disposed of in the darkness that followed. It was not sent away in the fleeing trucks. It was moved somewhere in the small area of that darkness during its short duration. "Where?" Perkins spoke the word aloud while he stared at the chandelier. "Where?" He pulled the end of his nose. He took the meerschaum pipe. He filled it with shag. He paced the room. "Where?" He sank his chin upon his chest. "Where?" He gripped the bowl of his pipe in his fist. Not across the street, for the street was lighted. Not over the back of the excavation, for it was cut off by a brick building. "Where?" To one side. And how? The inner vault was enormously heavy. It could not have been handled like a trunk. Cranes! Donkey engines! Windows! If—and Perkins was staggered by the thought—if the prize had not been sent away in the rapidly departing automobiles, it surely must have disappeared through one of the windows of the tall building on the side of the excavation opposite the bank.

Ten minutes later Perkins was on his way to the scene of the crime. With a little judicious questioning he elicited the fact that a short while before the excavation had started, a new firm had rented the offices on the third floor of that building.

One of the facts most frequently alluded to by the newspapers was that the small inner vault containing the money was exceedingly heavy and to move it in a few moments was no mean undertaking, but Perkins saw how it could have been accomplished—how it had been accomplished. The great blast, then darkness, then the slow, downward reaching of one of the powerful steam shovels.

He concluded his investigations and once more went to the local police station. He would speak only to the captain, and his very persistence at last gained him an interview.

"I suppose," the captain said, "you want to tell me that they're going to bomb Grand Central Station."

Perkins shook his head. "No. It's about that bank robbery."

"Listen—" the captain began savagely, for the bank robbery was the sorest point in his life.

IT WAS Perkins who interrupted him. It was Perkins now who was master of the situation, Perkins, who with a quiet indomitability compelled the other's attention. "It'll just take a minute," he said. "Please don't interrupt me. I'll sketch at first a few details of the robbery." He proceeded to do so. Then to the increasingly irritated captain he said, "I presume you have never read a story entitled The Purloined Letter."

"Get to your point," the captain said.

"In The Purloined Letter," Perkins continued pleasantly, "a valuable document is hidden by being put in the regular letter box with many other letters. Detectives search the house, probe pillows and so on without finding it, because, so to speak, it was before their very eyes. I think"—and Perkins made his conclusion very dramatically—"that you will find the same condition applies to some three million four hundred thousand dollars for which you have been ardently searching."

The captain spoke quickly. "Is that all you have to say? If it is, get out of here, and the next time you show up I'm going to send you over to the Island as a public nuisance."

Perkins explained the rest of his theory; that the automobiles and trucks were merely to put the police on the wrong scent, and that if the loot was not in the automobiles, and since it weighed so much, it could not have been disposed of very easily, and certainly could not have been moved even from the excavation unless it had been moved in the first few moments after the big vault had been entered. Hence it must be concealed somewhere in the same block as the excavation. Perkins then demonstrated that the windows opposite the bank could easily be reached by the steam shovels, and that the steel cargo in question would be nothing to those powerful arms.

When he finished, the captain tapped his desk with his pencil for a long time and then he leaned forward. "Listen, guy," he said. "That's the craziest thing I ever heard in my life, but it makes sense. If you're right, well—" He rapped on his desk.

The recovery of the entire sum stolen from the Manhattan Commercial Bank and Trust Company is a matter of record, and of somewhat dramatic record, for, when the police investigated the six-months-old offices of the firm of North & Griggson, which overlooked the Seward excavation, they were met with a hostile reception. Two policemen were wounded and it was necessary to toss tear-gas bombs through the transom to subdue the defenders of the bank's funds.

It was midnight when, flushed and triumphant, the police captain knocked on the door of Willis Perkins' apartment.

Perkins had expected the call. He was smoking his meerschaum and wearing his fore-and-after cap. He looked up from a thick tome, the title of which was Criminology. He recognized the police captain and said, "Ah."

The captain was voluble. "I have been expecting you to come into the station all afternoon," he said. "Listen, guy. This is just about the greatest thing that ever happened to you. I haven't told the Commissioner who tipped me off yet, but I'm going down to see him tonight, and I want you to come with me. I suppose you know that there's a reward on this thing big enough to set you up for the rest of your life? Get your hat and coat and come on."

Perkins shook his head. "Thanks," he said, "but you'll excuse me, Captain O'Hara."

"Huh?"

Perkins stretched and yawned in a slightly bored manner. His moment had arrived, and from a thousand mystery novels he had learned how to wait. "The fanfare, the publicity, of such a thing is scarcely in my province. I'm a private investigator, and I prefer to remain in the shadow." Now Perkins frowned. "I can conduct my operations more easily if I'm relatively unknown. I hope and trust that you will not mention my name publicly."

The police captain was flabbergasted. "But what'll I tell them, then?"

Perkins' smile was austere. "My dear O'Hara, the simple chain of deduction which led to the location of that money was for me a most elementary process. Elementary, my dear O'Hara, elementary. Even you, under certain conditions, would be capable of it. You're young, life stretches before you. I insist that you assume the authorship of the discovery."

"You mean—" O'Hara said stumblingly.

"Tell the public you did it. Give the police credit. Of course I'd appreciate the mention of my name privately to the Commissioner inasmuch as I am very anxious to obtain a slight favor from him."

"Favor?" repeated the startled O'Hara. "He'll give you the City Hall for a skating rink tonight if you ask him for it."

Perkins shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't skate. But I would very much appreciate a police card which would allow me to pass unhindered through fire lines and the like."

It was a blow that staggered O'Hara. But some Irish intuition told him that he had come upon a rare and magnificent character. With a flourish he unpinned his gold badge and placed it on Perkins' lapel.

"If that's what you want," he said, "I'll see that you get it from the Commissioner; and the reward too."

O'Hara rose.

"One other thing," Perkins said, as an afterthought. "I'd appreciate it if the Commissioner would write a letter for me."

"A letter?" O'Hara said.

"Yes. A brief note to the effect that my services had not been without value to the department. A personal letter, you understand, to a man named DeMar, a friend of mine." Perkins rubbed his hands together. "A rather skeptical friend, I regret to say."

IT IS not a matter of public record, but it is a fact, that the check for the reward was given to Timothy O'Hara, that he promptly endorsed it and mailed it to Willis Perkins, that Willis Perkins returned it, that finally they divided it in equal parts, after many hours of harangue and argument, and that, at present, one Timothy O'Hara, now an Inspector in the New York police force and one Willis Perkins, Private Investigator, regard each other with an almost infinite mutual esteem—as two gentlemen of such high caliber should.

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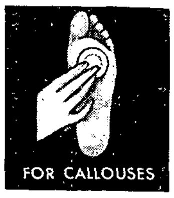

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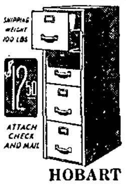

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The Drought and other Blessings

Continued from page 11

He drove off, grumbling that he was a white man who didn't aim to be beholden.

The work of relief went along smoothly in spite of the persistency with which the sometimes suspicious and almost always perplexed natives involved themselves in mental snarls.

By the time the government money arrived—the drought loans—the farmers were more or less accustomed to being rescued; but the Red Cross, a pioneer in the relief of Arkansas, was the first to learn that nothing short of actual starvation would break down the reserve and the pride of the white farmers.

The Children First

For example Ed Newman and his wife Lizzie, who came into Pine Bluff with their six children, the oldest eleven years. Ed drowsed on the seat of the wagon while the Red Cross asked him his name and troubles. He merely nodded his head toward the body of the wagon—he had lost interest. But Lizzie still had the strength to call the children, who were huddled together for warmth, two potato bags covering their bare feet.

"None for us," shrilled Lizzie defiantly. "We don't aim to take nothin'. Feed *them*."

"It's easy enough to feed all of you," explained the Red Cross. "Don't be foolish, please. If I were to come to your house—wandering—you'd feed me."

"After them," she persisted sullenly, rolling her yellowed eyes at the drowsy children. "Give it to them. They ain't done nothin'."

"But what have you done?"

"We sinned. We air sinners."

"What did you do?"

"Just natural sinners," said Lizzie. "The preacher told us. Thet's why it come. Thet's why we air burnt like hell. But *they* didn't do nothin'."

Wheat flour was unknown to many of the Negro share-croppers, who took it with vast misgiving. It didn't take holt. It didn't have no power. There wasn't no feelin' to it. A little spilled into the hand and lapped up gingerly failed to satisfy. Also it was not satisfactory when mixed with flat river water and flapped into ashes to bake. White folks' food. No wonder white folks weren't what they used to be.

For the most part the greatest need was located in the cotton country—generally speaking, the southeast part of the state. Here, from Little Rock down into the delta lands, fed to soft fatness by the White, the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers, there was but one crop—cotton. Here cotton insists on making you rich in normal times because it can be produced for as little as six or eight cents a pound. And in this section the share cropper is predominantly Negro. His reaction to trouble was swift and simple, like a child's. He just quit where he stood and ambled into the nearest town, frequently leaving his family to stay or follow at its pleasure and as best it could. The great problem with him was how to get at least one meal. The next one would come perhaps by some similar miracle.

A black cropper, hearing that food could be had free at Star City "fum them Cross folks," got into the pride of his life—a flivver bought third-hand—and chunked to the Red Cross headquarters where, with many flourishes of the hat and scrapings of the foot, he unloaded his tale of woe upon a woman who had served earnestly and tirelessly in the succoring of Belgium when Herbert Hoover was making his name celebrated as a food administrator.

"Mr. Hoover may be the President of the United States," said she to the cadaverous black boy, "but he is head of the Red Cross, too."

"Yass'm," agreed the applicant. "Sho is."

"We are very glad to help you in every way we can," she went on. "We are always ready to help. We can all be thankful to Mr. Hoover."

"Yass ma'am," said the black boy, as enthusiastically as possible. "Sho' can. Yass'm."

And in reasonable time, rations were deposited in the aged car, the owner agreeing with mounting fervor with every word uttered by the lady. But within a quarter hour after the Negro had departed he reappeared on foot. He had just one more small favor to ask. Would the lady be so kind as to run in and ask Mr. Hoover whether he would lend him a couple of gallons of gasoline?

"Is he out of gas, lady," said the black boy politely, "please, ma'am, tell him ne' mind. Case he is, please could I have a pail or something to tote whut you give me home? You kin have the car, thank yuh, ma'am. I is thu with foolishness."

Suspicion, apathy or whatever it is, never quite disappeared, but after the first hunger pangs had been satisfied, the cotton croppers took on a much brighter view of things in general. The great majority of them were so used to getting along without a surplus that the offer of extra provisions was not exciting at all.

A Straight Business Deal

In one village the Red Cross stores were still large in spite of the daily drafts therefrom. In the barn used for a storehouse there remained several hundred bags of flour. The word went out that it would be given away to all applying. Leisurely the farmers appeared in flivvers and carts. They were told to enter the barn, help themselves and keep moving. But only two or three of them followed instructions. The others remained where they were, waiting for somebody to do something.

"Well," yelled one of the croppers, "I'm yere. Where's the man with the flour?"

"Go in and get it yourself," they told him. "Help yourself."

"No, sir. I ain't goin' in no man's barn and take nothin'. Not me. I never took nothin' nobody never gave me and I don't aim to start now."

And they moped off home without the flour.

When the drought relief funds were available the farmers had got used to the idea of outside help. At least there was little of the suspicious reserve that the early Red Cross workers saw. Here was a straight business deal; you borrowed so much, signing a paper. You were beholden to no stranger. You weren't takin' no man's vittles and throwin' down your independence. Besides, it was something a man could understand. It was exactly like going to the bank (before the banks shut down) and pledging your crop against current expenses. The banks hadn't failed because the drought had killed crops. There had been other droughts and other hard times when the crops had fallen short of their expectations. And the banks had always survived. The farmer had no banks on his conscience. Banks had committed suicide by subscribing to wildcat financial schemes—and as usual it was the simple farmer who suffered.

Now here came money from the big bank—the government. The natives understood this. In steady parades they came with papers on which they had figured it out in their own way (and as usual uncannily correctly) just how much money they would need to see them through until the next crop. For the most part they sought fifty dollars, seventy-five dollars, a hundred and twenty-five dollars. No farmer could get more than $3,000 and only the large landowners—the plantation proprietors who leased their acres out to croppers—fooled with such staggering figures.

In this, too, the north-country man and the Ozark farmer—the hill-billy whose quiet independence seems impregnable—participated. Up in the Ozarks the Red Cross had no problem at all. The hill-billy is no one-crop man. He has been on his own so long that self-preservation is instinctive. He has his cow, his hog, his vegetable garden. He always has had. He feeds himself and he'll feed you. All that he asks from the stranger is that the stranger abstain from interfering in hill-billy affairs.

The Hill-Billy's Creed

"We ain't interferin' and don't look to be interfered with," said one of them to me. "You're welcome for as long as you like. Nobody's starvin' up yere and nobody's goin' to."

"Or die of thirst either," I suggested.

"No, sir. If you want a drink of whisky it ain't no trouble to git it. We never have no trouble."

"They haven't tried to stop you making corn, then?"

"Oh, some of the agents come up a few years ago and told us there wa'n't to be no more corn whisky stilled up here. But shucks, one of the boys give him a good answer."

"What was it?"

"Oh, nothin' much. One of the boys just said to him: 'Well, mister, who says so?' and he went back to the city. We're all right up here. We ain't askin' nobody for nothin' for nothin'. If you go to the bank you ain't gettin' nothin' for nothin'. You got to pay interest. The mountains here got right dry and with the bank closed it looked like we were goin' short of rations but the government took the bank's place and I borrowed eight-five dollars and I ain't askin' nobody for nothin'. How many eggs kin you eat at a sittin'?"

"Not many," I said. "Why?"

"Nothin' except I got them for you anytime you feel hungry. Set down."

Of course there was some speculation regarding the terms the big bank—the government—would exact. The borrowers know by experience that the local bank held you down to the ultimate penny; that the local banker knew as much about you and your crops as you did. Sometimes more. Mr. John Littlefield of Ashley told me that it was absolutely dispiriting the way the banks knew a man.

"Mister," said he, "I sat up a week figurin' and after while I figured I ought to borrow three hundred dollars. I had it all down there on paper for the man to read. But he didn't even look on the paper. He said to me cotton was going to sell at fourteen cents and that I couldn't have no more than a hundred dollars, which was takin' something off in case of him bein' wrong, and, Mister, I want to tell you that cotton sold for fourteen cents and all I had to do business with was two bales. The way I see it, if this man would shut up tellin' me how much I was goin' to have I would have more'n that. But it seems I can't get what he says out of my mind and it always amounts to what he says."

But the big bank happened to be pretty hard-boiled. The farmer might do his best to dissemble and show to better advantage as a borrower but it did him no good. He was told how much he needed and that sum was all he got. To his utter amazement the big-bank people knew as much about him as the local bankers. Therefore it was pretty generally agreed that the government was smarter than you'd think.

"Smart?" said Mr. Joe Bob Stone. "Well, some of the boys thought so because the government men come down all the way from Washington where you would think they never did nothin' but keep an eye on what goes on in Arkansas. But after a while the boys found out that all the government did was git the facts from our own home folks, most of which do not have anything to do but find out all about what his neighbor is doin'."

The Farmer Gets Relief

This drought relief money (more accurately, the agricultural rehabilitation fund) is lent for the purchase of feed, seed, fertilizer and farm equipment. The process of borrowing is simple: The farmer lists his wants and estimates the cost; the government checks his estimate, seeking not so much to reduce his figures as to guide him in spending. He is urged, for example, to buy a variety of seed that his crops may be diversified. He is instructed how much fertilizer to purchase for crops he is not wholly familiar with. He is not given the money in one wad, but rather in small regular payments.

For this latter precaution there are several reasons, the principal ones of which are to protect him against a possible personal urge to plunge the entire sum in one direction and to defend him against high-pressure salesmen who were speeding hither and yon, intent upon selling him something he didn't need.

All he had to do to get his money was to sign a promise to repay it after he had harvested next fall's crops. Still fearful, some of the farmers and croppers wanted to know what would happen to them if something happened to kill this year's crops. They were bidden not to worry about that—that the government would hardly seize their lands or cast them into a debtor's cell. They were told to go home, plant, cultivate and cheer up. It was a brand-new experience for Arkansas.

The effect of such treatment was sometimes startling. Within two months some of the borrowers began to pay off their loans. More than a few are already out of the government's debt. This particularly in the southwestern part of the state, where enormous crops of radishes and onions are harvested and where strawberries grow by the ton.

These funds are extended to the small farmer only. The loans available are not large enough to interest the owners of large tracts—tracts subdivided into limited acres worked by the tenant farmers. The owners of thousand- and five-thousand-acre plantations borrowed through local Agricultural Credit Associations from the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks. Sixty-five of these associations were functioning and each is permitted by law to discount with the Credit Banks paper to the amount of six times their capital stock. But this is beside our immediate point.

Thus the rescue of Arkansas. Thus nearly $10,000,000 was added to the $3,000,000 that the Red Cross had doled out. And all of it completely Arkansas' because the Red Cross bought their supplies from Arkansas merchants. The $5,000,000 which would come to the veterans of the war was yet to appear. And until that appeared there was very little opportunity for the aspiring city slicker who, scenting rich rewards for high-pressure selling, was abroad with all sorts of snares for the simple-minded.

But they fared poorly, even after the former service men began to get their money. The farmer had seen too much misery to be suddenly light-hearted. There was much talk to be heard that the depression was not yet ended. One heard everywhere that the wise man would prepare for another winter, about which he could not possibly be sure. Which is why, traveling through the cotton lands, you see cabin after cabin flanked on both sides and brightened in the rear with truck gardens. For the first time in their lives hundreds of share croppers learned that they couldn't eat cotton.

Maybe nothing will come of it, but Arkansas has learned that she is a state worth exploitation by herself. There is very little you can't produce in Arkansas; there are very few things her rich lowlands and lovely hills don't contain. But heretofore her trouble has centered in her willingness to boast of her diamond mines in Pike, her glorious apple orchards in the hills, her unequaled peach orchards in Highland, her great rice swamps and melon patches and her vast timber tracts, and leave most of the development of these riches to outsiders. Normally Arkansas produces $250,000,000 a year in farm products. But she can be broke and even hungry when the last crop is harvested. Arkansas is beginning to understand that this is silly. And a very good thing it is for Arkansas.

That she should need outside help becomes more and more amazing as you discover why she should be one of the wealthiest of states. For example, of the one hundred and three minerals known to American geologists, Arkansas produces all but one—borax. She gives us forty-three per cent of the bauxite mined in America. Aluminum is made from bauxite. The Andrew Mellon interests own those mines. Thirty-five million barrels of oil were taken from the El Dorado, Smackover, Rainbow and Stephens fields last year—by outsiders who heard about oil from Arkansans who took it out in boasting.

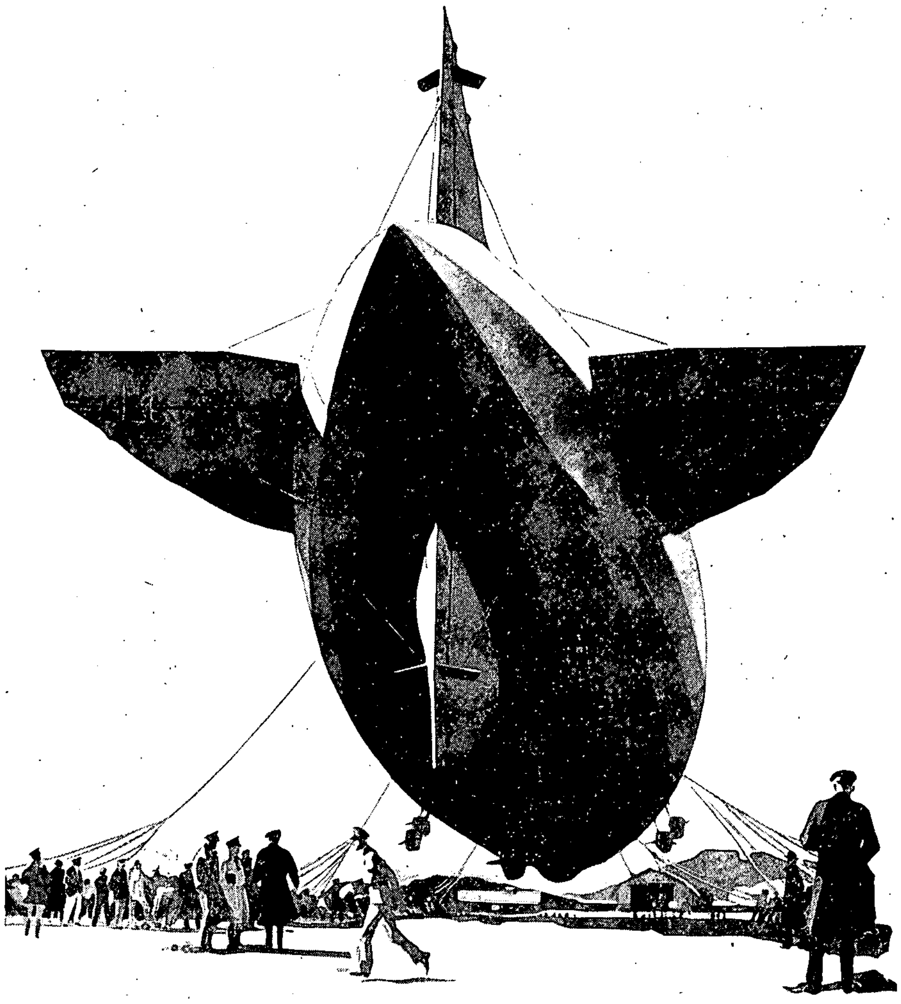
"Talking Rich"

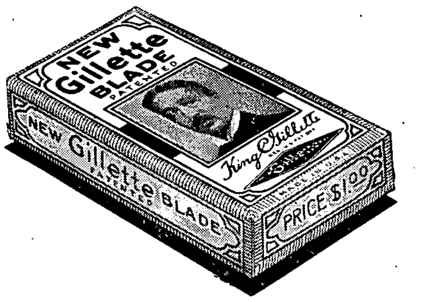
"It's queer," I said to Mr. Joe Bob Stone, "that there should be so much drought suffering in a state as rich in possibilities as Arkansas."

"Maybe to you," said Mr. Stone. "But we all know all about it. We been knowin' it for years. My father spent most of his time talkin' about it. He learnt about it from his father who probably learnt it from some damn' Yankee who got rich doin' somethin' about it. Yessir, Mister, the more you travel around Arkansas the more you will find we certainly kin talk—rich."

"I heard something like that before," I said. "Down in Little Rock I listened to a man saying that if the state boosters cut their speeches in half and devoted the time saved to work, the state would be wealthy."

"Yessir," sighed Mr. Stone. "I expect that man's been makin' that same speech for twenty years now and it gets longer all the time because there's always somebody from the North and East discoverin' something new about Arkansas and he begins addin' that to his general braggin'."





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Continued from page 26

disciple of Brillat-Savarin—they instruct you in what, where and when to eat and drink.

The elimination, through a large fund specially appropriated, of all grade-crossings, and the education of still backward minor hostelries in matters of hygiene and comfort are in process.

Also that nuisance, the *taxe de séjour*, indirect payment for being a temporary resident. Since its first imposition in 1926, it has been curtailed until now only certain cities may levy it, and it runs from a minimum of twenty centimes up to no more than three francs at de luxe hotels.

France Sets the Pace

France realizes that a pleased tourist is prosperity insurance. In 1930, nearly 2,000,000 tourists visited France; this year at least 4,000,000 are expected. During the Chamber of Deputies' debate on the budget, last March, every other department had trouble getting its desired appropriation—but not the Department of Tourism.

Other governments are just as much in the game, all trying to "sell" their countries to the tourist.

In Germany it is the Transport Ministry on the one side, the waterway companies, spas, hotels and shops on the other. If there is anything to beat the *Reichsbahnzentrale für den Deutschen Reiseverkehr*, and the combined business interests working with it, in the way of efficiency, then that something has yet to raise its blossom above the other buds in the European garden. The Teutons are following the French.

Italy as well. Her *Ente Nazionale Industrie Turistiche*, not to mention her National Automobile Club, has lately been lashed to Signor Mussolini's Ministry of the Interior, and Fascism has brought into line every possible profiteer by the simple method of forbidding a profiter to be a profiteer. In fact, at a cabinet meeting on April 15th, the Duce himself proposed the creation of an actual ministry of tourism.

Great Britain is less official and more American. She depends upon her business men's efforts unsupported by government.

Switzerland's Federal Railways, with offices everywhere, are equaling their propaganda abroad by the coöperation they are effecting with every industry at home.

So, just as Europe's governments have waged a tariff war ever since 1919, they are now waging among themselves a tourist war. Perhaps competition will prove to be the life of their trade. Certainly it is meanwhile providing a grand time for the tourists.

Fresh Paint

Continued from page 24

note in a progression of three, says this authority, the walls being lighter and the ceiling lighter still. While dark floors, in so far as the wood is concerned, undoubtedly make for good display in the case of the average rug, the rest of the rule may be quietly thrown out the window.

One of the smartest rooms in London has an apple-green painted floor, a white dado, upper walls of black and a white ceiling. A silver room in New York has a brown ceiling, from which hangs a crystal chandelier—and a brown floor covered by an old needlepoint rug in black, beige and tomato red.

Dark colors seem to increase ceiling height enormously—like a house with the roof off and the night sky far above. But whether we go in for such novelties or not, we would do well to think twice before we decide automatically that our ceilings must be white. Pale yellow seems much better in a blue-green room, pale pink is lovely with chocolate-brown, while the ceiling that seems white at first glance in a dark blue room may turn out to be pale blue.

Most of this article concerns things that only a painter can do—though he can and will do them much better if the person who hires him is well informed, keen on the job, generous with the refreshments and enthusiastic over good results. But some of us amateurs just love to splash color ourselves. Whole rooms, as a rule, are beyond us, though we have been known to tackle such small items as kitchens and bathrooms, where work a little less than perfect isn't shown up in competition with expensive accessories.

But furniture is our meat. Quite likely we begin with the wicker sort that goes on the porch, using "four-hour enamels" or brushing lacquers that dry almost as fast as we put them on. Some enthusiasts run into needless discouragement because they try to use two or three colors under the mistaken idea that a combination is smarter than a single tone, whereas in reality it is much better to have the contrast in figured upholstery, or, better still, in a single lovely shade in one of the new washable or waterproof fabrics.

Inside the house, the amateur painter has to be more careful. While she can let herself go on kitchen pieces, she should remember that the day of vivid furniture elsewhere is dead and gone. But there is still plenty of smart, painted furniture to be had and to be done.

Take some of the heavier Victorian pieces that look lumpy in dark wood; give them a coat of white and gold and they're lovely. But don't imagine, please, that this is an easy job. You might begin more easily, perhaps, with something as simple as a maple mirror of good lines, giving it a black top to make it pass for Biedermeier.

Brains Instead of Money

Such work begins, in all likelihood, just as a woman's inspirations do when she makes over clothes. An expensive model—a shadowy remembrance that you have or something that bears a distinct resemblance to it—a lightning comparison of the two in your mind's eye, photographing the detail that gives the expensive twin its distinction . . . you're off again on the most exciting thing that most of us who aren't real creators can do. You're using brains instead of the other woman's mere money. And you're pitting yourself against a problem that results not only in a tangible bit of beauty, but a sense of accomplishment that means as much if not more.

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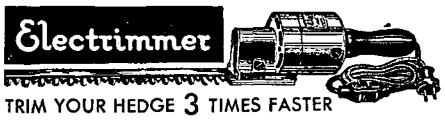

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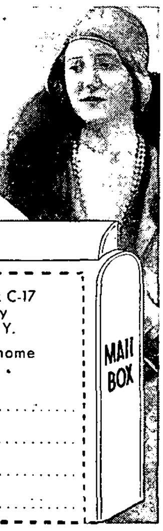

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The Flipper

Continued from page 9

"Now!" cried the reading Jerry Kilgore, in his room. "Now watch 'em come up back."

Back they came, slowly at first, then gathering speed—trades, new blood, incessant driving by Spike. Fourth place one year, third place, second. Then another season, and off to a whirlwind start.

And then disaster.

Spike Gilligan, sliding into second, caught his spikes, and snapped his ankle as one snaps a green branch.

Gilligan, the greatest of catchers, the team manager, out of the game. Probably, said the doctors, making further examination, probably, from the nature of the break, never to play again.

"It can't be," said Jerry Kilgore, putting down his paper and looking out the dirt-encrusted window of his room. "It can't be." Spike Gilligan through with active baseball. Spike Gilligan. . . . And here a numbing went through Jerry Kilgore. Through, done forever, the battery of Ghost Pitcher Kilgore and Catcher Gilligan. A dream existence, now of long years, toppling down and down.

Jerry Kilgore went out to walk the streets.

MAY went, June came, July thrust a warm face into the calendar. Spike Gilligan was again on his feet, out and around the ball park, but, said the doctors, time alone would tell whether he would ever play again. It was doubtful.

And bang on top of this came the final blow to the house of cards of bricklayer Jerry Kilgore. His boss, the contractor, said to him one morning:

"Hustle on down to the ball park. They want a brick-walled bake-room put in, for their players to sweat out in."

Jerry Kilgore didn't want to go. All the way down to the ball park in the rattling electric car he saw before him just what awaited him, saw it with the prescience of second sight. Spike Gilligan would be there, trying out the two young pitchers of whom Jerry had read; pitchers whom the team so badly needed. He would be there, and though the years had wrought their measure of change in Jerry Kilgore, Spike Gilligan would recognize him; Spike, of the photographic eye and cataloguing brain, whose memory had become the legend of the league.

Over and over Jerry pictured this, with increasing grip on his brickmason's satchel—Jerry Kilgore, old, and with long-ago useless pitching arm, coming to the ball park where once he was to have arrived so young and full of whiplike strength; Jerry Kilgore arriving at the ball park with a trowel in his hand. So burningly clear was the picture before him that, when he had gotten off the car and gone through the clubhouse and come out upon a corner of the playing field, the sight of three men, two pitching and one catching, came, not as a shock, but as welcome relief.

Spike Gilligan, turning to make a throw, saw him. Glanced, started to make the throw, then looked long, holding the ball—eyes photographing, memory cataloguing—and then he came toward Jerry Kilgore and put out his hand.

"Hello, Kilgore," said Spike. "Say, why didn't you never report?"

The years fell away. Jerry Kilgore told. Once started, a Niagara of words came tumbling. Then he ceased.

For a moment—a long moment—there was silence. Then Spike Gilligan put both hands upon Jerry Kilgore's shoulders.

"Kid," said Spike Gilligan, "but that was tough!" Calling him Kid after all these years. "Kid, but that was tough!"

"Yeah," said Jerry Kilgore, "it was tough." He was able to add: "If you'd go right ahead catching these two boys, I'd like to watch you." And he sat down quickly upon a bench.

Spike Gilligan went back to catching them, and Jerry Kilgore, with the intolerable tightness in his throat easing, found words.

"That's Thompson, of the Three-Eye League, isn't it? And the other one is Johnny Hittle, of the Coast."

"Sure," said Spike Gilligan, and shot him a quick look.

"I know 'em all, pretty well," said Jerry. "Through the papers."

"I see," said Spike. And continued: "But, now, that arm of yours—"

"Oh, that's all right," hastened Jerry. "That was years ago. You . . . that ankle of yours will be O. K. pretty soon now, won't it?"

Spike grimaced. "I was an old fool to go into the bag the way I did. But . . . but, listen. You should have come out to me with that hurt arm and seen if we could have fixed it up. Did you try electricity?"

"Electricity?" said Jerry.

"Yes, an electric current, using two wires on the arm. It might have been a strained nerve instead of a muscle."

Jerry Kilgore's head snapped back. Somewhere down within him a spark flamed, warming him, only to die out. The years had taken their toll.

"It might have been," said Jerry Kilgore. "But that's too late now."

"Maybe," agreed Spike Gilligan, but he said it with his head on one side, as though thinking back.

"This Kid Hittle here has got a nice change of pace," Jerry commented.

"Sure has," said Spike.

"If Lefty could have mixed 'em up yesterday you wouldn't have had to yank him," pursued Jerry.

"That's right," said Spike; and again he looked at Jerry Kilgore.

"Lefty's a peach at pickin' 'em off first, though," said Jerry.

"You bet," said Spike.

"He ain't the only one," continued Jerry. "I remember five seasons ago . . ." Slowly at first, then faster, Jerry Kilgore began to pour out his lore of the pent-up, vanished years.

AND Spike Gilligan, listening, threw back the ball to the two young pitchers with longer and longer interval between the throws; and finally held the ball, motioned to the two pitchers to come up, to sit down, as Spike now sat, on the grass at Jerry Kilgore's feet.

"Listen," said Spike Gilligan to them, "this is Jerry Kilgore, and he's telling us of the team—our team—telling us things I'd forgotten." And the light on Spike Gilligan's face as he said this was the light on the face of one who hears, believing, without knowing how he believes or hears.

Then Spike was up, and had grasped Jerry Kilgore by an arm.

"Listen," he said harshly. "The name of that old-timer with the electric battery is Schnell—Doc Schnell we called him—and I've got his address in the clubhouse—if the poor old bum hasn't moved again since then—and you're going to go see him." And he was gone into the clubhouse.

Jerry Kilgore rose like a man coming out of sleep.

(Continued on page 54)

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C.

Over Sixty-Eight Years in Business

(Continued from page 53)

"But," he said. "Say . . ." He followed Spike Gilligan into the clubhouse.

"That's the address," said Spike, handing him a piece of paper. "You go there tonight."

"Yes," said Jerry, low and slow, "I'll go there tonight."

That evening, Jerry Kilgore, stripped to the waist, sat in a chair in a slattern room and tried to still the thumping of his heart. The room, and the man bending over him, were enough to have dashed the stoutest of hopes—the dirt, the moldiness of the room; the old man, unshaven, collarless, in carpet slippers, watery of eye and beery of breath. On the floor by the chair were three batteries hooked up to a box that buzzed in a droning monotone, and from it came two wires tipped with polished metal plates. One of the plates the old man had placed at the base of Jerry's head, the other he was slowly running up and down from this spot, to the right shoulder, over the front of the shoulder, down the arm to the back of the elbow; up and down, up and down, and pins and needles, under the skin, accompanied the running. Also words from the old man; tremulous German gutturals.

"Now, it may haf been a strained nerf, unt again it may not. Maybe just a muscle. Unt if a covering has grown over the nerf, like leather, there iss no hope; but if it hasn't . . . we shall see."

On the fifth evening of the treatment, as Jerry Kilgore was getting into his coat, an odd look went puzzling across his face. Something . . . the faintest of a faint something, like the palest glow of a light seen far beyond the horizon—flickering—dying—flickering again—something was happening in the forepart of the shoulder. Something, agelong gone, was returning.

And the old man, watching Jerry's face, said:

"Ach, you feel it? A leedle something? You feel it? Something filling like a reservoir that has been dry for years? The nerf, my friend, she is coming back!"

A MONTH later, one morning, Jerry Kilgore in a baseball uniform began to pitch a ball to Spike Gilligan. To pitch easily, slowly, at first. Morning after morning. And then one day he cut loose; pitched with the old-time, overhand whip, with a swift, sharp break to the ball. Only—there was no old-time, overhand whip; no swift, sharp break. Just the motions of the pitch; that was all.

"I haven't got it," said Jerry. "It's gone."

"I've been waiting for you to find that out," said Spike. "Sure, after all those years, when you couldn't use your arm easy overhand, of course the overhand whip is gone."

Jerry Kilgore started to speak.

"But," cut in Spike, "you've got everything left. This," and he indicated Jerry's forearm, "and this," and he indicated Jerry's wrist, "and this," and he indicated Jerry's hand. "Years and years, let's say, you've been getting 'em ready, and now let's use 'em. All those years, forearm and wrist, flipping mortar—and now let's flip a ball. Pitching it side-arm, reaching away back without windup, and sweeping it through with forearm drive and wrist snap. Let's go!"

Once more, as in a waking dream, Jerry Kilgore began to live. He flipped 'em, long side-arm, driving them through with forearm, breaking them with the wrist—that forearm and wrist that had all the power and snap of a gigantic watch-spring; flipped 'em, day after day, week after week, the ball in his huge hand with its long, pliant fingers looking small, diminished; the ball riffling out of his hand with what seemed to be no speed at all—at a speed of such deception as to cause Jerry Kilgore himself to shake his head and blink. . . .

The team, and Spike Gilligan, went off for a final swing around the circle; the final traveling, grueling games. And Jerry Kilgore, in an empty, silent stadium, flipped 'em and flipped 'em, a peanut-butcher or an usher catching him. The team came back, and took up the two weeks' fight that was to make it the champion or not.

Spike Gilligan, catching Jerry Kilgore in practice the first morning after the team had returned, strove to hide the fierce, joyous look that shone in his eyes.

"Not half bad," he conceded, "not half bad. We may use you this year, breaking you in at first with a game that's already been lost, sort of to accustom you. . . ." And only Spike Gilligan knew, with racked pitching staff, how much Jerry Kilgore might be used, in games that had to be held and won.

Before crowded, maniac stands, the team lost two games.

THE next day, in the sixth inning, Spike turned on Jerry Kilgore.

"Bull-pen!" he said. "I may need you."

For an inning, in the bull-pen, Jerry Kilgore warmed up. Then a voice came calling:

"Kilgore!"

It had come.

So, Jerry Kilgore walked out upon the playing field, a tall, lean man, long of arm, with a plain face seamed with lines; walked to the growing rumble and question of the jammed stadium—who was this?—walked to the pitcher's box, Jerry Kilgore in the flesh, where Jerry Kilgore in the spirit had walked so many, many times.

Spike Gilligan, coming swiftly from the dugout, angled to meet him.

"Listen, Kid," said Spike, and put his hands upon Jerry's arms. (*Calling him Kid after all these years!*) "Listen, Kid, it's up to you. This is the game that makes us. Just go in and flip 'em now. That's all. . . . Scared?"

The color was coming back into Jerry's face. Not a lost game; not throwing him in just for the seasoning. A game to be held . . . a game to be won.

"No!" said Jerry Kilgore. "I ain't scared." Then he gave Spike Gilligan an odd, flaming look. "Why should I be scared after all these years?"

"Good Kid!" cried Spike, and sent back a look of equal flame.

"Kilgore now *pitching*!" announced the amplifiers.

A buzz went through the stands. Kilgore. Who was Kilgore?

"And listen," said Spike Gilligan to Jerry Kilgore—to Pitcher Kilgore—and he grinned. "I'm going to catch for you. Good luck, Kid!" He ran toward the plate.

For a moment a mist came before Jerry Kilgore's eyes. Kilgore. . . . Kilgore and Gilligan.

There came a new sound from the stands, wide craning of necks. Spike Gilligan was seen to be . . . was seen to be putting on a protector and shin guards. . . .

"Gilligan now catching!" said the amplifiers.

The stands rose up, wave on wave, with thunderous cry. Gilly! Spike Gilligan was going in to catch; going in for the first time since he had broken his ankle. Good old Gilly! Going in to catch this new guy. . . . What did they say his name was? Kilgore? Going in to catch this new guy Kilgore. Say, who t'hell was Kilgore, and where'd he come from? What was he like and . . .

The new guy Kilgore took his three preliminary pitches and the stands again broke loose.

"Play!" said the umpire.

A batter stepped to the plate, and the years stepped with him. Jerry Kilgore, with memory turning the pages of the pink sporting sheet, stopped at a picture. Mulcready. A little heavier than he had looked in his pictures. A clouter. Murder anything high and outside; but give him one low and inside and . . .

Gilly was giving the signal. Old Gilly! Low and inside it was.

Jerry Kilgore pitched. Long side-arm, flipped it. As innocent, nothing-on-it a ball as ever a batter would care to see. Batter Mulcready swung—and wrenched his shoulder blades.

"Strike!" intoned the umpire.

"Ee-yow!" shrilled the stadium.

Again the signal from Gilly. Cross him; same pitch.

Jerry pitched.

Two strikes.

Mulcready, jaw jutting, set himself.

Jerry Kilgore watched the crouching Gilly and turned the pages of memory as he watched. Cross Mulcready again. Pitch one this time. . . . Old Gilly! The signal, low, but this time outside. And:

"Batter out!" intoned the umpire.

Mulcready had missed the ball by a foot.

The stadium roared its joy. Struck him out! Good guy! Say, who t'hell was this Kilgore, anyway?

Who was he? Who was he—and he had been pitching on that field for all these years!

So Jerry Kilgore pitched, holding them, turning them back, riffling the book of memory as he pitched. . . . And then the team was around him, thumping him on the back.

The game!

The game. And now that the dream had become a reality, reality had become a dream. As though awake, and yet asleep, the Jerry Kilgore of the waiting years went automatically through the back-thumpings and the cheers, struggled his way among milling fans to the clubhouse—where he had come to make a bake-room!—into his shower, into his street clothes.

"Sure, sure," he agreed to Spike Gilligan. "I'll be down to the hotel for the dinner"—Spike was giving him a dinner—"I'll be there at seven. But just now I've got an engagement—there's something," and he puckered his forehead, "there's something. . . . Well, I'll be there at seven." He went out into the street, and he went as though still asleep. Something . . . something was missing.

HE RODE downtown. Newsboys, crying the box-score, caught his attention. He aroused. That was it—the paper!

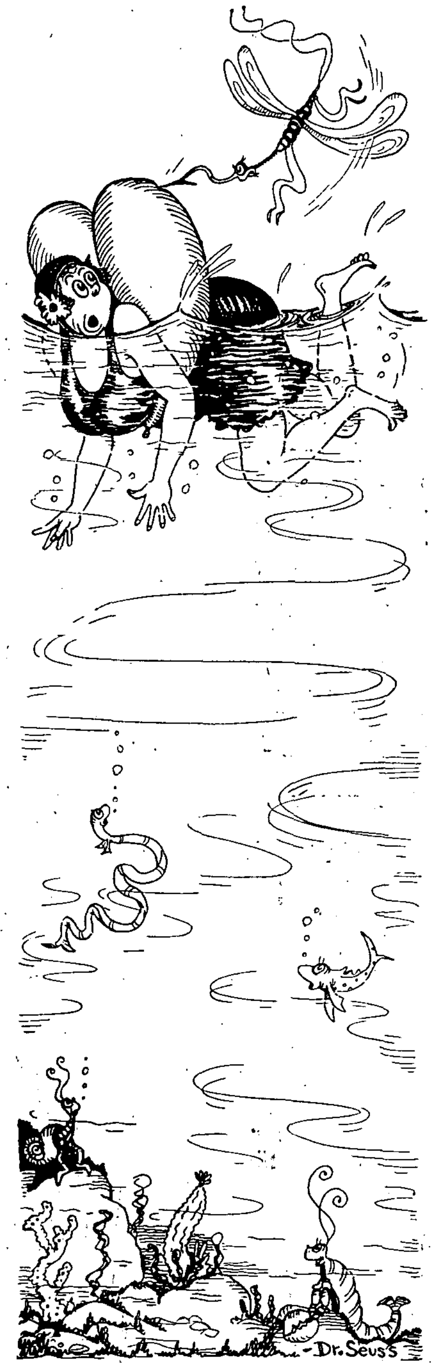
He went to his room; the drab, dingy room. He took up the pink sheet, and the sheet carried him as on a magic carpet out from those four walls to the pitcher's box of the stadium. He read, as he had read, evening after evening, season after season, through the years. Read of the game, the plays, the players; read of his own name without change of face, as he had read of others in the long past. The others; always it had been of others. One new name, merely, added to the rest:

Kilgore . . . Relief Pitcher Kilgore . . . pitching the headiest of ball . . . pitching like a veteran . . . a find . . . Kilgore.

And then it came to him. Came, dawning, brighter and brighter, until the whole world was illumined. Not somebody else. Himself! Jerry Kilgore.

Tears started down the seamed cheeks.

"It's me," he whispered. "It's me. . . . It's me."



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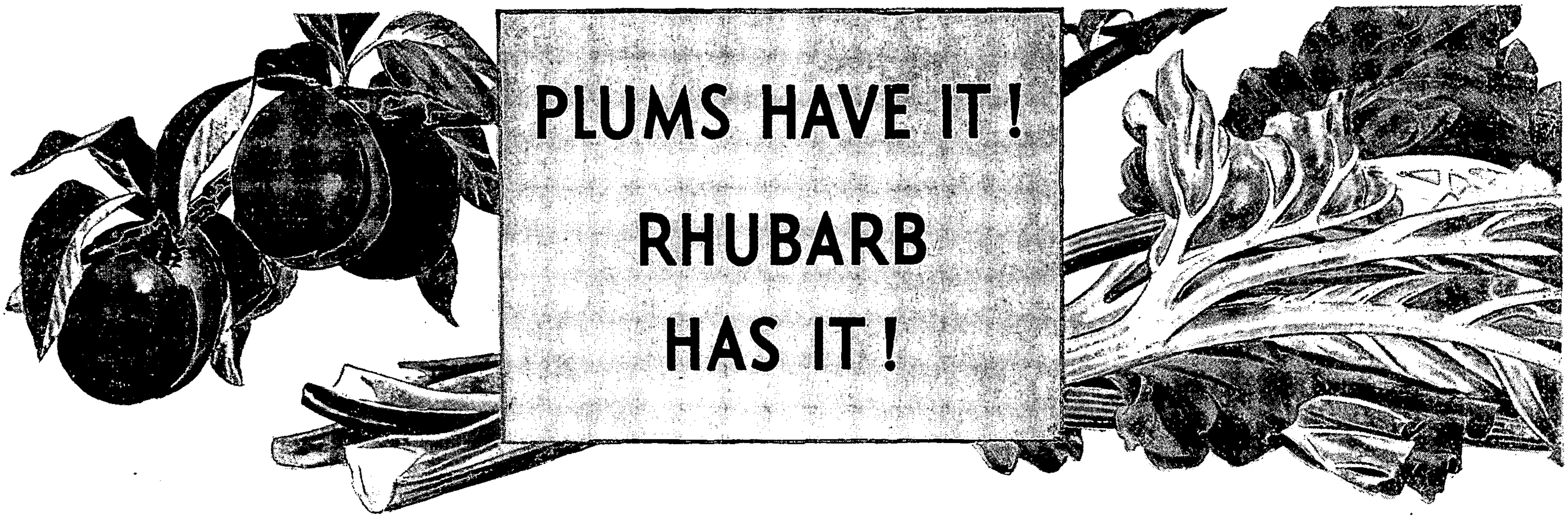

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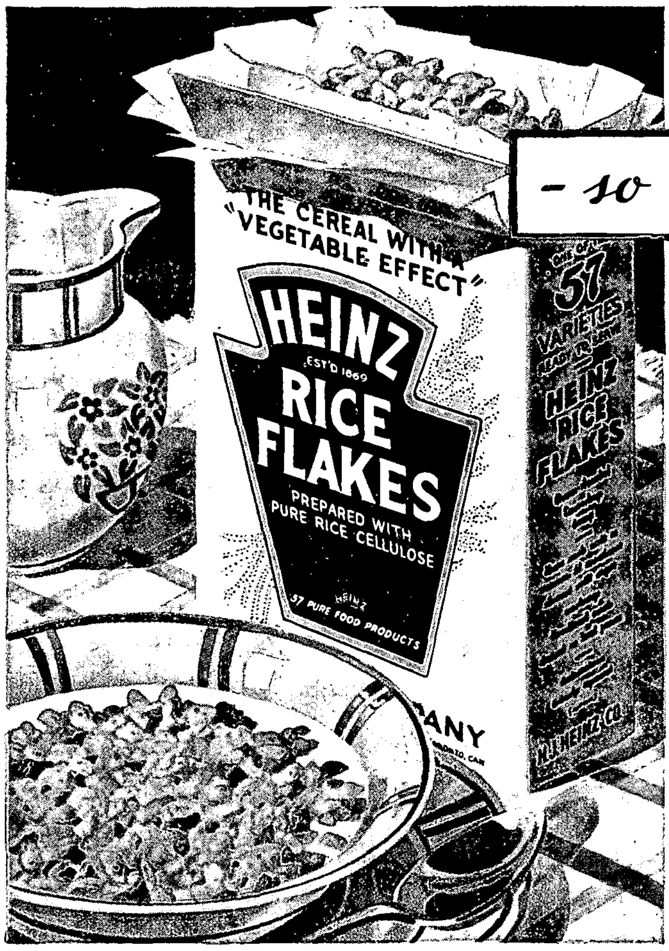
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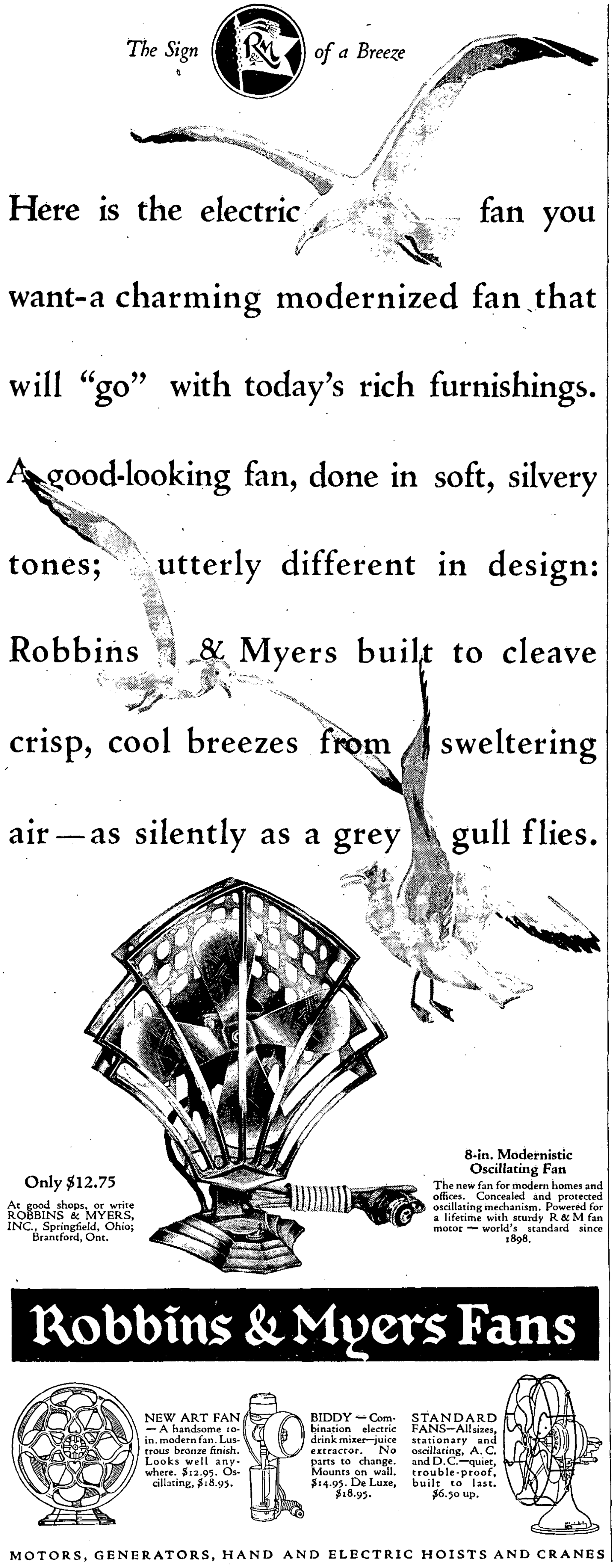

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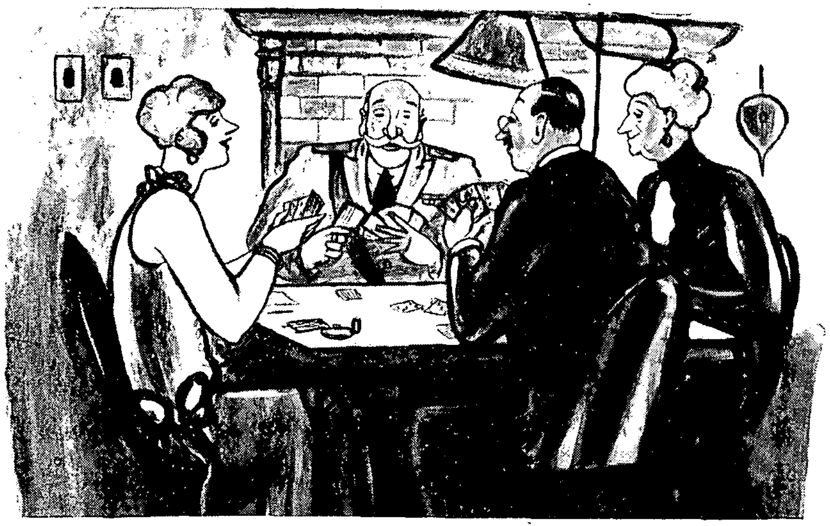

"Just after the second battle of the Marne, I trumped a French general's ace!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. A-Q-10-9-8-7
H. 10
D. A-K-Q-8-7
C. 9

West
S. J-6-5-3-2
H. 7-6-4
D. 5-2
C. 10-8-2

East
S. None
H. 8-5-3-2
D. 4-3
C. A-K-Q-6-5-4-3

South (Dealer)
S. K-4
H. A-K-Q-J-9
D. J-10-9-6
C. J-7

THE above Contract Bridge hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played at Contract. The bidding was: South one Heart, West pass, North two Spades, East three Clubs; South three Hearts, West pass, North four Diamonds, East pass; South four Spades, West pass, North five Spades, East pass; South six Diamonds, West pass, North six Spades, East pass; South pass, West double.

South's one-Heart bid was eminently sound. North's two Spades was a forcing jump-shift. East's bid of three Clubs was made as a lead-director for West and to keep South from bidding No Trump.

South's three-Heart bid showed a minimum of five Hearts with strength enough in the suit to justify playing it with moderate support from North. North's four Diamonds was mainly informatory; he was expecting to return to his Spades.

South should have shown a preference for Diamonds on the third round instead of bidding four Spades; but having failed previously to support North's major, he felt he now should do so. This caused North to bid five Spades, hoping to make a Slam.

South now showed his Diamond support by bidding six of that suit. He surmised from the bidding that North must have only one Club or perhaps none. North was stronger in Spades than Diamonds and South had supported both; so North bid six Spades as his vehicle for the slam. East and South passed and West doubled.

In the play, East led two rounds of Clubs; North ruffed the second and led the Eight of Spades, South's King winning. East's discard on this trick disclosed that the five adverse Spades were all in the West hand. The North hand having been shortened by ruffing, West had as many trumps as North. To trick 4 dummy led a second Spade and North won with the Nine. This left North with the Ace-Queen-Ten of Spades and West with the Jack-Six-Five. To make the contract it was essential for Declarer to capture all West's trumps; so he led the Ace of trumps, leaving two trumps in each of the two hands, and then tried to induce West to ruff and permit North to overruff by leading a Heart, winning in South and continuing the suit. On the second and third Hearts, North discarded the Ace and King of Diamonds, West following suit; but on the fourth Heart West disappointed the Declarer by discarding a Diamond instead of discarding a Club or trumping. North then discarded his Queen of Diamonds to get out of dummy's way, and next led dummy's fifth Heart on which West discarded a second Diamond, and North parted with his fourth. South now led the Jack of Diamonds which West, being able to count North with another Diamond, trumped and defeated the contract.

Declarer could have made his contract by leading the Ace of Diamonds to trick 6 before putting South in the lead; then he could have discarded North's four remaining Diamonds on South's four Hearts if West refused to ruff a Heart; overruffing if West played a trump on any of the four tricks. If West held his two trumps until the twelfth trick, North would sit over and capture them.

The same result could have been accomplished by leading one Diamond, winning in the South hand; and then continuing with the Hearts when West, by discarding a Diamond on the fourth round of Hearts, showed that he was not to be inveigled into a ruff. But leading a Diamond after a Diamond discard from West was obviously more dangerous than doing it before West had the opportunity to make that discard. So Declarer, realizing the necessity of getting one Diamond lead in order to enable him to discard four Diamonds on South's four Hearts if West held up, should have led a Diamond as soon as he stopped leading trumps.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10-9-3
H. None
D. A-Q-10-7-5
C. A-Q-10-9-8

East
S. 8-7-6-5-2
H. 9-6-3
D. 8-6
C. 7-5-2

West
S. A-K-Q-J-4
H. A-K-Q-J
D. K-3
C. J-4

South (Dealer)
S. None
H. 10-8-7-5-4-2
D. J-9-4-2
C. K-6-3

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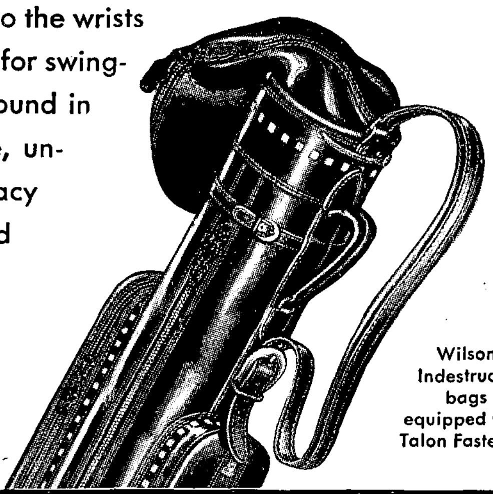
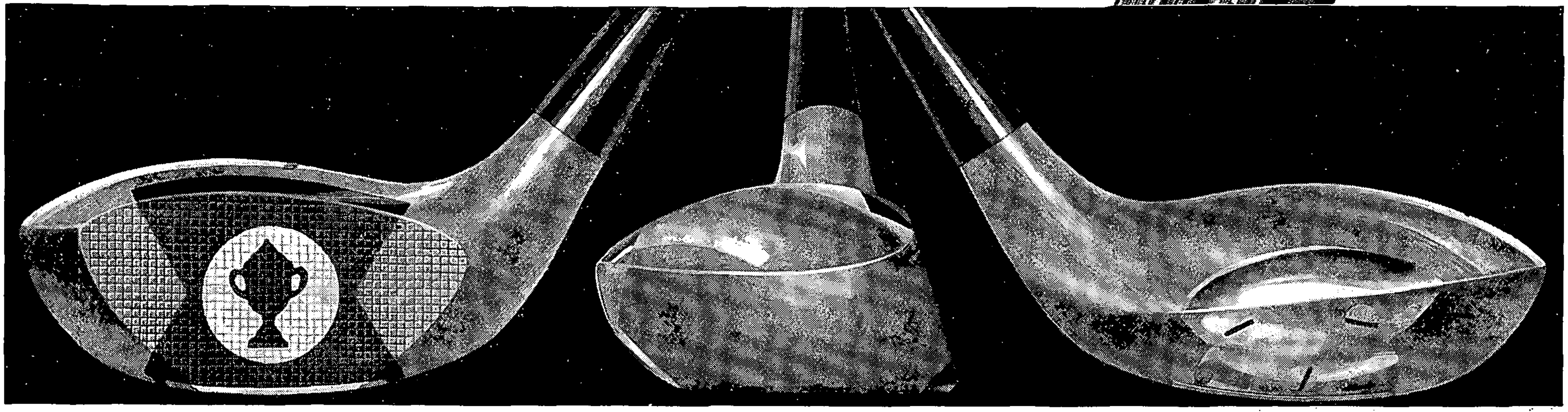
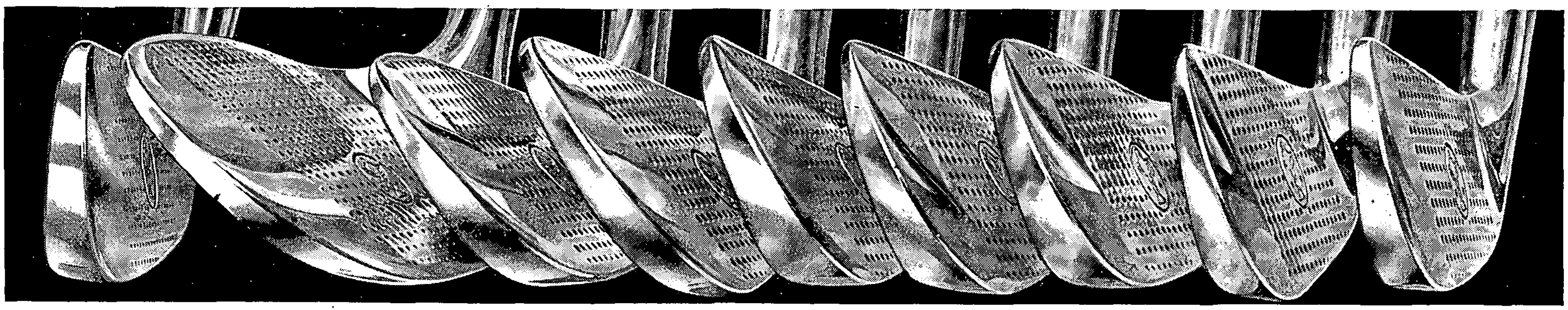


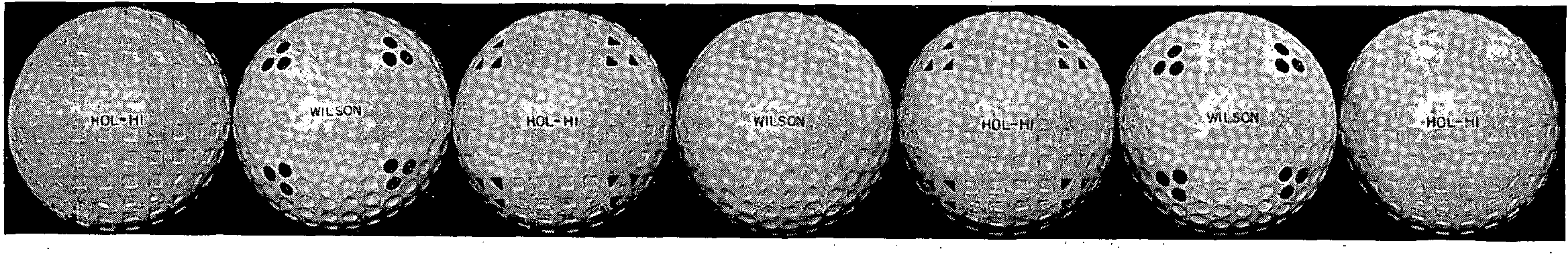
Wilson Indestructo bags equipped with Talon Fasteners



▲ WILSON WOODS ▲



▲ WILSON IRONS ▲



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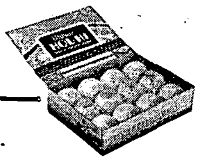

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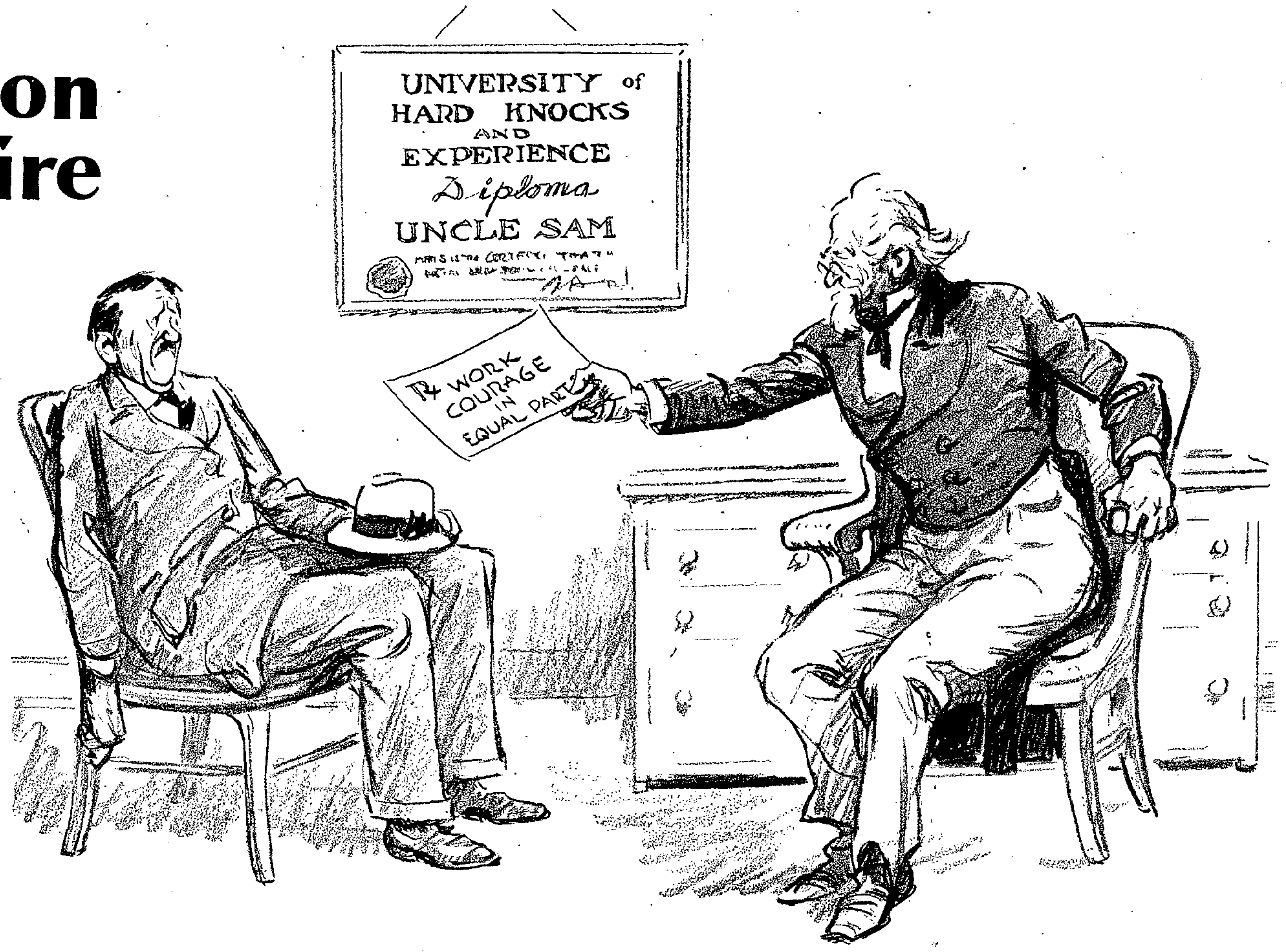
Promotion under Fire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Diploma
UNCLE SAM
℞ WORK COURAGE IN EQUAL PARTS

OUT of every crisis new leaders emerge. The Battle of the Marne made "Papa" Joffre. Republican Germany brought new luster to old Paul von Hindenburg, who faced incalculable difficulties and blinding passion with calmness and with honor. Our own Civil War, horrible as it was, called from Abraham Lincoln, until then a minor Middle-Western politician, qualities which made him universally beloved.

Throughout history courage, character, intelligence and hard work have wrested victory from the most adverse circumstances. The leaders of tomorrow, we may be certain, are being proved in the crucible of today.

Present difficulties are great. All over the world there are baffling problems to be considered. The successful answers won't be found by the timid, the lazy or the easily discouraged. We cannot drift into achievement in such times as these. We can, and we shall, work our way out by the same means tested so often in the long history of our race.

Some business men are at this very moment laying the foundations of glamorous success. They are confronting their troubles boldly, thinking ingeniously about their problems and working energetically to accomplish the work in hand.

In factories, stores, offices, laboratories and homes men and women are at work building bravely and wisely for the future. They will reap the harvests of their own planting. Always this has been so.

In times of stress we are inclined to blame others for our troubles. On every hand this trait is now being displayed.

We like to explain our troubles by the world depression. Europe tends to impute its difficulties to us. We say that if European nations would stop fearing each other and disarm all would be well. Europe says we could restore prosperity by wiping out her war debts and lowering our tariffs.

Even in our own family we are eager to impute to others responsibility for whatever troubles us. Farmers are all excited about corporations. Corporations blame demagogues and radicals. Small merchants are angry with the chain stores. City men think that the rural politicians are wild asses of the desert.

In some degree we may all be right. There are new adjustments to be made, laws changed, burdens differently distributed, treaties revised and a thousand and one large and important things to be done.

The point is that life goes on and does not wait for these large adjustments. In time we shall revise our laws and our treaties in accordance with our interests and our necessities. Meanwhile we have to live and to work with conditions as we find them.

Some farmers, many farmers in fact, are going to prosper this year. Many merchants, bankers, manufacturers, manicurists, doctors, whoever you please, are doing well and building better.

The man or the woman who is out of work and who can't get work is entitled to be pessimistic if he or she pleases. But for the working majority gloom is a sheer waste of emotion and energy which might be profitably employed.

Those of us who have jobs, or farms, or professions, or who direct businesses, can serve ourselves and our times best by hard work, intrepid thinking and generous dealing with others.

Thousands of people whose essential interests are in no way affected shiver with fear every time the stock market has a bad day. There is no sense in that.

In the long run merit wins. The race may not always be to the swift, the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding, but it is not safe to bet on the slow, the weak and the stupid.

No economic problem exists anywhere which will not yield to the intelligence which can be focused upon it.

Our task is to work out the problem and not to mourn its difficulty. Thinking is more productive than weeping—as women have learned these two generations past.

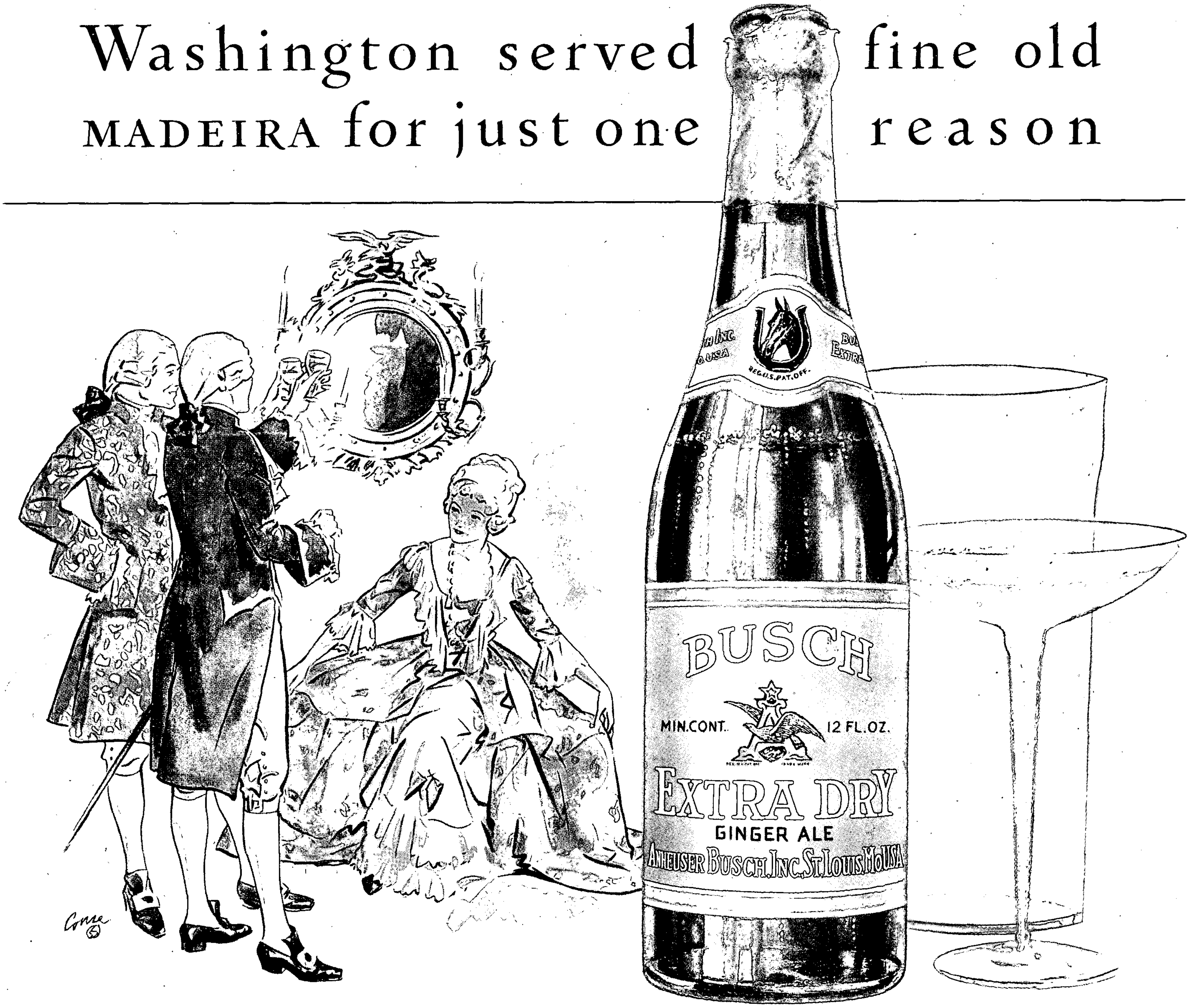
If you go over the roster of American industry you discover here and there outstanding corporations which by good fortune, wise management and aggressive ingenuity are doing better than ever before.

They are not confined to any branch of industry. Many manufacturers of foods, machines, chemicals, even building materials, earned more in 1930 than in 1929. Some merchants have achieved brilliant records during these years of difficulty.

If we look behind the mere dollars and cents we find that underlying these accomplishments are records of courage and of steady competence. War tests the fitness of generals and the successful military commanders are seldom those who held high rank at the beginning of the conflict.

So it is also in times of economic stress. The way we do our work now will determine where we stand when the skies are brighter.

Washington served fine old MADEIRA for just one reason



Always a lover of the best in life, our First President became famous for the fine food and drink he served. He invariably sent to a European agent for his favorite wine—Madeira. That wine was the choice of George Washington and thousands of others, because it had a marvelous bouquet nothing else could imitate.

In Busch Extra Dry you'll find just such an inimitable bouquet plus a subtle, zestful flavor. This bouquet distinguishes Busch Extra Dry from any of the 12000 other brands of ginger ale in America. Anheuser-Busch experimented for years to achieve these results. They perfected a process whereby the essence of a little tropical shrub was mated to a new and finer effervescing quality. To be sure, the Anheuser-Busch method is a secret.

With your first sip you will discover a spirit, freshness, breed and brilliant individuality not to be found in any other ginger ales—the one of 12000! Then try to be satisfied with any other!

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY
AMERICA'S FINEST GINGER ALE

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

And at mealtimes—drink BUDWEISER *for health and nourishment.* BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Millions of men and women are now discovering a brand new enjoyment since Camels adopted the new Humidor Pack.

The mildness and the flavor of fine tobacco vanish when scorching or evaporation steals the natural moisture out of a cigarette.

Now, thanks to the new Humidor Pack, Camels, wherever you find them, are always *fresh* and in perfect mild condition.

Factory-fresh Camels are air-sealed in the new Sanitary Package, which keeps the dust and germs out, and keeps the flavor in.

No harsh, dried tobacco to burn the throat. No peppery dust to sting delicate membrane — just the cool mild aroma of fine tobacco, properly conditioned.

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, switch over for just one day, then quit them, if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL 20'S
CHOICE QUALITY
Smoke a fresh cigarette
HUMIDOR PACK

● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

CAMELS

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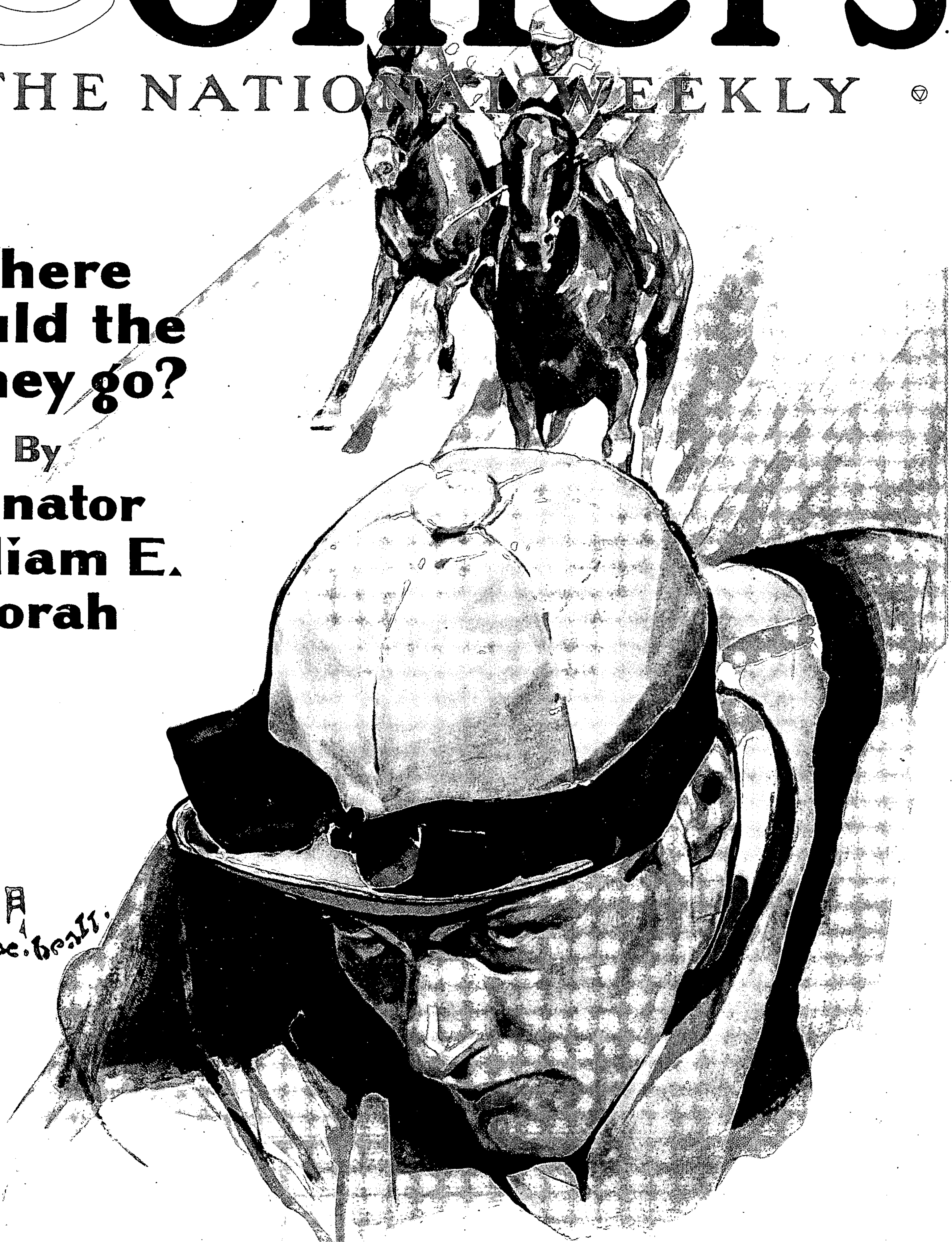
July 18, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

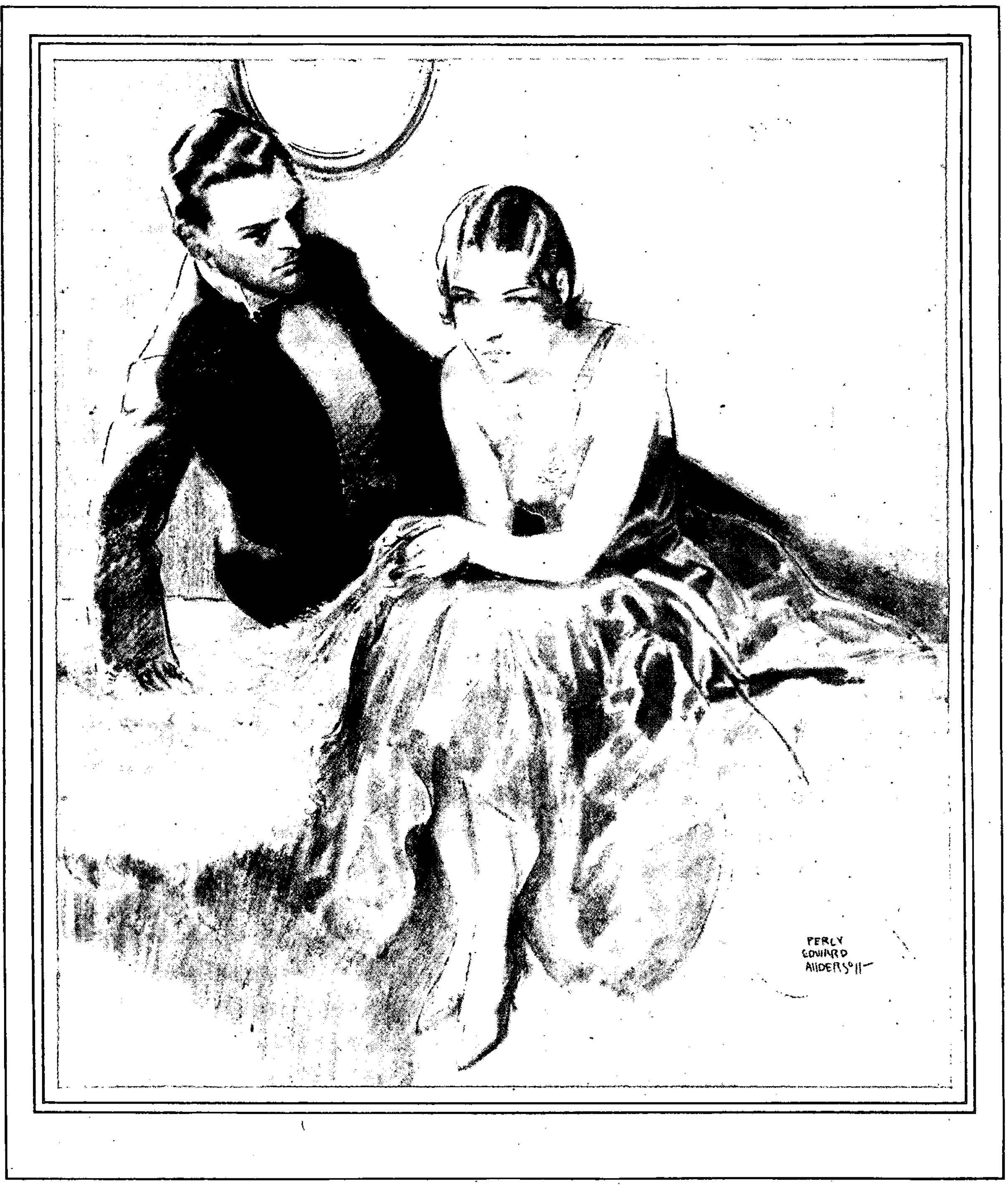


Where would the money go?

By

Senator William E. Borah

She couldn't
BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM



She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months— —"

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know — avoiding me — breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, Wilma; you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me and put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

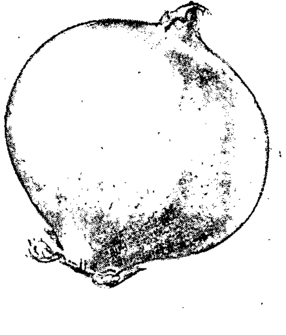
"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us; then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.



Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And before meeting others.

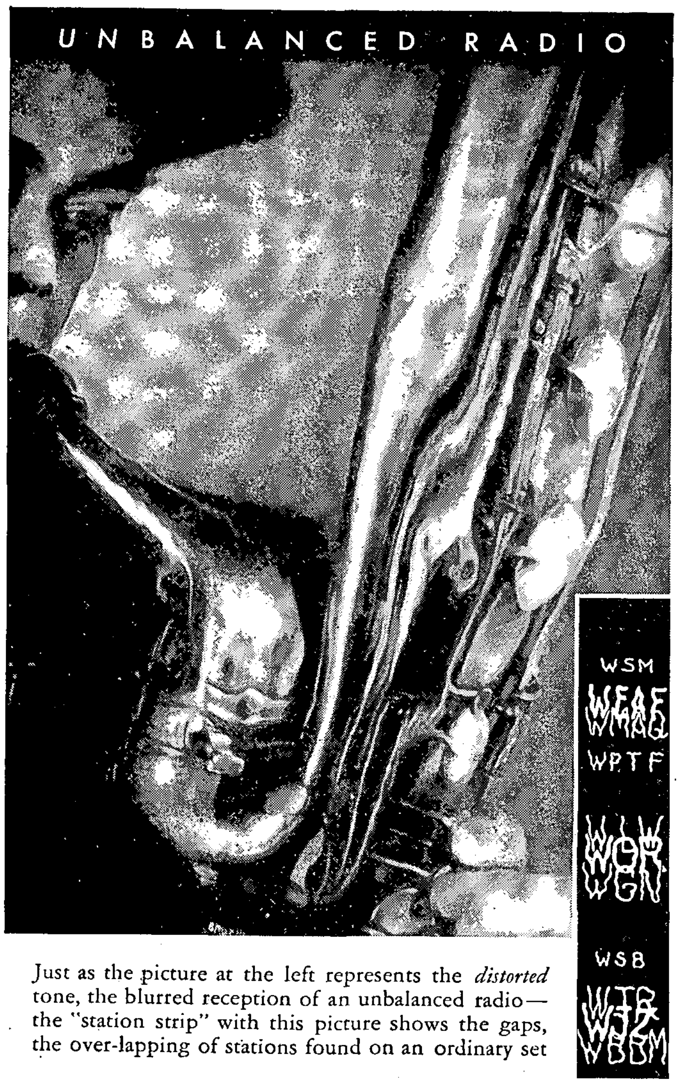
Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, the cause of 95% of all mouth odors. Then it destroys the odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know that there are few odors more arrogant than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Just as the picture at the left represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of an unbalanced radio—the "station strip" with this picture shows the gaps, the over-lapping of stations found on an ordinary set

BALANCED PHILCO
KFI
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
CKGW
WLW
WOR
WGN
CKAC
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

At the right you see the *undistorted* tone plus selectivity secured with every Philco Superheterodyne built with balanced units. Each station is distinct and separate—each program clear and vivid on the new Philco

New PHILCO BABY GRAND $49.95

Balanced Superheterodyne, complete with 7 tubes

(Including the new Pentode Power Tube)

Mighty Power, Distance, Selectivity, from "Biggest-Performing" Little Radio in the World

The New 7-Tube PHILCO Baby Grand is a *balanced* Superheterodyne!

With the new Pentode Power Tube, Screen Grid and Philco Balanced construction, it looms clear above the realm of "midget sets." It positively outperforms many sets of *greater size and two or three times the price!*

Complete with tubes—nothing else to buy—its startling price makes new *value history* in the radio field.

It goes any place, fits anywhere, is welcome everywhere! As an "extra" for the guest or children's room. In professional reception rooms. In factories, actually speeding production. For the boy or girl at college, it is the gift supreme. To beach cottage, camp or summer home, it brings the rich adornment of music, news and entertainment—with the gorgeous, vivid, life-like tone of Philco Balanced-Unit construction.

7-Tube (4 Screen Grid) including new Pentode Power Tube, oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker with 25% greater efficiency. Genuine American Black Walnut Cabinet — Figured Walnut Instrument Panel—Tone-Control—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Size, 16 inches wide, 17½ inches high.

It is engineered to truly marvelous distance. Its powerful seven-tube range, including Screen Grid, and the New Pentode Tube, *plus* Superheterodyne selectivity, *plus* all electrical balanced units, combine more big-performance radio than was ever thought possible in such compact size.

Philco Balanced-Unit performance is also available, in a DC Baby Grand for direct current operation, at $60.95; in a beautiful new Highboy, at $65.75, and an all-electric Radio-Phonograph, at $110.

Your Philco dealer now offers a completely new line of Balanced Superheterodynes—in 7, 9 and 11-tube sets, Baby Grands, Lowboys, Highboys, ranging from $49.95 to $169.50. Also Radio-Phonographs from $110 to $295, and Philco-Transitone, the marvelous new automobile radio, at $99.80 installed complete. All prices complete with tubes, nothing else to buy. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

PHILCO Balanced Tubes Better the Performance of Any Radio

Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto

©1931, Philco

·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO MEET PRESENT-DAY DEMANDS OF CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"MY SISTER believes I have disgraced the good old name of Gill," said Omar to Harmony Childs, "and made it a hissing and a byword in Leesburg, where the Gills stood high. She thinks I spend my time coming out of penitentiaries. We now have money and nice clothes and this is a fine opportunity to convince Hortense I am a pillar of society and not a bum."

And that is why these two adventurers in refined skullduggery journeyed to Leesburg, which is the kind of town which seldom sees grafters, there being nothing to graft. Omar, however, had never met his sister's husband, a large man who professed to love his brother-in-law and almost immediately offered to put him onto a good thing. Yes, even in Leesburg a man of imagination and courage can devise ways of getting money in large chunks. Omar and Harmony began to like the place and, up to a certain point, thoroughly enjoyed the episode of "The Queen's Elephants"—a short story by Frank Condon, who knows more than a man should about light and pleasant brigandage.

AT THE 1931 convention of exporters and importers, held under the auspices of the National Foreign Trade Council, there were eighteen men in whom we were much interested. They were foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce who came from the trade centers of the world to tell American business men about foreign trade conditions.

We asked William G. Shepherd to talk with them and get their ideas on just how American business and American prosperity affect the commercial welfare of the world. He presents their facts and conclusions in an important article called "Good Times Knocking at the Door."

THEN leave this modern world of business and go back to other times and other ways, when success hung on a good sword arm and a man might see witches flitting through the wood.

Harold Lamb has written a thrilling medieval love story, "The Night Bird Flies," which has no moral and no application to today's problems—merely the satisfying entertainment of glamorous romance convincingly written.

AND back to business, but business with exotic fascination. Frank Buck tells how the native of the jungle gets his meal ticket. It's an interesting tale and from it you will learn something of the cassowary's dangerous big toe; of the yak's tail, snake skins and singing birds. "Jungle Business" is the title.

COMMODORE HARTLEY continues the story of his career; Stephen Morehouse Avery contributes a short story; Messrs. Wodehouse and Roche show you more of their latest work; Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole and others proceed on the theory that good business means hard work.

THIS WEEK

July 18, 1931

Cover—C. C. Beall

Page 7—W. R. Burnett
MR. LITVINOFF: An aristocrat in Hollywood.

Page 10—Mary Heaton Vorse
EVERYTHING BUT LOVE: Spurned, of course, by a right-thinking girl.

Page 12—William E. Borah
WHERE WOULD THE MONEY GO? A discussion of the celebrated war debts.

Page 14—Arthur Somers Roche
THE WRONG WIFE, Part VI: Richard Cordova should be accustomed to surprises by this time.

Page 16—Rube Goldberg
THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A.K.

Page 17—Grantland Rice
THE SPORTS'-EYE VIEW: Mr. Rice does get about.

Page 18—Lella Warren
BEFORE THE FLIGHT: The authentic story of Lindbergh's preparations.

Page 20—Uncle Henry
DIVORCE, MISTER? Our colleague views a modern industry.

Page 21—P. G. Wodehouse
THE MEDICINE GIRL, Part III: Love, golf and humor mixed lightly.

Page 23—Courtney Ryley Cooper
QUEEN OF BEASTS: Being, as we intimated last week, the elephant.

Page 24—George S. Brooks
A MEDAL TO SHOW: When you are a hero you needn't take chances.

Page 26—Sol Metzger
SCHOOL FOR CHAMPIONS: or From Caddie to Cup-winner.

Page 28—The Short Short Story
RETRIBUTION: By Bernice Brown

Page 29—Marguerite Mooers Marshall
ASK YOUR CONGRESSMAN: or, perhaps, your Congresswoman.

Page 38—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
HARD HEADLINES: What Governor Ritchie suffers from.

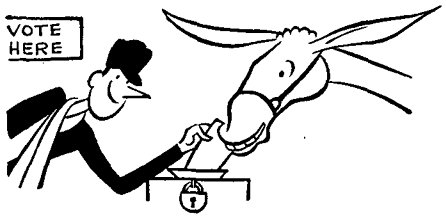
Page 45—Freling Foster
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Surprising statistics.

Page 53—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 54—Editorial
AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS

Any Week

MR. JAMES MINNICK regrets that in our recent article, "Freedom Threatens Little Rhody," we neglected to mention that Rhode Islander who was privileged to vote because he owned a mule worth a hundred and thirty-four dollars, until two years ago the amount one had to have to be an elector. The state, says Mr. Minnick, was in a terrible quandary when that mule died and the owner accordingly lost his vote. They never did settle the question: Who voted, the man or the mule?



"SPEAKING of laws," writes Mr. Knowlton Rodlay of Los Angeles, who seems to have caught us at that very thing, "why not one prohibiting unemployment?" Several other readers have similar thoughts. Mrs. Sara B. LaDow reports that she has heard rumors that both major political parties will denounce unemployment in their national platforms next year, indicating to Mrs. LaDow proof that the politicians "have little to do."

OUR Mr. John B. Kennedy, with whose cultivated accents you are doubtless familiar, is celebrating his seventh anniversary as a radio voice. It was with great difficulty we won Mr. Kennedy's assent to the publication of this paragraph; but we insisted. His five-minute weekly broadsides of philosophy, morals and elocution have been enjoyed by millions. For five years, too, he has been an unflinching master of radio ceremonies for Collier's hour. Mr. Kennedy has endurance as well as charm.

AMONG the numerous letters of applause inspired by Mr. Owen P. White's excellent article, "Cotton Poor," we are compelled to mention one from Mr. Elmer I. Ransom of Augusta, Georgia. Appropriately, Mr. Ransom writes on a cotton letterhead, which adds a new use for cotton and (we tried to write on it) helps the pen business.

"MY FAVORITE recreation," says Mr. Charles Wilbur George of Lansing, Michigan, "is kite-flying. I inherited the liking for it from my father and grandfather, who were champion kite-flyers in Iowa. I shall never forget the day I flew my first kite. It would not rise and my grandfather showed me why. It was because the tail was too heavy. This is what is the matter with our Constitution. It would go all right if there weren't so many amendments to it."

"I'M a bachelor," Mr. Pete Lister of Moline, Illinois, advises us, "but doggone my undarned sox, you have converted me to reading love stories, the only magazine that ever did. They are good without being soft and slithery."

AND that's all for this week except that Mr. R. G. Kinley of Portland, Maine, nominates Mrs. Dolly Gann for President.

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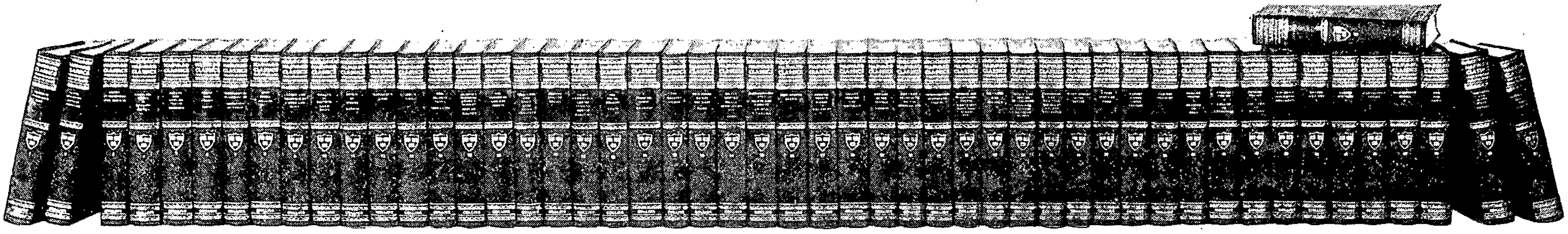
The HARVARD CLASSICS

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Beautiful New Home Library Edition



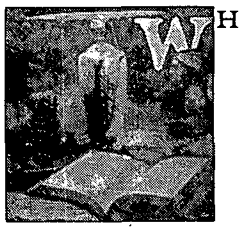
Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie*, "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

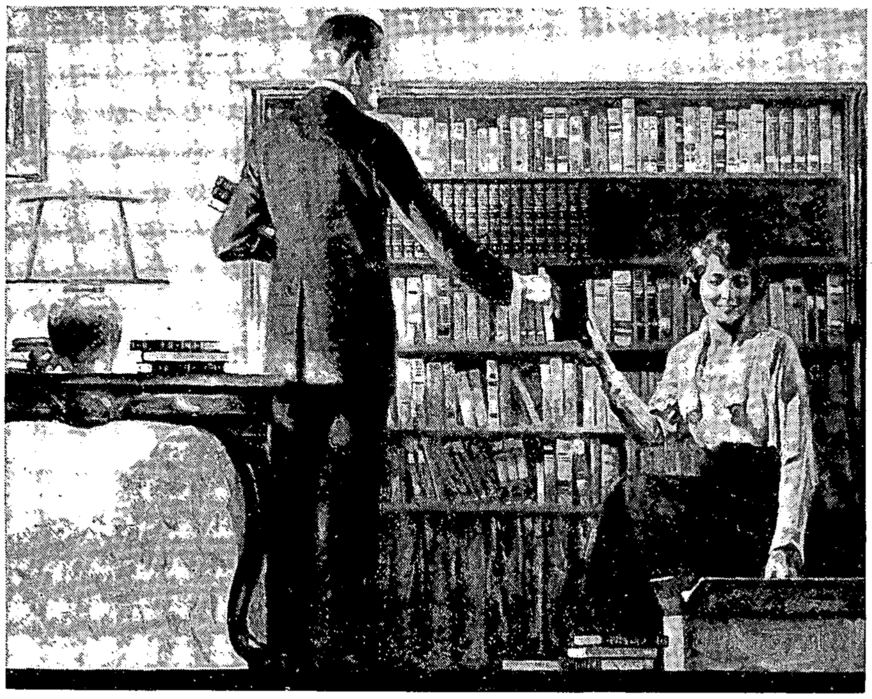
MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

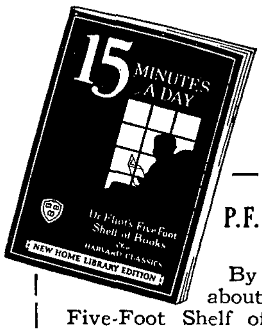
"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

"I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



This famous booklet, FREE



Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

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Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Name {Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

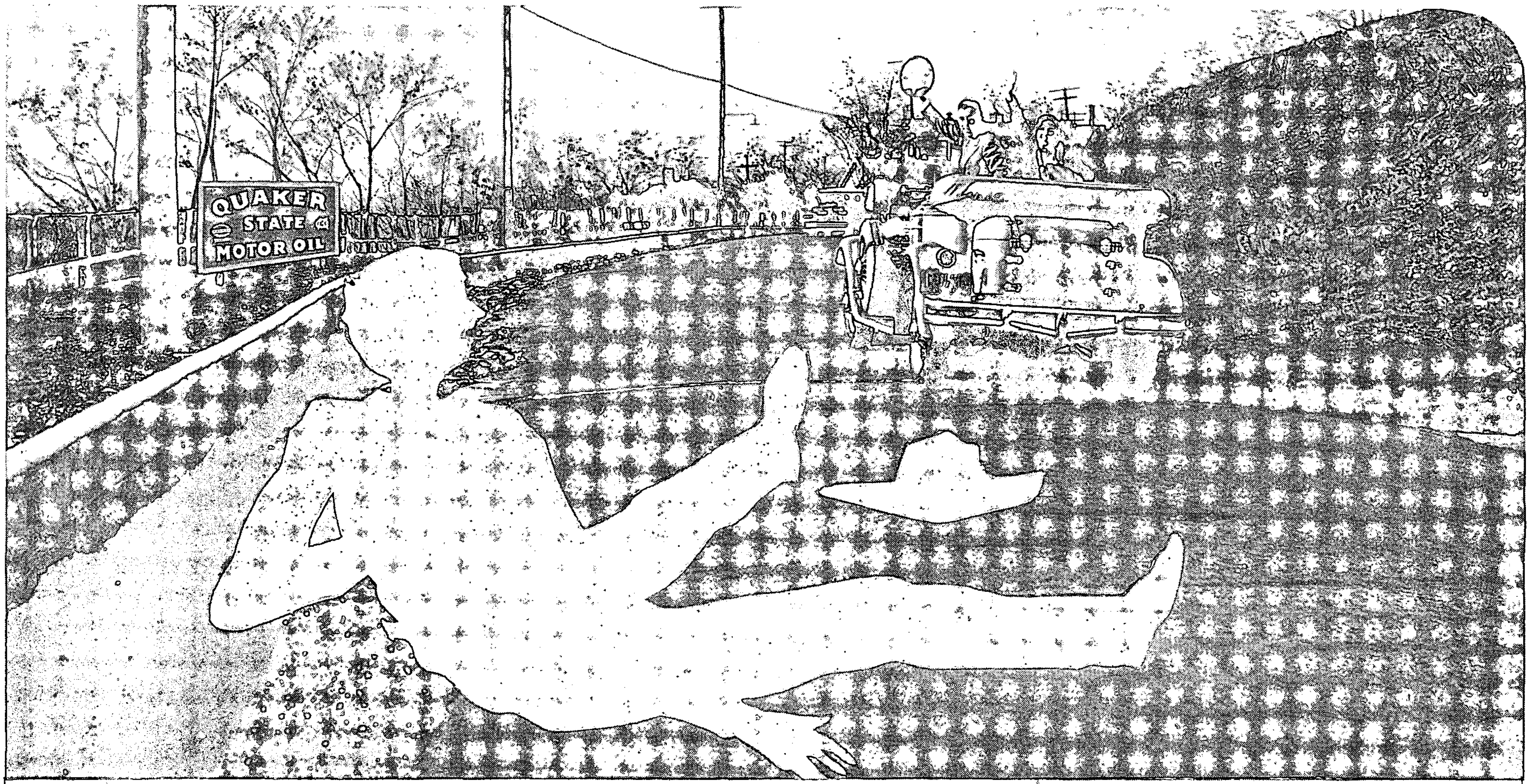
Address..

....

9503-HC-DSA

THROW MR. WATER-THIN OUT OF YOUR CAR, TOO

HE NEVER FINISHED A TRIP IN HIS LIFE!



Mr. Water-thin is the world's worst traveling companion. He's always willing to start a trip—but never able to finish one. He disappears. He vanishes into the blue.

For Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart that can't stand heat, can't fight friction—can't aid a motor in the slightest. It vaporizes in no time. There's no mileage in it. So Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin." And they take pleasure in throwing it out of Quaker State!

Ordinary refining doesn't remove "water-thin." It can't remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out—every last bit of it. An easy task? Don't you believe it! Nothing short of the *most modern refining in the industry* can do it. Nothing short of Quaker State's years of refining experience could develop the process necessary for its removal—a process you find in every one of the Quaker State refineries.

Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and one of waste. You really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. That's why Quaker State Motor Oil is experiencing the fastest growing demand of any oil in America. *That's why to-day Quaker State is the world's largest selling Pennsylvania Oil!*

And Quaker State has the proper start in life. It is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

You'll find Quaker State Motor Oil wherever you see the green and white service station sign. And you'll see that sign in front of every fourth filling station. Quaker State costs 35 cents a quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West. But it's really the least expensive oil you can buy. For in every gallon there's an extra quart that takes the fight out of heat and friction—and the teeth out of repair bills!

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QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED
GUARANTEED

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON